This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Case *Shelf*

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

LIBRARY

OF THE

PEABODY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ARCHÆOLOGY AND ETHNOLOGY

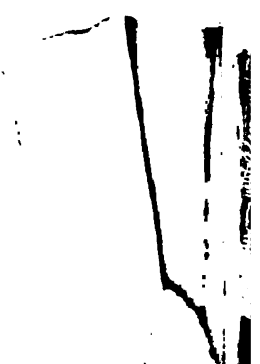
GIFT OF

LOMBARD C. JONES

(A.B. 1887, M.D. 1890)

FALMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

Received December 7, 1919



THROUGH JUNGLE AND DESERT

William Astor Chanler

THROUGH JUNGLE AND DESERT

TRAVELS IN EASTERN AFRICA

BY

WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER

A.M. (HARV.), F.R.G.S.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL AND ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF VIENNA

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR AND MAPS

"When I travelled I saw many things; and I understand more than I can express"

ECCLESIASTICUS xxxiv. 11

New York

MACMILLAN AND CO.

LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.

1896

All rights reserved

16936

Ann East C 36.
g. of L. C. Union.
Rec. Dec. 7, 1919.

COPYRIGHT, 1896,
BY MACMILLAN AND CO.

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith
Norwood Mass. U.S.A.

TO

JUDGE CHARLES P. DALY

PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

IN RECOGNITION OF MUCH KINDLY ADVICE AND ENCOURAGEMENT

THIS NARRATIVE OF TWO YEARS' WORK IN AFRICA

IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

In giving this book to the press I gratefully acknowledge the help I have received in preparing it from numerous friends, and especially from the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, to whose encouragement and advice its present appearance is largely due.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHAPTER I	1
CHAPTER II	40
CHAPTER III	76
CHAPTER IV	117
CHAPTER V	154
CHAPTER VI	203
CHAPTER VII	266
CHAPTER VIII	327
CHAPTER IX	378
CHAPTER X	448
CHAPTER XI	482
INDEX	521

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

		PAGE
William Astor Chanler	*Frontispiece*	
Lieutenant Ludwig von Höhnel	*Face*	1
Borassus Palm		2
Outskirts of Lamu		3
Type of Porter		8
Whole Force of the Zanzibari		13
Our Camp at Mkonumbi		19
Somali Hut		26
A Village of Mkonumbi		31
Galla Girl		37
Our Pokomo Boatmen		39
Vignette		41
Village of Kinekombe		45
Scene in Camp on the Coast		47
Pokomo Boat Builders at Work		53
Our Canoes		59
Camels on the March		65
Camp at Hameye		71
My Whole Force drawn up		81
Hippopotamus Hunt on the Mackenzie River		87
Hippopotamus Hunt on the Mackenzie River		93
Acacia and Thorn Scrub		99

PAGE

Baobab Tree 109
Dhum Palm and Acacia 114
Chanler Falls 119
Canyon above Chanler Falls 125
Dead Rhinoceros 130
The Author, with Vanguard of Soudanese 135
Camp on the Plain near Lorian 142
Scene near Lorian 145
Wamsara Elders 156
Type of Landscape 163
A Charge of Wamsara 168
Mode of carrying the Sick 180
Porters on the March 195
Loading Camels — pile of ammunition in the foreground . . 204
Unloading Camels — showing mode of carrying Berthon boat . 207
Scene on the Tana 211
Native Huts of the Wa-daitcho 214
Ant Hill 221
Embe Girl carrying Wood 231
Our Camp at Daitcho 235
Chief Natives of the Embe 243
Embe Shepherds 250
Liria, most Influential Man among the Embe 258
An Embe Donkey 270
Tent Boys 278
Oryx Beisa 283
Dead Rhinoceros 291
Unloading of Camels 301
Karscho 303
Mahomet Aman 305

PAGE

Scene in Camp 311
Guaso Nyiro River, near where we found Rendile . . . 319
Type of Landscape 325
Native Bridge — a chasm in the Guaso Nyiro River . . . 332
Men playing Cards in Camp 339
Scene on the Guaso Nyiro River 351
Some of my Men with Ivory 360
Donkeys crossing Dry River-bed 370
In Trouble with our Donkeys 381
At the Head-waters of the Mackenzie 394
Native Village — wall and gateway 401
Camp Scene at Daitcho 403
Soudanese Guard at Gate 407
Daitcho Dancing 411
Daitcho Dancing 415
The Leader of the Dance 419
Daitcho Ladies in Full Ball Costume 421
Beri-Beri, Medicine-man and Poisoner of the Daitcho . . . 428
Cervicapra Chanleri 429
Scene on the Tana 437
Scene on the Tana 444
Country near Guaso Nyiro River 447
Large Baobab Tree 460
Wakamba Warriors 465
Bridge across the Tana 477
Vignette 481
Wakamba Medicine-men 484
Dick's Grave at Mwyru 488
Mgundu 491
Ramazan and Mgundu 496

PAGE

Cocoanut-oil Mill 501

Variety of Porters' Habitations 512

Vignette 516

Map of Tana District and Northeastern Kenya Region.

General View of East Africa, showing the Route of the Expedition.

LIEUTENANT LUDWIG VON HÖHNEL

...OUGH JUNGLE AND DESERT

CHAPTER I

...ourney the description of which will be found ...owing pages was one planned and undertaken ...n coöperation with Lieutenant von Höhnel, ... purpose of adding something to the world's ...ge of that portion of East Africa hitherto ...ed, lying between the Tana and Juba rivers ...nant von Höhnel, my companion upon this ... is an officer in the Imperial and Royal Austro-...ian Navy. In the year 1888 he accompanied ... Teleki, an Hungarian nobleman, upon an expe-...nto East Africa, which lasted nearly two years, ...lt of which much was added to the scientific ... of this portion of that continent, especially ... discovery of the great lakes Rudolph and ...ie. The wonderfully exact map made by Lieu-... von Höhnel attracted the attention of all geog-... to his work; and the book descriptive of ...urney added greatly to his fame, and conveyed ... amount of new and interesting information.

... journey was undertaken purely in the interest ...nce, and, such being the case, I esteemed myself

THROUGH JUNGLE AND DESERT

CHAPTER I

THE journey the description of which will be found in the following pages was one planned and undertaken by me in coöperation with Lieutenant von Höhnel, for the purpose of adding something to the world's knowledge of that portion of East Africa hitherto unexplored, lying between the Tana and Juba rivers.

Lieutenant von Höhnel, my companion upon this journey, is an officer in the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Navy. In the year 1888 he accompanied Count Teleki, an Hungarian nobleman, upon an expedition into East Africa, which lasted nearly two years, as a result of which much was added to the scientific knowledge of this portion of that continent, especially by the discovery of the great lakes Rudolph and Stephanie. The wonderfully exact map made by Lieutenant von Höhnel attracted the attention of all geographers to his work; and the book descriptive of that journey added greatly to his fame, and conveyed a vast amount of new and interesting information.

My journey was undertaken purely in the interest of science, and, such being the case, I esteemed myself

most fortunate in securing the coöperation of Lieutenant von Höhnel. What he accomplished for geography will be seen from an inspection of the maps accompanying this volume.

But one other white man accompanied us; this was my servant, George Galvin, an American boy nineteen

BORASSUS PALM

years of age. He had accompanied me upon my first expedition to Africa, at which time he was but sixteen years of age, and had not only proved himself capable, in an astonishing degree, of withstanding the hardships incident to African travel, but had also developed marked capability in the work connected with the

caravan. Throughout the narrative, I shall speak of him as George; and as the story progresses, the reader will be able to judge of his behaviour.

The expedition of Count Teleki and Lieutenant von Höhnel determined the northern limit of the Masai race, and penetrated almost to the regions inhabited by the Galla. Between Lakes Rudolph and Stephanie and the Indian Ocean there lies a large area of country, which until our journey had resisted attempts at exploration. The natives inhabiting that portion of the

OUTSKIRTS OF LAMU

coast are Somali, and they proved in every way hostile to Europeans. Baron Vanderdecken had met his death at Bardera, a few miles from the coast, in the year 1867. Since that time few efforts had been made, and they were attended with anything but success.

Both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had had some experience in African travel, and we decided that an exploration of this part of the country was feasible, provided entrance was made south of the region over which the Somali held sway. The River Tana, which flows from Mount Kenya to the Indian Ocean, had been proved by the journeys of Denhardt, Peters, and

Dundas to be navigable for more than 200 miles from the sea; and, in consequence, it seemed to us a suitable point at which to commence our journey. It was our intention to ascend the river, and, upon reaching the limits of navigation, to strike to the north, and penetrate as far as possible into the interior.

From information received, we had come to the conclusion that the Somali tribes did not extend their wanderings many miles from the coast lying between Kismayu and Lamoo, at the mouth of the Tana River, and that the Juba River formed the southern boundary of the wanderings of the Somali inhabiting the country immediately south of Berbera; so that, by taking the Tana route, we should effect an entrance into the country without coming into contact with the Somali.

Of the tribes inhabiting the country between the Juba and the Tana rivers we had no definite knowledge. Lieutenant von Höhnel and Count Teleki, on their former journey along the eastern shore of Lake Rudolph, saw signs and gathered intelligence of a large tribe called Rendile. The exact habitat of this tribe was unknown, but they were supposed to range from Lake Stephanie, in the north, to some point near Mount Kenya, in the south. They were said to be possessed of vast herds of camels, horses, donkeys, sheep, goats, and cattle. This wealth had made them the object of attacks from the Somali on the coast, and from the Masai and other tribes lying to the south and west of them. Owing to this fact, it was said, they were continually on the move — stopping but long enough in one place to exhaust the pasturage, and then moving on again in search of food and water for their flocks.

The presence of this tribe in the part of the country to which I have referred we took for granted; and the fact that they were possessed of beasts of burden, suitable for the purposes of a caravan, entered largely into our calculations.

In the make-up and personnel of our caravan we had so arranged matters that, upon meeting this tribe, we might renew our means of porterage (sure to be weakened and reduced by the journey); we hoped that our caravan, strengthened by this means, would be enabled to proceed without difficulty for a great distance and length of time in search of fresh fields for exploration.

Both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had come to the conclusion, that the use of men as a means of porterage was not only troublesome and costly, but, from the very exigencies of African travel, cruel in the extreme. Our ideas then turned in the direction of obviating, as far as possible, the necessity of using men; but not knowing whether the climatic conditions of the country lying between the coast and the Rendile (from whom we hoped to purchase cattle, etc.) were suited for beasts of burden, we were forced to employ, at least for the outset of our expedition, men for the transportation of our goods. To these we added fifteen camels, fifty donkeys, and ten oxen. The porters used in East Africa are the people called "Zanzibari," and made famous by Stanley and other travellers. Few of these people are natives of Zanzibar — being mostly slaves bought by the Arabs from the numerous tribes in the interior, and leased out by their masters as porters to any European making up a caravan. As is to be expected, their intelligence is not of a high order, and they are accustomed to but one

sort of work; namely, bearing burdens upon their heads and shoulders. We hoped, however, should we be fortunate enough to reach the Rendile, and purchase camels from them, to instruct our porters in the care of these beasts, and, further, to use them, should necessity arise, as an armed force.

For the management and care of the beasts of burden I engaged seven Somali. These people possess camels, flocks, and horses of their own at home, and consequently are well fitted for such work. Owing to the warlike nature of the tribes through which we expected to pass, we engaged twelve Soudanese soldiers from Massowah. Thus my caravan was composed of three distinct peoples. These we hoped to weld into one efficient whole, notwithstanding the fact that we had been warned that their cohesion was not to be expected in an African expedition, particularly when it is borne in mind that their customs as well as characters differ in a great degree. As the narrative of our journey progresses, it will be found which view was the correct one.

The Tana River enters the Indian Ocean near the town of Lamoo, and we pitched upon this place as the starting-point of our journey. The preparations for a journey of exploration in the interior of Africa cannot possess great attraction to the general reader, and, therefore, little stress will be laid upon the detail.

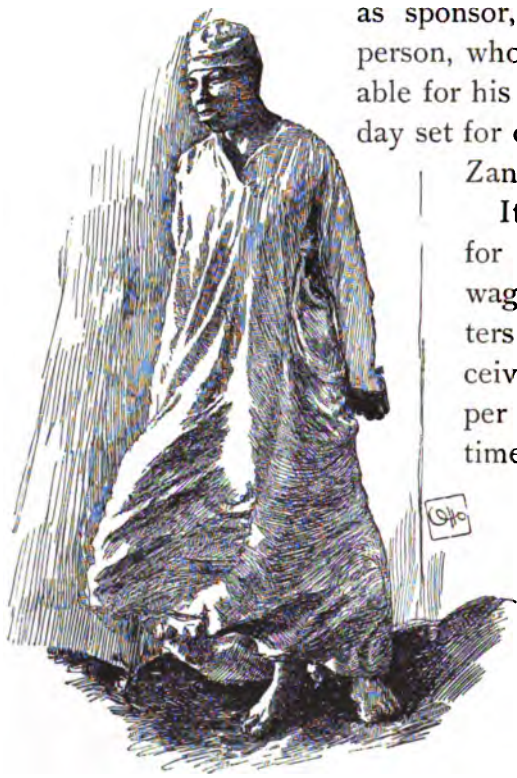
All the material which it was possible to procure in Europe had been purchased and packed either in London or in Vienna; and from these points we shipped them directly to Lamoo. There yet remained, however, the enlistment of men, the purchase of beasts of burden, with their pack-saddles, etc., and a thousand and one

little things which are procurable only on the coast of Africa. Through the kindness of the Italian authorities at Massowah, we were enabled to procure the Soudanese; and it is not the fault of our kind friends there that the quality of these men was not better than it later proved. The Somali were engaged at Aden; there, likewise, we purchased the saddles for our camels and two horses. This portion of the work was attended to by Lieutenant von Höhnel — I going to Zanzibar to engage porters.

I could not have chosen a more inopportune time for the enlistment of porters at Zanzibar. The British East Africa Company, bent upon the retention of Uganda, had practically exhausted the supply of porters, and a missionary caravan was on the point of starting to the interior. Apparently, a porter was worth his weight in gold, and almost as difficult to procure as is that precious metal. However, I brought excellent letters to the authorities at Zanzibar, and my friend, Sir Gerald Portal (since deceased), was at that time the British Agent and Consul-General at this place. This gentleman offered me every assistance in his power, and instructed General Sir Lloyd Matthews, the efficient Prime Minister to the Sultan of Zanzibar, to throw the great weight of his local influence into the scales in my behalf. Moreover, the American Consul, Mr. Jones, procured me an audience with His Highness the Sultan, Seyd Ali, who kindly permitted me to enlist porters in my service.

Although permission had been granted me, yet, in order not to excite the jealousy of others in search of porters, the enlistment of the men was carried on in a more or less secret manner. Runners were sent out to the neighbouring plantations with the news that an expedi-

tion having the sanction of the Government was about to be formed; and soon, by twos and threes, men came to my agents, received three months' wages in advance, and signed on as porters. Each man brought with him, as sponsor, some responsible person, who was held answerable for his appearance on the day set for our departure from Zanzibar.



TYPE OF PORTER

It may have interest for some to state the wages paid these porters — each man received twelve rupees per month. At this time the rupee was low, and the equivalent of twelve rupees was somewhat less than $4.00, a sum which is there considered very good pay. If the porter is a freeman, he retains the entire amount received; if a slave, he must give one-half to his master.

In the course of one month I secured 130 men — though "man" is a term which could be properly applied to but few; for, owing to the scarcity of material, in many instances I was compelled to accept mere youths and men of inferior physique.

As all readers of African travel are aware, the most important of the porters of a caravan is the headman. I had hoped to engage the headman of my former journey, who had also accompanied Royal Phelps Carroll upon his shooting expedition to Masai Land. Unfortunately, he, being a slave, was at that time away upon a trading journey up-country in the service of his master. I deemed myself fortunate, however, in being able to secure the man who had performed the duties of second headman on my former journey — by name, Hamidi. He was a young and intelligent native of the Comoro Islands; he had served in many up-country expeditions, and had behaved, as far as my experience and the testimony of others went, in an efficient and trustworthy manner upon all occasions. To him I left the choice of three under-headmen.

As his first lieutenant he chose one Mohamadi, who had been second headman on the unfortunate expedition which resulted in the death of Captain Stairs. The other two headmen were unknown to me, but I was assured by Hamidi that they were capable and trustworthy.

I succeeded in getting but one porter who had accompanied me on my former journey, but was more fortunate in the matter of tent-boys, employed as body servants. Two of these are worthy of some mention — I refer to those attached to my own person, Sururu and Baraka. Sururu had served with Mr. Stanley three years on the Congo, and had been engaged in any number of missionary caravans. He had on one occasion seen his master shot before his eyes during an Arab uprising, had travelled more miles on foot than I care to

state, and carried with him testimonials of good conduct from every one he had served. In temperament he showed but few negro traits — he appeared to be actually fond of work, and, until his allotted task was completed, never allowed himself to rest. He was silent and attentive; somewhat stern with his fellow-servants during work time, but when work was over, and he was stretched at ease among his companions, he was one of the most garrulous talkers it has been my lot to hear. He had a round bullet-head, supported on the slightest possible frame; round, but intelligent, eyes; scarcely any nose; and lips full, to be sure, but firmly pressed together.

The other boy, Baraka, was an absolute contrast to his companion, being strong and sturdily built. His experience in caravan work was nearly as great as that of Sururu, but of a very different sort, for Baraka had been employed in every capacity, from that of donkey-boy to porter. His disposition was cheerful and even, and resembled in greater degree that of an American negro than any other native African I have met. For Lieutenant von Höhnel I was able to procure one of the servants whom he had employed on his former journey.

Lieutenant von Höhnel and I sailed from Europe on the 12th of June, 1892. On August 14 we reached Lamoo with all of the men and some of the beasts of burden. There we met George, who had arrived some days before with the goods from Europe.

Town-life in Africa is not well suited to the native members of a caravan. Temptations, small to the civilized European, surround the native at every turn; so that it was with all speed that we shipped our men

and goods upon small native dhows, and transported them to a village called Mkonumbi, twenty-three miles from Lamoo and its dangerous allurements. Here we pitched our first camp.

We had already ascertained that it was possible to buy camels at Kismayu, a little over 100 miles north of Lamoo. Shortly after our arrival at Mkonumbi, Lieutenant von Höhnel, attended by four of our Somali, set out by steamer for Kismayu in order to procure the camels. During his absence I devoted my time to putting the camp in order, and arranging everything for our departure into the interior.

Mkonumbi, till within a few years of our arrival, had been a portion of the Sultanate of Witu. The Sultanate of Witu consisted of the territory lying between the Tana River and the town of Lamoo. Its autonomy was not recognized by the Sultan of Zanzibar, who had at many different times sent expeditions thither for its subjugation; none of which, however, proved successful. In 1886 the Germans established a protectorate over this sultanate; and, following upon the protectorate, a number of Germans settled in the neighbourhood of Witu as colonists. In 1889, eleven of these settlers were murdered at the instigation of the Sultan, Fumo Omari by name.

By treaty, dated 1890, Witu was transferred by the Germans to the British, who at once sent an expedition for the punishment of the natives who had murdered the eleven Europeans. This expedition was crowned with the usual success of such undertakings. The town of Witu was totally destroyed, and the Sultan, Fumo Omari, together with most of his followers, fled to the

forests of Pumwani, in the immediate neighbourhood, where he made a stand.

At the time of my arrival he was said to have 1000 guns at his command. His followers, thus armed, he employed for the most part in ravaging the neighbouring Arab plantations and native villages. What plunder, such as slaves, etc., he managed to acquire by these raids, he exchanged with the Somali for ivory, guns, caps, powder, and lead.

The Somali with whom he traded came from points as far north as Kismayu. One of their number, Barfalatta by name, finding the business engaged in by the Sultan of Witu profitable, attracted to himself a number of runaway slaves and renegade Arabs. With these he established himself at a point not far from Pumwani, called Jongeni. Both of these places, Pumwani and Jongeni, were in the neighbourhood of Mkonumbi, where I pitched my first camp. The British East Africa Company, as a check upon these raids, had established upon the site of the old town of Witu a garrison consisting of 150 Indian soldiers, under the command of two officers. This force had had several engagements with the raiders established at Pumwani and Jongeni; but had been unable, owing to their small number and the difficult nature of the country, to drive the raiders from the territory.

My arrival at Mkonumbi, with a respectable force at my command (160 men), was construed by the rival chiefs (Fumo Omari and Barfalatta) as a demonstration of increased hostility on the part of the Europeans; and, perhaps in consequence, the raids during my stay at Mkonumbi became fewer and upon a smaller scale.

WHOLE FORCE OF THE ZANZIBARI

The town of Lamoo is situated about twenty-three miles from Mkonumbi, on an island bearing the same name. It is inhabited by a people very different from the Arabs of Zanzibar. While it is true there are some pure-blooded Arabs among them, yet most of the people are the product of union between Arabs and natives of the islands of Lamoo, Manda, Patta, and Siu. It is uncertain whence the natives of these islands originally came. They are lighter in colour than the inhabitants of the coast, more intelligent, and, in a degree, their life is more civilized. In the native manufactures they excel; and the caps and sandals of better manufacture worn in Zanzibar all come from these islands. They are a light-hearted and treacherous race. They carry to a much higher point than the natives of any other portion of the coast of East Africa ideas of organized amusement. As far as it went, they had a keen idea of sport. On certain days of the year they had boat races, foot races, and matches of all sorts, in which both sexes took part. It is needless to add that their morals were of the lowest possible order.

The governor of the town of Lamoo was a cousin of the Sultan of Zanzibar, by name Abdullah Ben Hamed. The British East Africa Company had leased the trading rights of the coast from the Sultan of Zanzibar. At the town of Lamoo this company was represented by two officials, who, through the influence of the Arab governor, and by his assistance, managed to preserve some sort of discipline and order there. Beside these two representatives of the British East Africa Company, two other Europeans resided there, Germans, named Teide and Denhardt, engaged in trade

with the natives, and in the management of several plantations.

Gustave Denhardt, in company with his brother and the late Dr. Fischer, had been the first to ascend the Tana River. At this time he had been a resident of that portion of the country about twelve years; during which period he had endeared himself to the natives, and had acquired a considerable influence over them. Both Messrs. Denhardt and Teide proved of the greatest assistance to our expedition, and we are much indebted to them for their kind offices.

Having decided to make use of the Tana River as a means of transporting a portion of our goods a distance of 200 miles into the interior, it became necessary for me to engage canoes and boatmen for the purpose. Shortly after my arrival at Mkonumbi, Mr. Denhardt and I set out for Kau, on the banks of the Tana River, to arrange our little river column. We engaged eight large dug-outs; and, through Mr. Denhardt's relations with the natives inhabiting this portion of the banks of the Tana, I was enabled to engage twenty boatmen.

These people are called Pokomo. They are here small cultivators, and derive most of the means for their subsistence from their canoes, which are much in demand to convey the produce (such as rice, corn, etc.) grown near the banks of the Tana at inland points to the coast, whence it is shipped to Lamoo. Living, as they do, in small, ill-protected villages, they are an easy mark for the raiders from Pumwani and Jongeni; who, when the crops are ripe, swarm down upon the Pokomo, and force them to cut their crops and carry them away to these two towns. In physique, as a

result of their canoe labour, these people are wonderfully developed.

I placed in charge of the Pokomo, as captain of the fleet, a native of Kau, Zanzibari in race, named Sadi. He was a suave, good-mannered, and at the same time trustworthy negro, who had accompanied Messrs. Denhardt and Fischer upon their first trip up the Tana, and had since then been engaged in many trading expeditions. He spoke the language of the Pokomo, and was loved and respected by them. He was particularly proud of his birth, and with great satisfaction did he mention the fact that his sister had at one time been a concubine of the former Sultan of Zanzibar. Having arranged for the presence of the canoes and their crews at Kau upon a date in the near future, we returned to Mkonumbi.

Surrounding Mkonumbi is an undulating plain, covered, for the most part, with high grass, the continuity of which is at a few points broken by small groups of dhum palms. Here and there, bordering upon swamps and small streams, were found forests composed of tall sycamores and other trees, whose branches, burdened with trailing vines and creepers, were filled with hordes of small monkeys and birds of gayly coloured plumage. The appearance of the country as a whole would not be called tropical, at least at the time of the year when I visited it; namely, the middle of the dry season.

Owing to the raids of the Pumwani and Jongeni people, cultivation of the soil was carried on but in a meagre manner. In former days, when the Sultan of Witu held sway, the whole country was covered with

plantations devoted to the cultivation of Indian corn, millet, and tobacco; and before the herds of the people were destroyed by the cattle plague, which occurred in 1889, many thousands of cattle, sheep, and goats were raised. At that time this country was one of the richest on the east coast of Africa. In the midst of this vast plain, now covered with tall grass, may yet be found stalks of wild millet and stunted Indian corn, which lend their testimony to the fact that what is now but a prairie had once been the scene of considerable agricultural industry. Along the banks of the Tana, and for some distance to the eastward, dense forests are to be found, where the rubber plant is plentiful.

Our camp at Mkonumbi was 200 to 300 yards from the shore, along which were scattered fifty or sixty palm-thatched huts. These comprised the village of Mkonumbi. In the centre of our camp rose two large mango trees, whose thick branches afforded a grateful shade from the tropical sun. Under these trees we pitched our three tents. A space of three acres in extent was cleared of grass and brush, and fenced in by a strong thorn hedge. Around the inner side of this enclosure we placed the huts, thatched with straw or palm leaves, for the use of the porters. Two gates, one on the side toward the river, and the other on the opposite side of the camp, were guarded by my Soudanese. In front of our tents, in a space left open for that purpose, were placed the tents in which were stored the ammunition, trading-goods, and provisions. In one corner of our camp was placed a square, box-like edifice, constructed from camel saddles. This was the habitation of the Somali.

OUR CAMP AT MKONUMBI

Upon arriving at Mkonumbi, I had the roll called and arranged the men in alphabetical order, giving to each a number. This number I had stamped upon the outfit given to each man. The outfit consisted of a Werndl carbine, a belt, cartridge-box, bayonet, and water-bottle. The Soudanese I armed with Mannlicher repeating rifles of the latest pattern. Moreover, they were clad in a species of uniform, which, though it may sound ridiculous in civilization, was the pride of the Soudanese, and the envy and admiration of all beholders. This uniform consisted first of baggy trousers of Turkish pattern made of white cotton drill; putties, such as are worn by the Indian army, encasing their calves; a long, blue, butcher's jumper, reaching nearly to the knees, and a bright red fez placed on their heads.

They were particularly pleased with the fez, which was identical with the headgear of the Egyptian army. Wearing it once more made them forget that they had ever revolted against His Highness, the Khedive, and consider that in some way I was connected with his government. Most of my twelve Soudanese, as I afterwards discovered, were ex-Mahdists, some of whom had taken part in the battle against General Hicks, while others boasted of having slain British soldiers at Abuklea, and in the fights about Suakim.

The Soudanese were tall, martial-looking men, wild-eyed and savage, to be sure, but in appearance, at least, accustomed to the discipline of a soldier. In a short time, however, I learned that their martial bearing was more the result of a defiant spirit than of any conception of soldierly obedience. The chief of the Soudanese gloried in the title, Balook Bashi. He had seen service

with the Italians, and, as I afterwards learned, had been dismissed for continued drunkenness and chronic inefficiency. His name was Mahomet el Hussein. He had been placed in command of the men at the time of their engagement in compliance with their expressed wish; and they had sworn to obey him and, through him, the Europeans connected with the expedition.

It was soon made manifest why he had been the choice of the men as their officer. He disclosed wonderful capabilities for incessant importuning, never, as he persistently declared, in his own behalf, but in the interest of his devoted followers. Day after day, when I left my tent in the morning, I would find him seated near its valance with an expression of modest deprecation upon his face. Upon seeing me, he would rise, salute in the most approved military fashion, and then, in a low, whining voice, he would proceed to unburden himself of a long list of complaints. His part of the conversation was carried on in the only language with which he was familiar — Arabic. At that time I was totally unacquainted with this tongue; so it became necessary at these recitals to call in the assistance of an interpreter. The interpreter to whom we had recourse was another of the Soudanese, named Ramazan, who, having seen service in German East Africa, spoke Swahili fluently — a language with which I was well conversant.

The difference between the Balook Bashi and his interpreter was very marked. Ramazan stood six feet two, without his sandals, was as black as coal, possessed fierce eyes and a smooth, round face. The Balook Bashi was the shortest of my Soudanese. His complexion was

of a chocolate colour; he carried his head forward, as though in the act of avoiding a blow; his eyes were furtive in expression, and the slightest movement of his hands seemed to lead to a deprecating shrug of his shoulders. He alone, of all my Soudanese, lacked the martial bearing of a soldier.

During these interviews, Ramazan translated fluently and, as far as possible, with dignity the ridiculous complaints of his superior. After a short experience I came to the conclusion that, although it would be impolitic to check these complaints, it was a prodigal waste of time to listen to them. So, at the end of a long harangue, I would dismiss Mahomet el Hussein with as pleasant a smile as I could conjure up, and an assurance that I would look into the matter. This method of dealing with the complaints achieved the result anticipated and intended. The men, discovering that their choice of Balook Bashi was an unsatisfactory one, treated this officer with all the contempt he deserved, and paved a way toward a change of my relations with them. Finding the complaints made through their chief officer were unheeded, the Soudanese began to come individually to make their statements, and by this means I was able to gather a more or less clear knowledge of the individual character of each.

One among the Soudanese, Juma Moussa by name, I soon discovered was at the bottom of every complaint made, no matter by which of the men it was presented. This man was a native of Wadai, a kingdom situated in the very centre of Africa, and lying between the province of Bahr el Ghazal and the kingdom of Bornu. In early youth he had wandered with a caravan to

Suakim, where he had been promptly sold as a slave, and sent to Jiddah. There he spent many years as a soldier in the body-guard of one of the chief Arabs, acquiring, as may be supposed, all the habits and manners of a soldier of fortune.

He eventually made his escape from Jiddah, going to and settling in Massowah, over which place the Italians exercised a protectorate. He there learned the trade of a stone-mason, at which, it was reported, he was an adept; but his lawlessness and drunkenness were such that he spent much of his time in prison, and was finally dismissed from the town by the authorities. He, however, made himself useful to them by stealing guns from the Mahdists, who at that time were stationed in the immediate neighbourhood of Massowah. As can well be imagined, this was an occupation which required the utmost daring and address; for, had he been captured, his life would have been forfeited. When engaged by Lieutenant von Höhnel, he had just completed a term in prison.

He had enlisted with us only for the purpose of getting the advance money and promptly deserting. This resolution on his part, I am sorry to say, he was prevented from carrying into execution. He now longed to return to Massowah, and spared no pains to cause all the trouble and discontent possible among the Soudanese, with such end in view. In appearance, he was about forty years of age, tall and powerfully built, with small, ferocious eyes, a straight nose, a fierce moustache which would have brought pride and credit to any dragoon, and a sharply pointed beard. His voice was harsh, and his manner of speech that of a braggart.

Being voluble in conversation and cheery in manner towards his companions, he soon established an ascendency over them.

Among the other Soudanese but two seem worthy of mention. Herella, a native of Darfertit, a country to the southward of Wadai, was about twenty-four years of age. He had served as a Mahdist, and was present at the defeat and death of Wad el Nejumi, who was one of Mahdi's most trusted Ameers. Unlike the rest of the Soudanese, he made no pretence of being a Mohammedan, but frankly admitted that the people of his country ate pig (which means death to the followers of Islam); and added, with cheerful insistence, that a hungry stomach knew no law. He was one of the most perfect savages I had then met. His bearing was at all times that of a wild animal, and his hatred of discipline was made manifest at every turn.

Hussein Mahomet was the other; and he, perhaps, was the most serviceable type of any of my Soudanese. Born a Hadendowa (a tribe found near Suakim), he had from the first followed the fortunes of Osman Digna, his chief, in the wars of the Mahdi. Until the continued defeats which Osman Digna suffered at the hands of the English, and the death of the Mahdi, he had been thoroughly convinced of the divine mission of the Mahdi, and the wickedness of all Europeans. When, however, his tribe was almost destroyed by incessant war, and his chief a fugitive, he decided to give up his allegiance, and trust himself to whatever treatment the Italians would accord. I found him stupid in the extreme; a fanatical Mohammedan, never so happy as when at prayer, but obedient and trustworthy to the last degree.

The men who proved the most useful in my caravan were the seven Somali. Two of these had served with Count Teleki and Lieutenant von Höhnel in the years 1888 and 1889; their names were Mohamet Aman and Karscho. The former of these I placed in command of his compatriots, and the latter I made my gun-bearer. Mohamet Aman was a very black fellow, some thirty years of age, with the well-developed head of his race, and very large, intelligent eyes. As a worker he was practically untiring. He was able to read the numerals

SOMALI HUT

on my boxes and loads, and capable of carrying in his head many details which a European would find it necessary to transmit to paper. His special province was the charge of all the goods. Karscho was tall, light in colour, possessed of really beautiful features of absolutely Caucasian type, and active and lithe as a panther. He was devotion itself, but lacked the qualities of patience and self-control, which are so necessary for a leader. Another of the Somali was Achmet Dualla. He had been employed as a soldier with Dr. Peters' expedition. He was very stupid, but willing and untiring in his work. The other four Somali lacked

distinctive characteristics, and need have no special mention.

On August 24, 1892, Lieutenant von Höhnel arrived by steamer from Kismayu, bringing with him 15 camels and 10 fine oxen capable of bearing burdens. He had found Kismayu and the natives thereof in an excited state, and the reception accorded him was anything but friendly. The cause of this was soon made manifest. A Somali named Jama Yusuf, who had formerly served Count Teleki and Lieutenant von Höhnel, but who was at this time employed as court interpreter at Mombasa, had sent a letter to the chiefs at Kismayu, warning them against us, and advising them to hinder our entrance into the country as far as lay in their power. Lieutenant von Höhnel, however, allayed their fears, and besides the purchase of the animals above mentioned, acquired some interesting information in regard to the country lying to the westward of Kismayu.

Before the return of Lieutenant von Höhnel, life in camp at Mkonumbi had begun to assume a busy aspect. I divided my porters into three companies, and, in order to render them accustomed to the word of command, put them through simple drills daily. After a few days of this work I set about giving them instruction in the use of their rifles, as but few had the slightest conception of the nature and purposes of the weapons. It took days before I could teach most of them the use of the sights. At the beginning many were actually unable to close but one eye; for, after closing one, the eyelid of the other invariably drooped until that eye too was shut; and to the very end of the expedition some two or three were forced to do their shooting with both

eyes open. Day after day I took them to a level spot near camp, and instructed them to load and raise their rifles to their shoulders, and aim at the word of command.

After two weeks of this sort of work I put up targets, and gave each of the men three shots. By this I learned that but a small number of them had derived any profit from the hours of toil which I had spent daily in their instruction. I discovered, nevertheless, that some thirty of them could hit a large packing-case at a distance of eighty yards, if given sufficient time to take aim. After the expenditure of 2000 rounds of ammunition I was compelled to satisfy myself with this result.

The Soudanese, needless to say, were soon all excellent shots, and took a certain pride in their weapons. The Somali likewise readily acquired a good knowledge of shooting.

I will outline a day of our life while in camp at Mkonumbi. At 5.30 A.M. the tomtom beat, and the porters fell in, drawn up in two companies. The roll was called by George, and he examined the rifles, pouches, water-bottles, and bayonets. Each man had a number, and all his outfit bore the same; so inspection was quickly made. Then I summoned the Soudanese, inspected their rifles, and told them the hour they were to drill. At 6 A.M. we had breakfast, consisting of eggs, bacon, coffee or tea, and jam. At 7 the Soudanese were drilled for two hours, and then one of the companies of porters was taken out and exercised until noon, when we had luncheon. This consisted of chicken and curried rice, with a bottle of mild beer, followed by a small cup of strong coffee and a cigarette. After luncheon we took

a short siesta, and then again to the drill-ground, where I gave the men a little target practice. In this work I was assisted by Lieutenant von Höhnel, and sometimes by George, when he was not engaged in arranging the boxes and loads.

At 2 P.M. the tomtom was sounded, and the men again fell in for their rations. They were then mustered in companies by George, and each man was given a quart measure of millet and a bit of fish, or a measure of rice; and once a week I gave them tobacco. The Somali and Soudanese received a little better food than the porters. At pocho (ration) time the punishment due the men was meted out. For the first few days many cases of insubordination occurred, but promptness and severity soon taught the men that it was better to avoid giving offence.

At 5 P.M. the cry of "Watu wa gonjwa" (sick men) was heard throughout the camp. At this cry all the lame, the halt, and the blind assembled round the tent of Lieutenant von Höhnel, and received treatment for their several ailments. Many had ulcers, and a number of them had pulmonary complaints. We had a wonderful medicine chest, and Lieutenant von Höhnel proved a really good physician.

One of the greatest dangers incident to African travel is an outbreak of small-pox in one's caravan. To obviate this dreaded disease, we had taken with us a large quantity of vaccine. With this we vaccinated one and all of our men; but without producing the slightest result. During our stay at Mkonumbi one of our porters died of some loathsome skin disease. His friends refused to have anything to do with him, saying that he

had small-pox. Although we Europeans feared such was the case, we were forced, in order to restore confidence to our people, to treat this man ourselves; and, happily, with no ill result.

If there is one thing a native African likes more than any other, that thing is sympathy, be its form of expression what it may; and in order to excite it, he will adopt any means, and go to any length. When our men first caught sight of the medicine chest, and the different-coloured medicines, the list of sick and ailing was enormous. A few doses of the most nauseous drugs, however, soon reduced the list of applicants to reasonable proportions, which saved our stock of medicine from premature exhaustion.

As the day set for our departure from Mkonumbi drew near, I sent sixty loads of millet and forty-one loads of my trading-goods to Kau, the point at which it had been arranged the canoes should be in readiness. I placed in charge of these Mohamet Aman and four Zanzibari. These men I instructed to convey the canoes to Kinakombe, distant up the Tana some eighty miles. At specified points along the route they were to deposit with the natives stores of food for my caravan; and upon reaching Kinakombe they were to await my arrival.

Reports had reached me that the inhabitants of the Tana district were starving, and would therefore be unable to sell food; for, owing to the repeated raids of the Pumwani and Jongeni people, they had not been permitted to devote the usual time to the cultivation of crops. To obviate this we sent these canoe-loads of food.

A VILLAGE OF MKONUMBI

All the goods purchased in London or Vienna had been packed in serviceable and easily opened wooden boxes. The material purchased in Zanzibar was sewn in strong canvas, the average weight of a load being sixty-five pounds. On the march, a porter beside this load carried his rifle, whatever clothing he had for the journey, and rations for from three to six days, as occasion demanded. This brought the total weight of the burden borne by each man to about eighty pounds. To the European it may seem beyond the power of the ordinary man to bear this any length of time; but these porters, having been from earliest youth accustomed to bear burdens upon their heads and shoulders, were capable of bearing in this manner a much greater weight and for a much longer time than would at first be supposed.

The day preceding my departure, the Arab governor visited my camp. I took advantage of his presence to ask him to give an address to my men, warning them against desertion, and threatening them with direst punishment, should they neglect his warning, or refuse to accept his advice. He made a speech which the porters received with impertinent grins, much to the chagrin of the Arab governor, and upon its conclusion they gave three loud and boisterous hurrahs. Abdullah Hamed, the governor, was much irritated, and the return of his accustomed good humour was delayed until after he had quaffed several glasses of sherbet and uncounted but numerous cups of coffee.

At Lamoo I purchased a number of goats and sheep. These, added to my donkeys, horses, and camels, gave the camp a quite pastoral appearance.

We had brought with us from Europe two long-haired retrievers, and at Aden Lieutenant von Höhnel had bought a little, bright-eyed fox-terrier.

For the two weeks immediately preceding we had been drilling our men in loading and unloading the camels and donkeys. The camel saddles consisted of two heavy mats; the one placed next the animal's back being made of long, soft grass, and the other, placed over this and next the load, of coarser texture. Over these mats four poles were placed, tied together at the upper end, each of which was six feet in length. The fastening at the upper ends of the poles was about one foot from their tips. The poles were then paired, one pair being taken forward, and securely tied to the rear of the fore-legs, and the other pair being carried back, and tied just in front of the hind legs, thus forming a skeleton pyramid. Upon these sticks the loads were bound. A camel can easily carry from 300 to 400 pounds; so we fastened from four to five loads upon each animal.

The donkey saddles consisted of two bags made of untanned ox-hide joined together, and falling like panniers on each side of the beast's back. In order to prevent friction and the consequent soreness of the animal, a pad of soft grass was placed between the donkey and the saddle. A breast strap and a breeching retained the saddle in proper position; and equal weights being placed in each pocket of the saddle, and the gait of the donkey being even, equilibrium was maintained, and their positions rarely had to be rearranged while on the march.

I placed in charge of the donkeys three men well

accustomed to the care of such animals. These men had been, from earliest youth, traders of ivory and slaves in Masai Land, and were one and all thoroughly conversant with the Masai language. We expected to fall in with tribes familiar with this tongue during our journey, and their acquaintance with it was considered an advantage by us when we engaged them.

At 5 o'clock, on the morning of September 18, the resounding tomtom broke the stillness of our camp. Soon the air was filled with cries; some of the porters shouting joyfully to one another, "Safari! Safari!" (Journey! Journey!); others, "Haya! Haya! Tuta fuata bwana baranai." (Hasten! Hasten! We will follow master to the desert.) Even the laziest of the porters seemed glad we were to make a start, for to them a life on the coast without the pleasures of towns, coupled with the hard work incident to the preparation of a caravan for the march, had been tedious in the extreme. Others feigned joy; for they but looked forward to the departure from Mkonumbi, and the march through the tall grass and thick coverts, as a means of happy deliverance from an expedition of whose outcome they were in total ignorance. All the loads and pack-saddles had been laid out in orderly arrangement the night before; so that in little more than an hour all was ready for marching.

The governor of Lamoo came to bid me God-speed, but in the hurry and bustle I fear he failed to have the courtesies offered him which his official dignity seemed to demand. He eyed the loads, however, with a longing expression. To him it seemed very ludicrous that any

one should venture into the interior with what appeared to him to be vast wealth. He had, before this time, questioned me as to the contents of my boxes; and, despite the fact that I assured him they contained either food or supplies, he exchanged sly glances with his staff, and doubtless was fully convinced that they contained gold and precious stones. Having bade him farewell, I ordered the tomtom to sound again; and with one long resounding cheer my men seized their loads, and the expedition was under way.

The order of marching was as follows: I in the lead with six Soudanese; then the second headman, Mohamadi, and the long single line of porters — some singing cheerily, others stolidly silent, while yet others, even at the start, groaning and shrinking beneath their burdens. Lieutenant von Höhnel and George brought up the rear with six Soudanese, while immediately in front of them were placed the camels, donkeys, sheep, and goats. All the animals gave much trouble the first day, and necessitated many delays. Lieutenant von Höhnel had a bad foot and slight dysentery, and so he rode one of the horses.

The camels were wonderful animals, fourteen of them carrying fifty loads and doing it well; and thirty of the donkeys were carefully loaded, each with two full loads.

We reached our camping-place at 1 P.M., and gradually, by threes and fours, the men straggled in; for it is not until several weeks have elapsed, and the men have become hardened to their labour, that anything resembling order can be maintained in a caravan composed of porters. Just before reaching camp we forded a small stream, which the camels had much difficulty in doing.

It is three days' march from Mkonumbi to the Tana River, and the country passed through is similar in topography to that surrounding Mkonumbi.

At a point one day's journey from the river we reached a small Galla village. The Galla here are an insignificant and impoverished race, far different from their brethren who inhabit the country lying to the west of Abyssinia. It is estimated that throughout the entire length of the Tana River there are not more than 1000 Galla. These people have had a sad history, and their story is as follows:

GALLA GIRL

Many years ago, two brothers reigned over a large Galla tribe, located at a point several hundred miles to the north of the Tana — presumably the Aroussa. These brothers quarrelled, and concluded they could not inhabit the same country. The younger set out with half the tribe, and, after wandering many years, arrived at the upper regions of the Tana River. At that time they possessed cattle, camels, sheep, and goats. They had with them, so the legend runs, a sacred book, which they called "kitab,"

an Arabic word for book. What this book was, it is, of course, impossible to say; but it is not altogether improbable that it was a Bible; for, since we know the Abyssinians had accepted Christianity many years ago, it is not unlikely that they had communicated some knowledge of it to the Galla, who inhabited the country adjacent to Abyssinia.

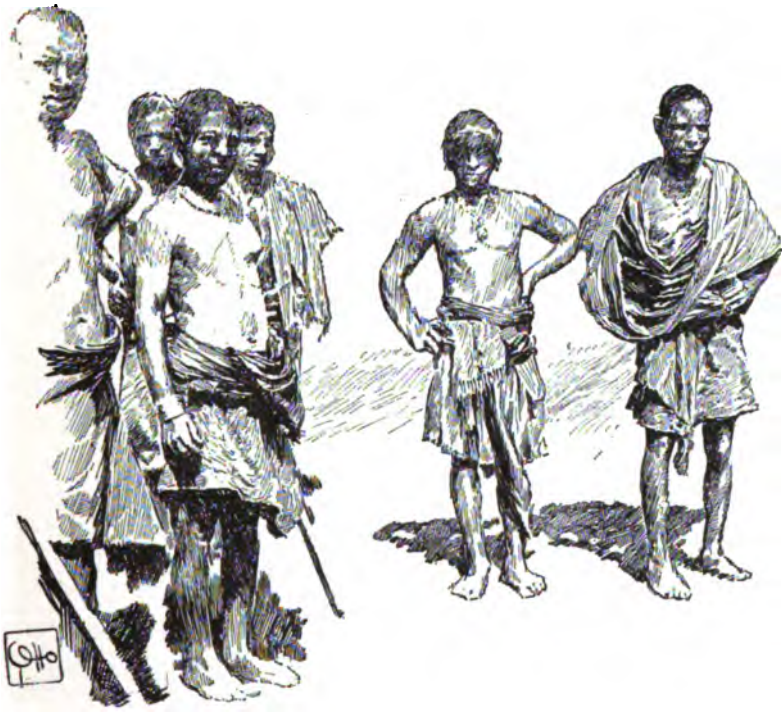
Whatever this book was, they guarded it with most jealous care; but one day, while repelling an attack of some hostile and marauding natives, the book disappeared. It was thought by the Galla that it had been eaten by one of their cattle. From the disappearance of the book evil fortune has followed them till now, and to this day they continue search for it, as their talisman. Whenever a cow is killed, they search within its stomach in the hope of finding it. From this habit of searching the intestines of a cow, they have adopted the old Roman custom of foretelling the future by the appearance of the entrails. At present there is not the least indication displayed by these people that they possess Christianity. On the neck of one, however, I saw a white shell, with a cross rudely carved upon it.

On September 23, we reached the Tana River at a place called Merifano. At this point the Tana is quite a respectable stream, being about 150 yards in width, and flowing with rapidity between steep clay banks, which are surmounted with tall sycamores, heavily laden with festooning creepers.

Here we fell in with the Pokomo. These people we found to be a simple and kindly race, eager to please, and delighted beyond expression when they discovered that our intentions were peaceable. The day we

reached the Tana one of our camels died, and was greedily eaten by our men, who considered meat in any form a luxury.

From our arrival at the Tana dates the real beginning of our journey, for at this point we left behind all thought



OUR POKOMO BOATMEN

of even the partial civilization of the coast. It was with more than curiosity that Lieutenant von Höhnel and I gazed at the swirling, muddy stream at our feet, wondering whence it came, and seeking to interpret its loud murmur into words of cheer and welcome to the newcomers upon its banks.

CHAPTER II

On the morning of the 24th many Pokomo came into camp, bringing small presents, consisting of Indian corn, a few fowls, and a bushel or two of millet. They prayed for my protection against the raiders. I told them I would drive the raiders back if they made an attack during my stay along the river, and that they could rest assured that in a short time the English would drive these people forever from their neighbourhood. At the time of writing (1895) this result has been happily accomplished, and peace reigns once more along the banks of the Tana.

The Pokomo are undoubtedly of Bantu origin, and their language is very similar to that of the Zanzibari. They clothe themselves in waist-bands of cheap cotton, and the men, one and all, carry long spears, which convey a warlike impression, but which are used more as paddles, or as poles for their canoes, than as implements of war. The length of these spears is about eight feet, and the blades are short and trowel-shaped.

Our camp was pitched among the ruins of a village recently destroyed by the raiders. As the natives became more accustomed to our presence, they swarmed into camp, bringing small parcels of grain for sale. The trading-goods taken by the Pokomo in exchange for their products are rods of soft lead, having a thick-

ness of one-fourth of an inch and a length of fourteen inches. These are used as ornaments — either as bracelets or anklets. The cheapest of cotton goods finds a ready demand, and salt, ghee, and spearheads are much asked for.

Upon the day of our arrival at the Tana it was ascertained that one load of ammunition was missing; and upon calling the roll of the men we found that one of our porters had disappeared. I sent runners back to Witu to report the matter to Captain Rogers, who had charge of the station. I succeeded in getting the load, but heard nothing more of the man.

The march from Marefano to Kinekombe was uneventful; we journeyed along, at times close to the river bank, and at times prevented from so doing by the thick

undergrowth, and forced to take a line some distance from the river, where the country was more open. We usually broke camp about 7 A.M., that is, an hour after dawn, and took up the march. As it was our invariable custom to camp near the river, our path at first led through very tall grass and over plantations.

While on the march, from my horse's back I could just see the heads of the tall spears carried by the Pokomo guides, which danced and gleamed in the light of the rising sun. Presently we emerged from the grass and were confronted by a tangled and impassable grove, which called for the use of axes and machettes. These came at a call, and soon the forest rang with the resounding blows of the axes, the cracking of broken boughs, and the shouts of the workmen. In three-quarters of an hour a path was made; and where but a short time before all was noise and disorder, the caravan wended silently and smoothly on its way.

There was something imposing in the picture presented by the caravan, when viewed from a short distance. The camels swayed gracefully and majestically onward beneath their high-piled burdens, followed by a winding line of men, made tall and imposing by the massive loads borne upon their heads. Following the men, were the cattle and donkeys, which added solidity to the column; and, bringing up the rear, as a fitting finish to the whole, rode tall Lieutenant von Höhnel on his white pony. As a rule, not a sound was to be heard. Occasionally, however, some porter, bursting with vitality unsuppressed by the eighty-pound burden he bore, carolled forth some simple lay, such as: "Vily vily, sawa sawa, pocho!"—the burden of the song being of food

just partaken of, or looked forward to with expectation. Occasionally an obstacle was encountered by the caravan, and then the even, and I might say almost solemn, movement was at once broken. The camels were forced to kneel, bellowing forth the while their displeasure at such an indignity; the donkeys ran hither and thither among the loads thrown down by the men; shouts, curses, and blows from the ever-ready stick filled the air, and the pandemonium continued until the difficulty—whether river, hill, thicket, or forest—had been surmounted and passed, when the caravan again swung into its accustomed smooth and noiseless movement toward its goal.

At times the guides proved very poorly informed as to the route, and led us through tangled masses of mimosa, aloes, and creeping vines. In such cases the axes were in constant requisition; and in consequence, often for hours at a time, our progress was dismally slow.

During the afternoon of this day we encamped on the banks of the river. As it was customary to pitch our tents under tall trees in the cool of the evening, with the knowledge that a certain portion of the distance had been covered, our minds were filled with pleasant thoughts (despite the fact that Lieutenant von Höhnel was suffering greatly from his feet), when turned to the distance yet to be accomplished before reaching Kinekombe—the point at which we were to find the canoes. One of the canoes contained what we regarded as precious freight,—ninety-six bottles of Tennent's Pilsner beer,—the thought of which acted as a tonic to our spirits, and lent energy to our tired feet while on the march.

As a rule, the Pokomo were friendly and easily convinced of our good intentions; but at times we met with difficulty in procuring guides. Along the banks of the Tana, except at points where the natives had made clearings, the forest growth was really picturesque and imposing. The Pokomo have a slight knowledge of irrigation, and in their little openings in the forest an idea can be had of the productiveness of the soil, and what might be accomplished by cultivation of the soil, if European methods were in vogue. This, however, is only in the immediate neighbourhood of the river; for at distances varying from 100 yards to one mile from the banks of the river, the aspect changes into that of a sandy desert, gleaming here and there with mica. Such trees as are found on this desert are stunted mimosa and aloes.

Continued march brought us on September 30 to a point on the river bank opposite the village of Kinekombe, which is the largest Pokomo village on the Tana. The village contains about 500 conical-shaped huts, covering a space of not less than forty acres. It is surrounded by a strong hedge on the landward sides, as a protection from attacking parties; while the steep clay banks of the river afford protection on the water side. This is the only town of the Pokomo which is able to repel the attacks of the raiding tribes; in consequence, cultivation of the surrounding plantations is carried on extensively, and food is cheap and plentiful.

Here I found Mohamet Aman with my river column, which had arrived in safety a few days before. Thinking we would follow the right bank, he had built a nice

camp. I crossed to the camp and at once opened a bottle of beer. What nectar it seemed! Seven hours in an arid desert turns water into wine, and beer into a drink for the gods. The Pokomo employed in my canoes, after greeting me pleasantly upon my arrival, expressed an ardent desire to return to the coast. A few words and a small present changed their purpose, and they were eager with protestations of devotion, and expressed a willingness to follow me to the ends of the earth.

VILLAGE OF KINEKOMBE

The chief of the village was named Kula; he brought me a present of unshelled rice and a lot of Indian corn. Up to this point the route had been a good one, as regards supplies. The deposits of millet left by my canoes at points along the route proved unnecessary, for the natives even in the poorest districts had sufficient to supply the wants of my people. With modern means of agriculture and intelligent irrigation, the banks of the Tana should yield abundant rice and corn. This is by far the richest country I had yet seen.

At Kinekombe I remained several days, for the purpose of allowing the backs of the donkeys, which had

become sore, to heal; and to give the camels a much-needed rest. On the road to Kinekombe I had four deserters, only one of whom I succeeded in capturing with his load. On the day after my arrival there some of my men took their rifles and went to the village; whereupon, all the natives fled. It was only after prolonged effort that I was able to reassure them and bring them back. I placed one of my headmen on duty to prevent outrage, and limited the number of my men permitted in the village at one time to thirty.

One day during my stay at this place the Soudanese appeared in front of my tent, and expressed themselves as dissatisfied with everything connected with the expedition. They asserted, among other things, that their food was insufficient and of poor quality. As these men had before boasted to me of the fact, that during the campaigns of the Mahdi they had for weeks lived upon grass, I gave little heed to their complaint; but informed them that if they were dissatisfied with the quantity of food, the only change possible would be a reduction in it. They, thereupon, wished to depose the Balook Bashi. As they had sworn to obey this man, and as I had not yet pitched upon one of their number suitable to succeed him, I told them they must keep their oath. They then returned sullenly to their quarters.

Lieutenant von Höhnel's feet became worse, instead of better, so that we decided it would be advisable for him to travel, at least a portion of the distance up the river, in a canoe; and on October 2, he, in charge of the river column, left Kinekombe. As soon as the canoes disappeared around a bend in the river, I began to feel

badly and took to bed. In the afternoon fever set in, and my temperature rose to 103. I took phenacetine, and it fell to 101. At 9 P.M. my temperature again rose, and reached 104; phenacetine and castor oil brought it down to 101, and oft-repeated doses of quinine kept it there.

On the following day I attempted to resume my journey, but found myself too weak (I suffered from slight dysentery); so that I spent the day in bed.

SCENE IN CAMP ON THE COAST

The next day, October 4, I felt slightly better, and with effort was able to sit my horse; so we set out upon our way. We lost another deserter that day.

On October 6, the road on the left bank of the river was so full of thick growths as to be almost impassable; so, upon reaching a village called Subaki, we crossed to the other bank. In this crossing we were greatly assisted by the natives, who provided ten canoes, and in a few hours all my loads were transported across the river. The cattle gave no trouble, and swam across almost of their own accord; but the crossing of the camels, donkeys, and horses was a more serious matter, and required

nearly twenty-four hours for its completion. It was effected in the following manner. One of my men sat in the stern of a canoe, and held the head of an animal (camel, horse, or donkey) above water; two natives in the bow propelled the canoe across the stream. By this means all my animals were transported in safety. The exercise incident to the superintendence of this crossing did not improve my dysentery; nevertheless, I was forced to push on. Another deserter that day.

The following day I reached Massa, opposite which Lieutenant von Höhnel and the canoes were stationed. Again one man deserted. This time the runaway took with him a valuable load consisting of flannel and blankets, which made a serious loss. Lieutenant von Höhnel seemed to improve and do well in the canoes, and reported that the natives were thoroughly friendly. I sent two Somali and twenty-four men under Hamidi back to our last camp to search on both sides of the road for the lost load of flannel and blankets, which I thought might have been thrown into the bush. I sent this force, as rumours had reached me that a large war-party was in the neighbourhood.

The Pokomo at Massa are different from their brethren inhabiting the lower portion of the Tana; they are smaller in stature, and speak a different dialect. From all I could observe and learn, they have few characteristic customs. Their fear of tempting Galla or Somali raiders forces them to make it a rule never to keep live-stock: if by chance they get a sheep or goat in trade, they at once slay it. They cultivate their plantations sufficiently to provide for their wants, and have, moreover, stores of grain hidden away to avert famine, in

case of a bad crop. Their method of dividing labour is as follows. The inhabitants of the village, at least those that are able-bodied, are divided into two parts, each taking its turn on alternate days at the cultivation of the plantations. This keeps them employed but one-half of the time — the other half they spend in sleep and idleness. The canoes here are smaller than those used lower down the river.

At Massa my men took it upon themselves to raid a plantation of the Pokomo. I promptly punished the raiders and restored the stolen property. This action filled the natives with surprise and pleasure, and it appeared to be the first time that such an event had happened to them.

Upon leaving, owing to the non-appearance of the guides, we were compelled to make a late start. When they at length arrived, I arranged with them to guide us to a point called Dukuli, said to be about twelve miles up the river. The sun was very hot, and my retrievers appeared to suffer intensely; I gave them all the water I could spare from my bottle, but it seemed to afford them no relief. We marched on and on until 2.30 P.M., and my guides seemed either knaves or fools. They insisted that the camp lay still farther to the front, although I was confident that had it been the distance they stated we must long since have passed the place. But I was too weak and ill to initiate a search for the camp, which might after all prove fruitless, and so I struggled on. My men, with their usual thoughtlessness, had neglected to put water into their bottles, and in consequence they all suffered from thirst. Owing to my dysentery I still suffered from weakness; and,

finally, at four o'clock, I fell from my horse, and was compelled to lie under a tree for some time before I could recover sufficient strength to move on. I sent the camels on in front, and the donkeys followed. The porters were not in sight, and my poor retrievers had long since fallen to the rear. At 5.30 I started after my camels, and found them lying in a thick undergrowth, surrounded by the donkeys and their drivers.

Where were the guides? It seemed, one of my Soudanese (Herella) felt thirsty, and upon asking the guides for water, and being told by them that it was still some distance in front, flew into a passion and began beating them; whereupon these gentle creatures fled. This had not been reported to me, or perhaps I might have caught them and brought them back. The question now presented was: Where were we to get water? and its early, if not immediate solution was fast becoming an important necessity. I sent a Somali to look for it, and he soon returned with the welcome intelligence that it was not far distant.

The tangled mass of undergrowth, in which my camels and donkeys were found, was so thick that I found it necessary to cut a road for them. All the available men were set to work with axes, and by 6.30 a road was completed. At 7 we managed to reach a pool of water formed by the back-wash of the Tana during the rainy season. There the camels and donkeys, together with twenty men, formed the only visible portion of my caravan. I sent the twenty men back, laden with water, to my struggling porters. This done, I threw myself down to rest, but not to sleep. All through the night the men straggled in by twos and

threes; I had the tomtom beaten, and guns fired at intervals, to inform them of my whereabouts. At 1 A.M. George reached me, and reported that the dogs had died at a point far in the rear; also, that Mohamadi, the second headman, and eight of the men whom I had sent back with him in search of the flannel and blankets, were not far away. He also reported a rumour that one of my men had been drowned in crossing the river, and that shots had been fired at the Pokomo, resulting in the death of one or two of them. This was sufficient for one day, so I went to sleep, thoroughly worn out.

When I awoke in the morning, all the men had arrived. I called Mohamadi, and questioned him as to the rumours of trouble with the natives. He said that he with his eight men had searched along the road for the lost load, and, not finding it, had crossed the river to the village of Sissini, to search there. During the search his men had been attacked by the natives; and, as his force had but six cartridges in all, they were soon driven out, and in crossing the river one of my men and five rifles had been lost. Upon cross-questioning him, it appeared to me that his story was false. Knowing, as I did, the peaceful character of the Pokomo, and the lawlessness of the Zanzibari, I had no doubt that, instead of searching for the cloth, they had devoted their time to raiding, and had at length forced the poor natives to resistance. I punished Mohamadi sufficiently for his breach of discipline.

Lieutenant von Höhnel was at Tuni, and I learned that that point was but a short distance from our stopping-place. Accordingly, as rain was expected, and

as my caravan was much fatigued by the long marches we had lately taken, I decided to rest there for some time, at least until the rains were over, and our beasts of burden had put on a little flesh,—they by this time being mere skeletons. The autumn rains were then due, and during the rainy season the country on the banks of the Tana is absolutely impassable, its soft, loamy soil becoming one vast swamp. Bearing this in mind, we made preparations for a more or less prolonged stay at Tuni.

In the course of a few days we had a quite respectable camp built. The porters were exceedingly clever at building huts. Given some poles, plenty of grass, and an axe or two, in half a day they will erect a cool and water-proof habitation. Instead of nails, they use withes and vines, of which they make excellent rope.

In Tuni the weather was excessively hot, and the thermometer never fell below 88° Fahrenheit, even at night; while in the daytime the rays of the sun were scorching. We spent three weeks there, waiting patiently for the rains, while our men distinguished themselves by attempting on several occasions small raids on the natives. For this they were invariably punished; but, notwithstanding all my efforts in their behalf, the natives persisted in holding aloof from us, so that it was difficult to purchase food. At length, however, I managed to lay in a supply sufficient for my wants. The rains, although due at this time, and expected by the natives as well as ourselves, amounted to practically nothing; not more than three showers fell, and they were very light. Our stay did the beasts a great deal of good; not such, however, was its effect upon the

Somali, Soudanese, and Europeans. There was continuous suffering from fever, and some of the men had really sharp attacks. The porters seemed proof against the attacks of fever and climatic influences, and in fact were greatly benefited by our stay, in appearance at least.

One evening during our stay at Tuni six elephant-hunters appeared in our camp. These men were na-

POKOMO BOAT BUILDERS AT WORK

tives of Giriama, a country lying a little to the north of Mombasa. They stated that they had been away seven months hunting ivory, and had managed to get seven tusks. On their way down the river they had been attacked by the Somali, who killed two of their number, and robbed them of their ivory, at a point about two days' march above our camp. I questioned them closely as to the whereabouts of the Somali, and then persuaded them to act as guides to the point.

Early the next morning I set out with seventy men, and after crossing the river marched quickly along

the left bank. At the end of two days' march the guides said we were then but a short distance from the point where they had been attacked.

Upon first telling their story, they had described the attacking party of Somali as consisting of several hundred men, and stated that these, with large flocks and herds, were camped near the river. Now, however, upon being questioned, they changed their story to the effect that the Somali were few in number, and like themselves were elephant-hunters. We pushed on the next day, sending out Somali scouts to reconnoitre. In a short time they returned with the intelligence that they had seen Somali tracks leading to the river. It is easy to distinguish from the appearance of the impression made in the soil by a sandal, whether it is made by a Somali, or by a member of some of the other native tribes. The sandals of the Somali are made with much greater care (often consisting of as many as four or five thicknesses of leather in the sole), and have a well-defined shape. Those worn by the other tribes consist of but a single thickness, and have no definite shape.

Upon receiving this intelligence from the scouts I had sent out, I halted the caravan, and sent four Somali to reconnoitre the neighbourhood, and bring back intelligence as to the force I was likely to encounter. In less than one hour these men returned, bringing with them a small, ill-fed negro with a head covered with a veritable bush of hair, dyed by some means to a yellowish colour. This colour of hair I had noticed among the Somali I had met at Aden. The man proved to be a Midgan; that is, a member of a tribe held in subjec-

tion by the Somali, and used by them as hunters, scouts, and herdsmen.

The account of his capture given to me by my men was as follows: On taking up the trail leading from the river they had suddenly come upon a small zeriba. This, at first, they thought to be empty; but upon entering it they were startled to see their present captive spring to his feet with an arrow strung in his bow. Before he could find time to discharge his weapon, however, he was knocked down by a blow with the butt-end of a gun in the hands of one of my men, and after a scuffle was bound and brought into my presence. Upon being questioned, he admitted he was one of the party who had robbed the Giriama. He said the party consisted of eight men belonging to Hassan Burgan (a Somali ruling over a portion of the country between Kismayu and the Tana). He and his party had been sent out by their master to hunt ivory, but had secured none; and they were surprised and delighted to find the Giriama, and had taken their ivory from them. The captive insisted that at present he was alone, and that his companions had gone to the coast with their plunder.

I went to the zeriba, and found it full of Somali utensils. It looked as if it had been occupied by a larger party than our captive had told me of. All around were bits of giraffe meat drying in the sun, and, when surprised by my men, the Midgan had been engaged in making sandals from a piece of the giraffe hide. The presence of prayer mats disclosed the fact that they were Mohammedans. I gave the captive a good lecture, and told him to inform his master, Hassan

Burgan, that raiding along the banks of the Tana must cease. I doubt if he ever delivered my message.

After this little experience I returned to my camp at Tuni, having acquired but little satisfactory information, and a sharp attack of fever.

While at Tuni two of my men deserted. One of the most difficult phases of African travel is the desire, latent in nearly every porter, to desert at one time or another during an expedition. There are but few porters employed on the east coast of Africa who have not at some period in their career tasted the sweets of French leave. I have questioned many of them, but they, themselves, could give no reason for their desertion. Generally, if closely pressed, they would laugh, shrug their shoulders, and say: "Nimechoka, bwana" (I was tired, master). Sometimes a porter will work in a caravan an entire year, and then, without apparent cause, when perhaps hundreds of miles from his home, will desert; not only forfeiting all the pay he has earned, but running a very considerable risk of not reaching the coast alive.

During my first journey into Africa I had but four desertions from my caravan; which I attribute to the fact that my porters were, for the most part, Wanyanwezi, a tribe inhabiting a section of the country about 300 miles south of Victoria Nyanza. Those men made the best possible porters, and rarely, if ever, deserted. In this expedition, however, I had succeeded in securing but one of this tribe, and he proved one of the few who remained faithful to the end. A traveller exploring an unknown portion of Africa is dependent for the safety and success of his expedition upon the fidelity

of his men. The first instinct, therefore, is to humour them as much as possible, and thereby firmly bind their affections to the interests of their master. But I had found to my extreme disgust, upon questioning my men after enlistment, that but twenty-three of them had been on an expedition before. With this rabble of youths which I had at my command, such was their lawlessness and wanton abuse of the natives, that I was forced to adopt more severe measures than I liked.

In the short period intervening between our start from Lamoo and our departure from Tuni we had lost nine men and two valuable loads by desertions. I had discovered from the behaviour of Mohamadi at Sissini, when he went back in search of the runaways, that I could not trust even my headmen to treat the natives with consideration, when not under my eye. On the march my Soudanese were required to prevent the porters from deserting, and my Somali had their time fully occupied with the camels; so that I had no trustworthy means for the apprehension of deserters while on the march.

We left Tuni on November 7, Lieutenant von Höhnel again going with the river column. We arranged to meet at a point three days' journey up the river. On this day two men deserted, and three others made repeated attempts to do likewise. My porters were all armed, and from this point carried ten rounds of ammunition per man. In one instance, the would-be deserter, upon finding himself tracked to his hiding-place by George and the Soudanese, slipped a cartridge into his rifle, and aimed it at the chief of the Soudanese. He was disarmed by a man crawling behind him. That

night, upon coming to a halt, I called the men of the caravan together, and explained to them that desertions must cease. I asked them if they had any complaints to make, to which they of course, as is customary with the negro, replied, "No; bwana Ngema" (Master is good). I then said that all the porters who wished to return to the coast had my full permission to do so, provided they took advantage of this permission at once. No one volunteered. I then told them that should any further desertions be attempted, the deserter would do so at the peril of his life. I little thought that this threat, made for the purpose of strengthening their fidelity, would have a serious result.

On the third day from Tuni, after a brisk march, I reached Lieutenant von Höhnel and the canoes shortly after noon. An hour after I arrived, George and the last of the caravan appeared. George came direct to my tent, bringing the Balook Bashi with him; and with the aid of the interpreter, Ramazan, I gathered the following story. It appeared that one of the porters who attempted to desert on the day of our departure from Tuni had, during this day's march, again made repeated efforts with the same end in view. He had been deprived of his load, and placed in front of the Balook Bashi, who had been told to drive the man along in front of him, and watch him. The man feigned fatigue, and his pace was very slow; the Balook Bashi endeavoured to hasten the man's movements, whereupon the porter bolted into the bushes as fast as he could run. The Balook Bashi chased him for some distance, and being unable to catch him, fired a shot, with the hope of frightening the culprit and bringing him to a halt.

OUR CANOES

Unfortunately the rifle was too well aimed, and the man fell to the ground, shot between the two shoulders.

I was forced to accept the Balook Bashi's statement, though unsupported by corroborative testimony of others. As it happened that this man had not only continually boasted that he would desert, but also had made repeated attempts to do so, and was in fact the man who had loaded his rifle on the previous day, I cannot say that my pity for the poor wretch was as great as it certainly would otherwise have been. However, I took this opportunity to break the Balook Bashi to the ranks, and punished him severely. I then made Ramazan chief of the Soudanese, in his stead.

From this time on, Lieutenant von Höhnel left the canoes and marched with the caravan. I put four of my best men with the river column, and arranged to meet them about four days' journey up the river, at a place called Malkakofira — the first village of the Galla.

The Tana River has on its shores three distinct tribes. At the coast, in the neighbourhood of Kau, there are some four or five hundred Galla; then for 100 miles the Pokomo inhabit both banks; then comes a reach of about sixty miles, uninhabited, with the exception of small and scattered bands of people, who live by hunting and fishing. These people are called Wasania, and are not akin to either the Galla or Pokomo. From Malkakofira to the district of Korokoro, the country is inhabited by both Galla and Pokomo. The Galla inhabiting this portion of the river are a finer type than those who live near the coast, and much more numerous. They keep the Pokomo in a state of subjection, forcing them to give them a certain portion of

their crops, and convey them up and down the river when they so desire. This state of affairs has evidently lasted for many years; for at present the Pokomo, although preserving their racial characteristics, have not only adopted the language of the Galla, but have lost all remembrance of their own tongue. The distinction between the two tribes is, however, clearly maintained, and they never intermarry. In return for the tribute above mentioned, the Galla protect the Pokomo from the raids of the Somali on the left bank, and the attacks of the Wakamba on the right.

In this neighbourhood, some miles from the left bank, Dr. Peters located on his map the Galla mountains and the Friedrich Franz range. These ranges were invisible to us, and most careful scrutiny failed to reveal anything with even the proportions of what we term a hill, in the direction indicated by Dr. Peters.

Owing to cloudy weather for the last two days, Lieutenant von Höhnel had been unable to take observations; but by dead reckoning we calculated we were near the point where the canoes were to meet us, — Malkakofira. On November 15 we made a late start, thinking we should find the canoes near by. We were prevented from following the river by a dense growth of bush. About noon, fearing lest we had passed our canoes, we decided to cut our way through the bush to the river, cost what it might. From noon until seven o'clock at night every knife and axe in the caravan was at work; and after a terrible day we succeeded in reaching the river. Fortunately, there was a small open space of about half an acre at this point; so we camped there.

I had taken with me, for the purpose of crossing rivers, a canvas Berthon boat, capable of holding six men. On the following day I put this boat together, and crossed to the other bank, which I found to be, in this neighbourhood at least, fairly open desert, and consequently good for marching. We returned about luncheon time, and, in the hope of discovering a road on the bank upon which we were encamped, Lieutenant von Höhnel and myself, with ten men armed with knives, attempted to cut our way to Malkakofira, which we were convinced must be in the immediate neighbourhood. At the end of five hours' hard work we had proceeded less than half a mile. The growth through which we cut the path was the most tangled jungle imaginable, and armed at every point with sharp thorns. Added to this, there were innumerable red ants, called by the natives "boiling water"; and the designation is just and appropriate. Before we had been in the bush fifteen minutes, we one and all were covered with them, and bitten from head to foot. It was dark before we gave up the attempt to cut the road, and started to wend our way towards camp. To add to our misery, rain began to fall; so we took shelter under a large tree in an opening in the bush. We fired guns, hoping our men could hear us, and would send out guides. We rejoiced to hear them answer, and about eleven o'clock at night we were again in our tents, thoroughly worn out.

The following day Lieutenant von Höhnel and I took forty-five men, crossed the river, and followed it for four hours, when thick bush again forced us to make a detour. We made camp, and sent men to the

river for water, which we found to be distant more than a mile. Up to that time there was no sign of a village. The next day we followed an elephant trail, which had become overgrown with bushes, and by the use of our axes, at the end of four hours reached the river. To our joy, we found an island in the middle of the stream, which was covered with banana trees. We sent two men to swim the intervening stream, who found a storehouse on the island with 3000 ears of Indian corn, but not a sign of natives. Our food supply being low, and not knowing when we should find our canoes which carried the grain for the men, we built a raft with our table, a chair, and some sticks, using the water-bottles of the men for floats; and by this means succeeded in getting all the food to our side of the stream.

Late in the afternoon we again tried to force our way along the river, when we heard the splash of a paddle. Looking through the intervening branches, we saw two natives paddling a small canoe. One of our men understood the language of the Pokomo, and he shouted greetings to them, and asked them the whereabouts of the next village. Instead of making a response, the men threw themselves into the water on the far side of the canoe, which drifted rapidly past us, and was carried on down-stream by the current. I am afraid they were the owners of the food on the island. If such was the case, by their timidity they missed an offer of payment for their store. I suppose the poor creatures mistook us for Somali.

Next day at noon the sun appeared, and Lieutenant von Höhnel was able to get an observation, which

showed that we were still more than a day's march south of our canoes. We returned to camp, and at once set to work cutting a road through the bush for the camels, donkeys, and men.

During our absence from camp two of our camels died. These beasts seem to have the slightest possible hold upon life. Upon this occasion, however, their deaths were not inopportune, as there was no food in camp, and the men were delighted to get the meat. With the corn we discovered on the island, we were able to give the men two days' rations.

CAMELS ON THE MARCH

The next morning we made an early start, but were again harassed by the thick undergrowth, and prevented from reaching the river. This time we could not get nearer than two miles from it. All the men were then sent to the river to get water, and some of them did not reach camp until the following morning.

From the light rains the desert had become positively beautiful; the vicious thorn-bushes were disguised in delicate shades of softest green, and their thorns hidden by blossoms, — veritable wolves in lambs' clothing. One of the men deserted here. I am sure he never reached the coast, and his death in that horrible bush was a terrible penalty for his stupidity.

Through fear of encountering the thick bush, instead of pushing ahead the following day, I took two of my men, and set out for the river, in the hope of finding a Galla village, and there procuring guides. Four hours' work brought me to the river; but when I reached it, there was no sign of habitation to be seen, not even a path along the bank. The bush was annoyingly thick, and my clothing was torn in many places by the thorns. My temper suffered also; and after resting an hour, I returned to my disconsolate caravan. The men looked at me with questioning eyes. They seemed to be losing their confidence in me; and certainly the preceding three or four days were likely to instil any opinion rather than that we were good guides. The country is so covered with swamps here, that without a native guide it is positively dangerous to travel. A day or two without water would ruin the most perfectly equipped caravan; and this is a risk one runs.

Late in the afternoon, after more cutting, we reached the desert, and at 6 P.M., much to our joy, found a large swamp filled with drinkable water.

Soon after starting next morning, we came upon old trails, which indicated to us we were near habitations. On the road I killed a large and hideous puff adder about four feet in length, which was lying across my path. We made camp early, and I took George and 100 men to the river, distant half a mile. From this point on, we appeared to have left behind us the impenetrable bush. We divided into two companies; George went north, and I south.

In my absence, Lieutenant von Höhnel went to a village which one of the porters had discovered, and there,

greatly to his joy, found one of our canoes with three days' food. I joined them in half an hour. The village proved to be Benayo, inhabited by Pokomo. My canoes were safe, one day's march farther up the river. This was good news; for I had feared that without a European there might be danger for them among the Galla, as they were insufficiently manned.

After our days of toil and worry in the bush, we hailed with delight the prospect of a little rest; so we remained here one day. During the night it rained continuously, and we congratulated ourselves on the good fortune which prevented the fall of these rains while we were in the bush.

The following day we broke camp at 6 A.M., took two Galla guides, and marched steadily for seven hours, when we reached Tulu Kuleso, where we found our canoes safely moored. The sight of our canoes all safe and sound, and the hearty greetings of our men in them, rendered our meeting a pure delight; for the separation of the caravan from the river column for such a long period had been a point of great weakness in the expedition, freighted as the canoes were with twenty-five days' food and many valuable loads. It appears that when the Galla first saw our boats, they threatened violence; but the eloquence of Sadi soon persuaded them of our peaceable intentions.

After our arrival at Tule, we received word from the Galla chief that he would come to our camp on the morrow, and pay his respects. Accordingly, early on the following morning, we were not surprised to see two tall, good-looking natives appear, who announced through Sadi, our interpreter, that their father, the chief,

was on his way to our camp. Soon he appeared, an old man bowed down with years, with features quite European, a short and ill-trimmed white beard, and a well-shaped head. While walking he supported himself with a stick, and he wore, thrown loosely over his shoulders, a square cloak, made of some rough, white cloth of native manufacture. He brought with him, as a present, a goat, two chickens, and some honey.

By means of Sadi, I had a long palaver with him. We parted good friends, and I gave him notice that I would return his visit in the afternoon. We established trade relations, after which trade became very brisk. The natives were very timorous at the outset, but through the efforts of Sadi they soon gained confidence, and as the prices he gave them seemed very good, they were constantly offering to trade. For ten pounds of corn about fifteen inches of the cheapest cotton goods were given.

The canoes were anchored just below our camp, which was on an open sandy ridge, about ten yards from the river. Sadi and his boatmen pitched their tents just on the brink of the stream, under a wide-spreading tree, which even at noon-time cast a deep shade. By twos and threes the Pokomo canoes came across the river, laden with produce, which they took to Sadi's tent, where it was measured and its equivalent in cloth given for it. Soon a great pile of sacks was to be seen near the market-place, which gave an air of plenty to the camp.

At 5 P.M. Lieutenant von Höhnel and I, together with Sadi, went to the chief's quarters with a present. After a little conversation we endeavoured to get some

information concerning the Rendile and Galla tribes to the north; but these poor river people seemed to know nothing of their surroundings or neighbours. They spoke with fear of the Wakamba, and said that it would be only a matter of a few years ere these dreaded warriors wiped the Tana Gallas off the face of the earth. I never saw a people so convinced of their evil fate. This hopelessness they attributed to the fact that they had lost their holy book, of which I spoke in a former chapter.

The limit of navigation on the Tana is at a place called Hameye, a short two days' march up the river. At this point the British East African Company had at one time erected a station, built by Commander Dundas, who had ascended the river in a stern-wheel steamer. This station was now deserted, and we intended to make it our camp for some time. We sent our canoes on to Hameye, and two days' leisurely marching brought us to a point on the river opposite the station, which we found to be in capital repair. It was defended by a strong log fence on three sides, the fourth being sufficiently protected by the river. Here a good building made of wattles and clay, and well-thatched with dry grass, stood ready for the Europeans, and there were a few huts for the porters.

Hameye Station stands upon dry ground on the left bank of the Tana. The river at this point is dotted with many small islands well covered with tropical verdure. Up-stream it widens out into a large lake fringed with tall poplars, and literally filled with islets, between which the Tana quietly and pleasantly ripples. I can imagine few more charming places for a lengthened

stay. It seemed healthy, food was abundant, but one day's journey down-stream, and for those that do not long for hills it was certainly a most beautiful spot.

On the march to Hameye I shot a fine specimen of walleri antelope. While buried in the woods, waiting until my men finished the road, I was startled by the crackling of bush; when suddenly a beautiful specimen of water-buck leaped past me, his horns lying along his neck, and his head thrown back. In a moment he was gone. I am glad I had laid my gun aside, or I should have been tempted to shoot him. At 8 P.M. all the men reached the river, and we camped on the shore. The following day all the loads and beasts were safely ferried over the stream, and the place began to look as if it had been inhabited at all times, instead of having been deserted for more than a year. I gave the guides presents, and sent them home.

In contrast with the two weeks of work we had just finished, our life at Hameye seemed a Paradise. Our cup of happiness seemed filled, when we realized that we had a cool roof over our heads, a stream of clear water flowing at our feet, and meals consisting of good food served with regularity three times daily. Camps like the one at Hameye are welcome oases in the desert of African travel; but to yield to the attractions of any one spot does not subserve the ends for which an expedition into Africa is promoted. Onward! Onward! is the cry ever ringing in one's ears; so after two days of this delicious idleness we began preparations for the continuance of our journey. The canoes were returned to the coast, as we had agreed with Sadi and the Pokomo to return them as soon as we reached Hameye.

CAMP AT HAMEYE

We sent back in these canoes five worthless porters, our letters for Europe, the specimens we had up to that time collected, photographic plates we had used, and our third headman with four trustworthy companions. The latter were sent to endeavour to enlist fresh recruits from the coast, and procure some things we found to be absolutely necessary for the well-being of the caravan, which we had neglected to procure at an earlier date. We calculated that, as these men had the current with them to the coast, they should be able to transact our business and return in five weeks. This period Lieutenant von Höhnel and I decided to spend in a journey to the north. We intended to follow the Mackenzie River to its source, which at that time was supposed to be Lake Lorian. We also hoped to fall in with the Rendile, as Lieutenant von Höhnel had heard at Kismayu that they often pastured their flocks and herds in the neighbourhood of this lake. In order that we might cover ground as quickly as possible, we took with us but eighty picked men, with food for thirty days, trusting to find on the road sufficient game to supply us with provisions, should we be gone for a longer period of time.

George we left at Hameye. The place seemed healthy for both man and beast. The camels were sorely in need of rest, as was also the case with most of the donkeys. Many of the men, too, seemed suffering from fatigue, and there was much work to be done, such as training the oxen to carry loads, and making up in proper parcels the goods which up to this point had been transported in the canoes. Food was cheap here, and we concluded that, if ever there was a place where

a portion of our caravan could with safety and advantage be left behind, it was Hameye. Many of our men were sick before our arrival at Hameye. Within a few days after, three died from dysentery, and one who had been an opium eater, and had taken with him but sufficient opium for six weeks, died from the lack of it soon after the exhaustion of his store.

At Hameye the Soudanese again attempted to assert their independence. One day some of the natives came to me, and complained that some of my men were plundering their plantations. Investigation discovered that the culprits were four of my Soudanese; these four men I promptly punished. After receiving their punishment they went to their quarters, but in a few minutes the whole body of them appeared, drawn up in line in front of my house. I went out to them, and was immediately informed by their new Balook Bashi, Ramazan, that he regretted to state that his brethren wished to return at once to Massowah. They said they were tired of the severe work they had been compelled to perform (up to this point their work had consisted of marching only — even their mats and extra clothing had been carried by the donkeys); they said they had signed on with the expedition in the expectation of fighting and glory, and they had imagined they would receive the treatment of soldiers. They also stated (and this I found to be the real cause of their irritation) that they could not stay in the same camp with the Somali. Undoubtedly there was a great deal of jealousy between these two races. The Somali were rigorous Mohammedans, but the Soudanese, although they professed that religion, made no practice of it. For this laxity they had been twitted by

the Somali; and from that small beginning their mutual feelings had grown to intensest hatred of each other.

I felt the time had come when it was necessary to use prompt measures to teach these spoiled children of fortune their proper position in the caravan; so there was first administered to each of them a sharp reprimand, and then a severe punishment. This little scene over, the spirits of the Soudanese appeared to rise; their faces were wreathed in smiles, and for the next few days they appeared the happiest people in the caravan.

CHAPTER III

FROM the coast to Hameye there had been little occasion for using our rifles, — a few water-buck and one or two small antelope made up our game-bag, — but from this point onward game was much more plentiful, and our rifles were in constant requisition.

Were it not for the rifle, the difficulty of provisioning one's caravan in Africa would be much increased. It is not for sport alone that one shoots in that country; though it is safe to state that the desire to slay is generally present in every fully developed and vigorous man.

It has been the fashion of late years to draw a marked distinction between scientific travellers and sportsmen, and the comparison has not always been favourable to the latter. Many men who from physical reasons or inexperience have not been qualified to use a rifle with success, have taken pains to disclose this fact by saying they were no sportsmen; thereby seeking to imply that their lack of sporting instinct was more or less to their credit. On the other hand, there have been, unquestionably, many persons who, in the name of sport, have indulged in a wanton slaughter of God's creatures. But, happily, there is a mean between these two extremes.

Both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had in our former African experience indulged to the top of our bent the

desire for sport; but even then we had not been guilty of any unnecessary slaughter of game; for what we shot had been eaten by our men, so that the brute lives we sacrificed went to increase the vitality of human beings who stood much in need of it.

Bearing in mind the necessity of being fully prepared not only to slay game for the pot, but also in self-defence, to check the rush of dangerous animals, we had expended much time and forethought on the formation of our battery. Upon his former journey Lieutenant von Höhnel had used with great success an eight-bore express rifle; and although I, on account of its weight and the poor results I achieved with large weapons, was prejudiced against the express rifle, we took with us one of these weapons, made by Messrs. Holland & Holland, of New Bond Street, London. We also had three .577 express rifles and one .500 from the same makers.

During my former journey George had achieved excellent results upon antelope and thin-skinned animals with a .45/90 Winchester, and I had used this weapon, and found it perfectly satisfactory, upon a shooting-trip to the Rockies; therefore we took with us three Winchesters. Having armed the Soudanese with the Mannlicher repeating rifles, we decided to equip ourselves with these also, in the hope that they might prove useful as sporting rifles; though, because of the size of the bullet, we had little faith that they would prove successful.

All the bullets for the express rifles were hardened with a certain proportion of tin, and we took with us for use with the .577 express rifles 100 or more cartridges having a steel core surrounded with soft lead.

The latter was purely an experiment, and did not prove a success; for upon impact the lead invariably left the steel core, the light weight of which prevented a sufficient degree of penetration to prove effectual.

On the march, for the first year at least, I invariably carried a Winchester — if on horseback, across my saddle-bow; if on foot, across my shoulder. From continued use, often under trying circumstances, I came to have the greatest confidence in this weapon. I had had my Winchesters sighted with the ordinary express sight by Messrs. Holland & Holland; and it is to this fact I in great measure attribute their accuracy when used on running game. The ordinary Winchester sight is very good when one has sufficient time for taking aim, but with it I found great difficulty in getting a bead upon an animal moving with rapidity across the line of vision.

On this trip George invariably carried a Mannlicher, and from constant use acquired as great confidence in it as I in my Winchester. It is undoubtedly a fact that different rifles suit different men; but it is equally true that any one can, by constant use, become accustomed to a rifle of almost any pattern; so accustomed, in fact, that he will think, after a time, that his choice is the only weapon for him; and not only will he be satisfied with it, but also, because perhaps of some weakness in human nature, will become prejudiced against all others.

It is impossible to lay down a fixed rule, and say which rifle is the best for general use. There is such a variety of weapons, that if one takes the slightest pains, he can, by experiment, pitch upon the rifle which

best suits him; and having found it, my advice is for him to stick to it, and not be moved from his position by theorists. A rifle which, on a shooting-ground in Europe and from a rest, will do marvellous work against a steel target, may, and most probably will, under the changed conditions of shooting in the field, particularly when such field is the tropical climate of Africa, prove a most treacherous object upon which to place reliance. At least, this has been my experience. Some military man has said: "It is not more the power or accuracy of the gun than the man behind the gun, which achieves satisfactory results."

Lieutenant von Höhnel, in the early part of his shooting experiences during this journey, used only his express rifle. It was not until he almost by accident discovered the accuracy and power of the Mannlicher rifle, that he came to have confidence in that weapon. However, when once he had tried it, the express rifle was laid aside.

During my stay in Africa I wrote a letter to the *London Field*, stating what satisfactory results we had achieved with both Winchester and Mannlicher, and expressing our preference for these weapons over the express. This letter provoked a vigorous, and, in some cases, highly amusing correspondence. One would almost think that I had assailed the British Constitution, so bitter were some writers against me; but it was matter of extreme gratification to me, upon my return to Europe, to learn that the very gun-makers most ardent in their condemnation of my views, were turning out as many small-bore rifles as their workshops could produce.

But one more word upon the subject of rifles and I have done. There has always been a vast deal of talk about "shock," and not only of its value in stopping the rush of large animals, such as elephants and rhinoceroses, but also of the means to adopt in order to ensure this quality in a rifle. I am afraid that I must frankly state that I am not an ardent believer in shock, at least as produced by a weapon which one is capable of carrying in one's hands. Even the smallest bullet, provided it is possessed of sufficient penetration when directed against a nerve centre such as the brain or spine, will produce the same shock as a cannon-ball. But if the bullet does not strike a nerve centre, even though a four-bore and propelled by fifteen drams of powder, it will not give sufficient shock to either the rhinoceros, which weighs about two tons, or the elephant, which weighs in many cases five tons, to stun or disable it.

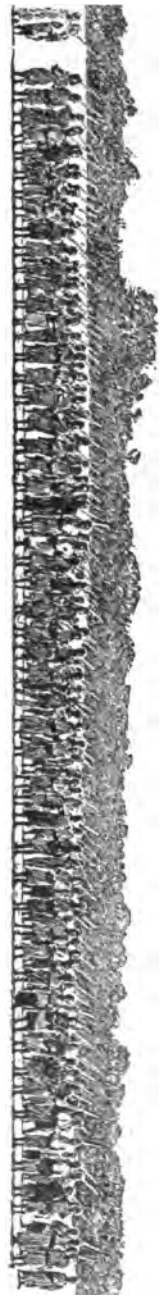
To my mind, "shock" is a gun-maker's phrase. A man of average weight, at a shooting ground, upon the discharge of an eight-bore, or even a .577 express, having felt against his shoulder the recoil of one of these heavily charged weapons, is in a fit frame of mind to absorb with facility and credulity the theory of shock, as expounded by the merchants desirous of selling him an expensive express rifle.

In one word: As speed is the most necessary quality in a race-horse, so is accuracy the first requisite of a rifle; provided that, when used against big game it is possessed of sufficient penetrative quality. This quality cannot be measured at a shooting ground by a comparison of the size or depth of holes made in a

steel target by the impact of a bullet. Happily, even the mightiest pachyderm is not possessed of a steel hide; and if the bullet of a .45/90 Winchester is sufficient to break the leg of a rhinoceros, it possesses sufficient penetration, at least to my mind, for all practical purposes.

On December 5, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I, with eighty men and ten donkeys, left Hameye. We took all the Soudanese and four Somali, and, in order that we might travel as quickly as possible, we took only a few loads of trading-goods and ammunition. It is astonishing how even a slight rest from the fatigues of marching will throw one out of condition; and so for the first day we made but little progress.

The rains had changed the appearance of the desert so much, that it then appeared almost a Paradise. What before had been a desert, with a scant sprinkling of dried acacias, looking like the skeletons of giant umbrellas, had now become vividly green parachutes, every leaf and twig of which gave forth a delicious odour. Many little flowers peeped up out of the sand, — one like a small tiger lily, and others coloured white, blue, and red. Butterflies were everywhere, and from tree to tree stretched great spider-webs. The desert was a desert no longer.



MY WHOLE FORCE DRAWN UP

Shortly after leaving Hameye, the topography of the country underwent a distinct change. From the coast thus far the road had been almost level; but from this point onward it was marked with dried watercourses and ridges covered with broken quartz and gneiss. Although our feet suffered somewhat from the change, it was a great relief to encounter hills, however disagreeable their ascent, after having marched for weeks over a monotonous plain.

Two days from Hameye we saw our first herd of game. In a small valley, I saw at one time zebra, oryx beisa, walleri, and rhinoceros. They got our scent, however, and made off at top speed; so I did not halt the caravan to give chase. Some of the hills of this portion of the country are from 400 to 500 feet high, and it was impossible to ride, as the acacias became too thick, and stones in too great plenty. At this point the Tana loses its almost majestic appearance, and becomes a brawling trout stream. It is but 125 yards wide, and its course is broken with many stones and rocks.

On the plain, one day, we passed an old native zeriba. There must at one time have been 400 or 500 people in it, and that less than a year before the time we saw it. On the same day, Mohamadi, whom I had taken with me, as I felt I could not trust him at Hameye, reported that he saw ten elephants on a hill half a mile away; but as he neglected to make this report until after we reached camp in the evening, I did not go in search of them.

Every few miles the Tana changed in appearance. Now the rapids were at an end, and the river flowed sedately through narrow valleys and rocky hills. The

hills on the right bank were bold and precipitous, of red sandstone, flecked here and there with green vegetation. The largest of these hills is called Saleh's Hill, because a few years before a Somali of that name was slain there while raiding the natives. The country is now deserted, and but for a few unoccupied kraals gives no evidence of ever having been inhabited.

On December 9, four days from Hameye, upon rising at camp just at sunrise, we saw from a small hill a long, blue range of high hills stretching in the far distance to the north. What could these be? Perhaps they were the southern parts of the General Matthews range. While I was gazing my fill, Karscho, my gun-bearer, cried out: "Look, master; down there is a large mountain. I think it is the Kenya." He had seen this mountain on the former journey with Lieutenant von Höhnel. I seized my glasses, and unmistakably there stood forth, free from clouds, the snow-peaked rival of Kilimanjiro. I looked and looked; but while gazing, as if jealous of my eye, clouds gathered one by one, and piled themselves around the crest, until it was hidden from sight. At last we were in sight of new country; and my feelings were almost as joyous as those of Moses, when he viewed the Promised Land. We knew our route lay in the direction of that long range of blue hills stretched far to the north of Kenya; and beyond those we knew there lay a country as yet untrodden by any white man. On the following day we expected to reach the Mackenzie River; and the thought that from that point onward our work would be wholly original filled us with pleasurable excitement.

I marched, as was my custom, at the head of the caravan, and behind me came six of the Soudanese. I had noticed, in the few experiences we had had with game up to this time, that these people made the worst possible shikaris. At the sight of meat in any form, their eagerness to possess it deprived them of all self-control; and they would burst into such loud shouts of pleasure that the animal became alarmed, and made off with all haste. Continued disappointments, instead of teaching them a little wisdom and the advantages of silence, only added to their enthusiasm upon the sight of game. On one occasion, when we were very much in need of meat, the sight of a water-buck within easy shooting range wrung from them such a chorus of enthusiastic yells that I not only missed the opportunity of getting meat, but finally lost my temper, and taught them, one and all, that at least one personal advantage would accrue from their silence. Shortly after that little incident I saw another water-buck, and the lesson they had just received gave me an opportunity of shooting it. It was standing 100 yards distant, broadside on, and I shot it behind the shoulder. It started off at full speed, and in a moment Karscho, my gun-bearer, was after it like a sleuth-hound. When I came up to him, I found he had already gralloched a fine male. On searching for my bullet, I found it had penetrated the heart; but, notwithstanding this, the animal had been able to run a distance of 100 yards. This will convey an idea of the vitality of these antelopes.

We had now reached a part of the country where the hills were steep, and difficult for the donkey to

climb. Consequently our progress was very slow. In the thick bush we lost our donkey on this day. That night we camped at a sandy stretch on the river bank. The men were actually afraid to go for water, owing to the number of hippopotamuses heard snorting near the camp; yet we were unable to get a shot. During the night rain fell, and the next day it poured in torrents. Late in the afternoon of this day we reached the Mackenzie River, about 500 yards from its junction with the Tana. At this point the Mackenzie River is forty yards wide, and not more than three and one-half feet deep. Fortunately, the rain ceased before sunset, and we made our camp on a pebble-covered rise.

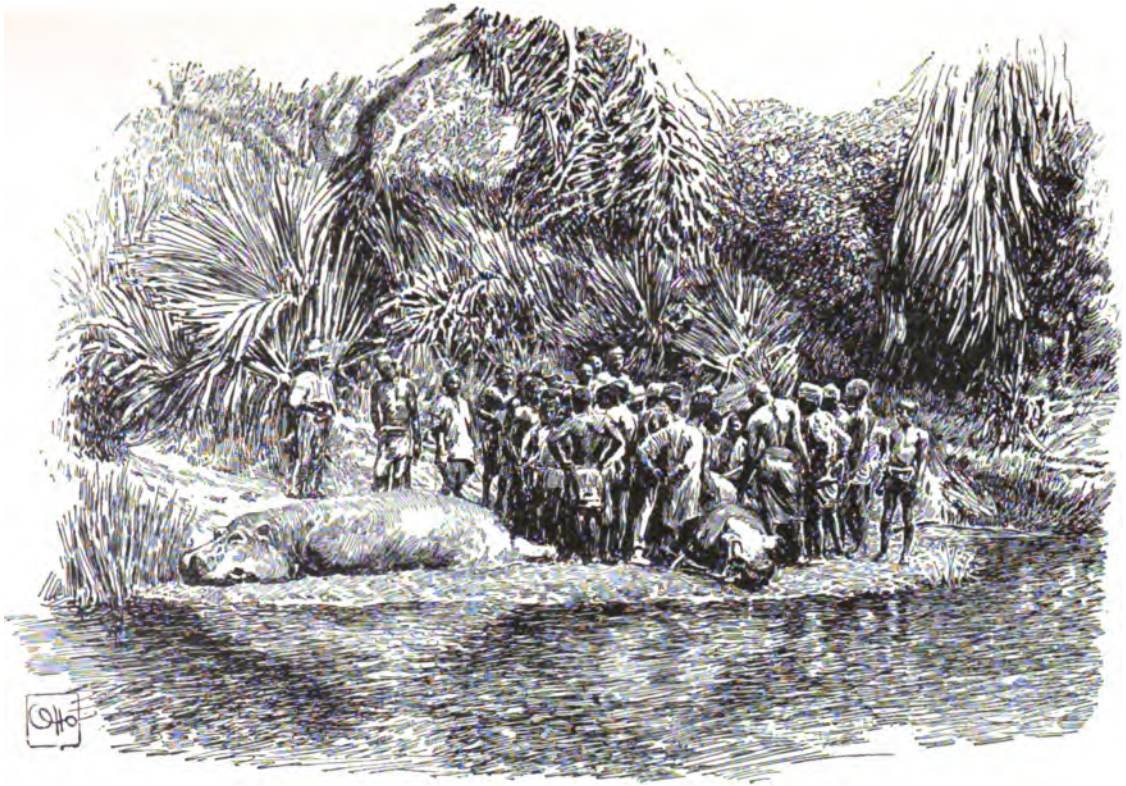
On African expeditions the porters usually have but little protection against the weather, unless the country is sufficiently grassy to permit them to make their huts. If camp is pitched in a desert, on sandy or stony soil, they cover themselves with about four yards of American sheeting, rigged in the shape of a little A tent. This affords some protection against the weather, and in fact seems sufficient for these hardy people.

The next day, Sunday, December 11, I recalled that it was six months since I left London, and I was filled with satisfaction by the thought that at last, after some trouble and difficulty, we were on the border of a hitherto unexplored country.

While encamped on the banks of the Mackenzie we had some excellent hippopotamus shooting. At one point along the bank of the river the bank rose to the height of forty feet above the stream, and formed a precipitous cliff. On looking over into the stream from the top of this cliff, I discovered a pool formed by a

bend in the river, in which I descried the heads of four hippopotamuses. I shot one. He struggled to where the stream was shallower, and stood there snorting; another shot finished him. Lieutenant von Höhnel and I then set to work to kill the remainder; and after half an hour we had six stretched on the bank. The men were set to work cutting up the meat. Meanwhile, one of the animals which I had shot, but which was not yet dead, rushed along the shore, and stood not more than twenty paces from my terrified men. Blood was streaming from his wounds, and he snorted with fury. My men seemed terribly frightened, and made off in every direction. Another shot, in the region of the heart, finished him.

After considerable experience with hippopotamuses I have come to the conclusion that almost the smallest weapon is sufficient to reach the brain; this, however, being very small, accurate shooting is necessary. The best shot is in the ear. On many occasions I found the cartridge of the carbine carried by the porters, the calibre of which is .38, was amply sufficient to kill these animals. A hippopotamus, if unaccustomed to being shot at, will expose his head for an indefinite period of time, and even permit one to take several shots at him; so it is not a difficult matter to kill him. But should the river in which they are be deep, as is often the case in the Tana, and the current strong, it is very difficult to get them after they are killed. In fact, I am sorry to state, we lost a great many by the force of the stream. On other occasions the slain hippopotamus was undoubtedly held down beneath the surface by his companions; for what reason, I am ignorant.



HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNT ON THE MACKENZIE RIVER

All the members of my present caravan with the exception of the Somali ate hippopotamus meat. According to the Mohammedan religion, at least as interpreted by the Arabs at Zanzibar and the Somali, there are certain beasts which it is unlawful for good Mohammedans to eat. I am not sure whether they are the same as those mentioned in the Mosaic Law, but, as far as I could learn, they are as follows: elephant, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, horse, donkey, zebra, monkey, hawk, vulture, and any beast of prey, such as the hyena, jackal, or lion. The more devout of the followers of the faith conform to this command; but under the stress of hunger religion is often lost sight of, and all the men of a trading caravan, composed of Arabs and their slaves, have been known to subsist upon their own donkeys for weeks at a time. Although the Soudanese were professed Mahometans, I have yet to see them hesitate for a moment between religious scruples and the attractions of a hearty meal; for they love fat, and the meat of a hippopotamus is as much covered in adipose tissue as that of a hog.

We set all our men to work cutting the meat off into long strips. We then built platforms of small sticks, about three feet in height, upon which we placed the strips and then beneath them started a roaring fire. As the sticks were green, the platforms did not burn; and after the meat had been scorched and smoked for three hours it was thoroughly dried, and even in that hot climate would keep in good condition for several days.

The quantity of this meat a porter is able to consume seems incredible. On the road, these men ordinarily eat but once a day, their hunger being satisfied only at

night at the end of the march. They are divided into groups of from four to eight men. When camp is made, these groups throw together their store into a common stock, and appoint one of their number as cook; the others gather twigs to make the fire. After all preparations have been made, they surround the pot, and take turns at dipping their hands into its contents until all is finished. But in a game country each man will carry with him as much meat as is allowed him. While on the march, from morning until night, they were busy devouring the flesh they had with them. At home, in Zanzibar, these people are accustomed to a fish and grain diet. Consequently, upon their entering into a game country and eating an unlimited quantity of meat, dysentery soon breaks out among them. We found great difficulty in checking the ravages of this ailment, but at length managed to devise a cure which proved effectual in almost every case. I very much doubt whether this cure would meet with the approbation of the medical profession; but, nevertheless, for the porters it proved of great service. When one of the men complained of pains in the abdomen, we at once gave him a strong purgative of castor oil, if we had it in stock; if not, three or four "Livingston rousers," or several vegetable laxatives. Two hours later, we gave him twenty-five grains of ipecac and five grains of opium, pulverized and mixed with five drams of water. This dose we repeated every two hours, and I know of no case in which it proved ineffectual. However, it was not until after months of experiment that we discovered this cure; and in the meantime we had the misfortune to lose many of our best men from dysentery.

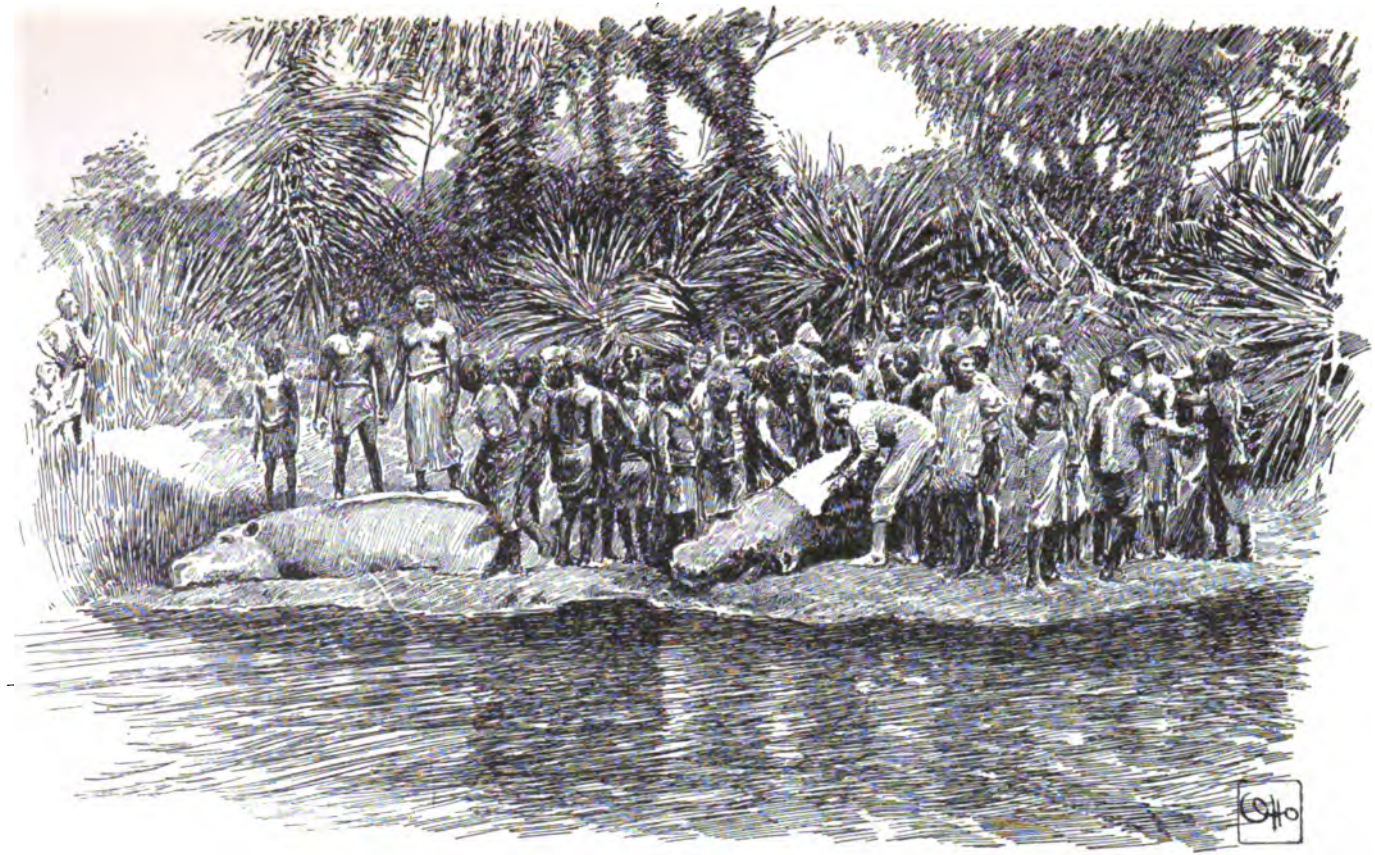
We had decided to follow the Mackenzie, in the hope that it would lead us to Lake Lorian and the Rendile; therefore, after waiting one day for the drying of the meat, we set out, and pushed our way along the left bank of this river. The route lay over rough, rocky soil, covered to an irritating degree with acacias. In order that we might be able to march as lightly as possible, we had taken for private consumption only a few luxuries. We depended upon two loads for the sustenance of the Europeans. These contained dried beans and rice. On coming into camp after our first day's march along the Mackenzie, what was our disgust to find that the two men carrying these loads had disappeared! We searched for them in vain; for, owing to the rocky soil, tracking them was impossible. From that time on we had to face the journey with the prospect of living upon the same food as the porters; namely, dried beans of the previous year's growth and Indian corn of the same age. Thankful, indeed, were we that we had with us salt, pepper, and one bottle of Worcestershire sauce. When the latter would get low, we refilled the bottle with water; and by lively play of the imagination taught ourselves that the pungency of its flavour rather increased than diminished, as time went by, and water went in.

As we ascended the Mackenzie, the stream became smaller and smaller, and after two days' march one could almost leap across it. The water was clear as crystal, and deliciously cool. Owing to the dense bush through which we marched we could get but few shots at game, although at this point the country was undoubtedly filled with animals of all sorts. Now, for the first

time since the expedition started, we came upon amorphous, volcanic rocks; and as the sun was setting we got a magnificent view of the range of mountains we had seen some days before. These mountains were now but fifteen miles to the westward, and upon their slopes we could clearly distinguish the smoke of many fires. What people inhabited them we had no information upon which to base a guess. It was at this time evident to our minds that, unless Lake Lorian lay between us and these mountains, the Mackenzie River could not derive its source from it. The country was much more open, and upon the march our eyes were continually greeted with herds of game, — walleri, grantii, zebra, water-buck, and rhinoceros.

On this day's march I killed a fine rhinoceros. He was standing in the open, apparently asleep, and permitted me to approach him within 100 yards. One shot in the region of the heart caused him to spin around rapidly, as on a pivot, and then drop dead in his tracks. My men were delighted with this their first rhinoceros of the journey. The Soudanese immediately indulged in a violent discussion respecting the relative merits of rhinoceros and hippopotamus meats. Several of their number had determined to secure the heart, which they considered a tid-bit. This oneness of desire soon led to a difference of opinion, and in a few moments they were hard at it, fighting like hungry hyenas. They were soon quieted, however, and the innocent cause of all this trouble was removed by my presentation of the heart to Hamidi, the headman of the Zanzibari.

While the men were engaged in cutting up the rhi-



HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNT ON THE MACKENZIE RIVER

noceros I took my field-glasses and swept the surrounding country. At a point about 600 yards distant I saw what I supposed to be a black-and-white ox, standing behind some rocks. After examination, Lieutenant von Höhnel concluded that what we saw was two native women. We both came to the conclusion that, whether cattle or women, it was a happy sign that natives were in the vicinity. I moved off silently in that direction; when my ox and Lieutenant von Höhnel's native women, upon close inspection, proved to be four marabout storks. These stately birds were nearly four feet in height, and on the plain (oddly enough) the greater the distance from which they were viewed, the larger they seemed to be.

After the rhinoceros meat was cut up and divided among the men, we set out on our journey. Soon the bush closed around us again, and we were forced laboriously to cut our way through it. At length, about 3 P.M., the aspect of the country changed as though by magic. Before us, stretching to the foot of the mountains, lay a beautiful grassy plain, thousands of acres in extent, and marked here and there by strips of green foliage, outlining the course of streams tributary to the Mackenzie. Scattered over the plain were groves of tall and graceful dhum palms, and clumps of a well-rounded, close-growing bush, with glazed leaves similar in appearance to the holly. It resembled a vast park. My men gave forth a cheer upon realizing that the hard work incident to forcing passage through the thick bush was at an end, at least for a time, and that easy marching lay before them. However, the way was not so smooth as it at first appeared to the eye, for beneath

the tall grass the soil was strewn with large and irregularly shaped blocks of lava, which tripped the feet at nearly every step. At many places on this plain herds of game were quietly feeding, and within view I counted six rhinoceroses. We pressed onward and made camp by the side of a little stream filled with clear water. After pitching camp I went for a stroll, and shot a rhinoceros and a grantii.

The flesh of the East African antelope is, with the exception of the water-buck, excellent food The saddle of an oryx beisa or grantii and the brisket of the eland form, to my mind at least, as tempting morsels as any procurable in civilization.

Another day's march over this plain, and we reached a cone about 300 feet high, within two miles of the foothills of the mountain range. On this day's march the caravan was twice charged by rhinoceroses. The first adventure occurred in the early morning, just after sunrise. I was mounted upon my horse, and Karscho, my gun-bearer, was walking at my side, carrying my .577; across my saddle-bow lay my Winchester. Suddenly, from the grass on our right, which was about three feet in height, and at a distance of not more than fifteen yards, rose a rhinoceros, with an angry snort. After a moment's hesitation he rushed straight at us; I raised my Winchester, cocked, and pulled the trigger; it was empty. I threw it aside, seized the .577 from Karscho, cocked, and pulled both triggers, only to find, much to my disgust and, I may admit, alarm, that it also was unloaded. All this took time, and the rhinoceros was almost upon us, before I was able to get my pony into a canter and make off in a direction at right angles to

the line of charge of the beast. Karscho, unarmed and motionless, now became the goal of the rhinoceros. I was unable to assist him, and looking over my shoulder I every moment expected to see him gored. My caravan was 300 yards in the rear, and behind the crest of a small hill. As the rhinoceros approached Karscho, he prepared for a spring, and, just as it was upon him, he leaped with great agility to one side; and just in time, for the nose of the animal (luckily not his horn) struck him a sharp blow on the elbow and knocked him to the ground. Satisfied with this little diversion, the rhinoceros passed on. I felt very thankful for this escape, and its teachings were very useful; for from that time I always examined my rifles before I left camp in the morning, to see whether or not they were loaded. The carelessness of even the best of these natives is proverbial; so in East Africa it is necessary to keep a supervising eye on the smallest detail entrusted to native hands.

The other charge was less exciting. My caravan was drawn out into a long, straggling line, marching through the open, when a female rhinoceros with a young one at her heels dashed toward the caravan at right angles to our line of march. The men in the forward part of the caravan rushed forward, and those in the rear dropped behind; thus making an opening, through which the mother and her interesting child dashed harmlessly.

As before stated, our camp was pitched in the neighbourhood of a small hill, which Lieutenant von Höhnel and I climbed, and from its top surveyed the surrounding country. To the westward rose mountains, their tops covered here and there with thick forests. Between

these forests were large open spaces, upon which I counted fifty fires. To the northward there stretched what appeared to be an endless plain, broken in one or two places by cone-shaped hills. This plain gleamed white and barren as the Sahara, and shimmered in the light of the setting sun. We were puzzled to conclude what natives inhabited these mountains. Dr. Peters, writing of his journey up the Tana, had spoken of a range of mountains lying to the north; but he had not reached them. With our minds filled with thoughts of the Rendile, we hoped, as we could distinguish no plantations, though using our glasses, that the natives might prove to be the tribe of which we were in search.

That night we made our first zeriba, which we constructed in circular form. As a rule, a zeriba is built of thorns, and forms a very good means of defence, either against wild beasts or savage men; but as at this place there were no thorns, we were forced to satisfy ourselves with a hedge, which, though formidable in appearance, would prove of little service in case of an attack.

The following morning, December 17, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I, with forty-eight men, set out to ascend the mountain, for the purpose of reconnoitring. For three hours we marched through grass tall as a man and thick as one's little finger. The sharp edges of the lava blocks under foot made walking painful, and we were not displeased when at length we reached a thick forest, which crossed our path. I halted the party, sent four men ahead to reconnoitre, and awaited their return near the edge of the forest. We were all bathed in perspiration from the exertions of the climb, for the rise from the plain had been quite steep.

A cool breeze was blowing, and soon to my intense disgust I felt a chill creeping over me.

In Africa a chill invariably foretells fever, and I knew that ere the sun set I should be prostrated; but it would not have done to turn back. My men, unaccustomed to

ACACIA AND THORN SCRUB

travel in unknown countries with so small a command as we had (forty-eight men), appeared to be anything but comfortable at the prospect of meeting natives; and had I at this juncture turned back, their superstitious minds would have interpreted it as an ill omen.

In half an hour my scouts returned and reported that they had found plantations near by in the forest; and

that they had heard the voices of men, and sounds as of people at work. We set out at once, and shortly after entering the forest came upon a narrow foot-path. The forest was extremely thick, and consisted of baobab and other mighty trunked trees, from whose branches depended myriad vines and creepers. The morning sun had difficulty in penetrating the canopy overhead, and extreme caution was necessary to pick one's way noiselessly. In less than an hour I heard voices, and in a moment, through the intervening growth, I descried a little clearing in the forest, where some natives were at work. There were four men and five women; the women appeared to be young — the men, one and all, had the shrunken appearance of age.

The women were quite naked, with the exception of a string about the waist, from which hung a short skirt composed of green banana leaves. The men were absolutely unclothed. They were of medium stature, black in colour, and their heads were shaven. For some time I watched them at their work. They were using axes with iron heads not broader than the blade of a carving-knife. This head was run through a hole cut in a stick, in appearance far too heavy to serve as a handle for such small implements. These they used in cutting away the undergrowth. Here and there in the clearing lay prostrate the trunks of tall trees, and I marvelled at the patience of these people; for the cutting down of such trees with the small axes they used must have been the work of weeks.

From my experience with the natives I knew that as soon as my presence became known to these people, they would flee and alarm their tribe; our progress into the

country would probably be interrupted by their warriors, and perhaps it would be necessary to fight. This, above all things, I desired to avoid, and so took the only steps possible to such an end. With four of my men I crept noiselessly forward, and then with a sudden rush we dashed upon the natives, and in a trice we had two of the old men bound. The women, as appears to be the custom in Africa (and, I may add, elsewhere) looked on with more interest than surprise at our approach. I suppose this is to be accounted for by the fact that from infancy they are brought up with the expectation of being, at one time or another during their lives, captured by some neighbouring tribe; and as they are possessed of no very strong love of home, they look forward, certainly with indifference, and perhaps with pleasurable expectation, to a change of life and scene. The men, however, acted in a different manner. The two we had seized were struck dumb, while the three we had left untouched made off with incredible speed, making the forests ring with their wild shouts.

Our purpose in seizing the two men was to hold them as hostages for the good behaviour of the tribe; knowing it was unlikely we should be attacked as long as they were bound and walking at the front of our caravan. In a few moments the rest of my men came up, and calling one of my Masai interpreters, I set him to questioning our captives. They understood but a few words of Masai, but when my interpreter (Mwinyi Hadji) began speaking to them in Kikuyu, their faces showed signs of intelligence, and they replied in a dialect of that tongue. Kikuyu is the generic name of the tribes inhabiting the slopes of Mount Kenya.

Not wishing to be surprised by the natives while in the forest, I told my hostages to lead us at once to the villages, and assured them that we would do them no harm, and that we had seized them simply for the purpose of having them to guide us to their people; for which service, if satisfactorily performed, they would receive a reward. They received these words with dull indifference, and it required considerable persuasion on our part to induce them to lead us onward. Hardly had we gotten under way ere loud cries were heard, and some fifty warriors, armed with spears, bows, and arrows, appeared. Those who carried spears bore large, painted oval shields on their arms, and many of them had headdresses of monkey skins, or ostrich feathers stuck in their hair. They approached until they reached a point about fifty yards from us; then halted, and eyed us with curiosity and apprehension. They ceased their shouting, and I took advantage of the silence (well knowing it would be of short duration) to advance toward them with a branch in my hand, — a sign of peace throughout all East Africa, — and through my interpreter endeavoured to persuade them of our peaceable intentions, and induce them to lead us to their villages. My efforts met with no success; and beginning to feel feverish from the effects of the chill I had received a short time before, I decided there was no time for useless parley; so by a quick flank movement we managed to seize four of the burliest warriors. These we disarmed and promptly bound; the rest fled hastily in every direction. I placed these four hostages in the rear of the caravan, and then instructed the old men I had bound in front to lead the way.

Throughout my parley with the warriors the old men had shouted continuously to their younger brethren not to make an attack, and that we were *lashomba* (traders). After we had seized and bound the four warriors, the former assured us of their willingness to lead the way to their village. On the march hundreds of natives appeared and threatened us at every turn; but seeing their friends both in the front and rear of our party, they did not dare let fly their poisoned arrows, through fear of hitting one of them.

After an hour's march we reached the edge of the forest. Following our guides, we pressed westward across a grassy valley dotted with small huts similar in appearance to those built by the Pokomo, to a knoll about three miles away. Upon reaching this I was quite prostrated by fever, and was forced to lie down. My fever was so strong that I had but dim consciousness of what was going on around me. Lieutenant von Höhnel thereupon took charge of affairs, and, having had experience with the Kikuyu on his former journey, endeavoured to induce the natives to bring a sheep and make friends.

Friendship among these tribes is always sealed by the slaughter of a sheep or goat. Owing to the fact that these people spoke a language similar, it is true, to the Kikuyu, but yet differing from it in many ways, my interpreter had much difficulty in making himself understood, and this difficulty was increased by the presence of about 400 warriors, who surrounded us on all sides, and continued to shout defiance and shake their spears in a threatening manner. They were apparently endeavouring to work themselves up to such a degree of

frenzy, that, throwing caution to the winds, they would have courage or recklessness sufficient to attack us.

Upon setting out in the morning I had served out twenty-five rounds of ammunition to each man; so that even with my small force, should my men have profited in the least by the gun practice I had given them at the coast, we felt quite able to hold our own against even the vastly superior force of the natives. But the behaviour of my men did not inspire me with great confidence. We had passed several herds of goats on the way from the forest, and this had excited the cupidity of the Soudanese to such an extent that they appeared warlike enough, and only too desirous of a scrimmage. On the other hand, the Zanzibari stood around in a lethargic manner, their faces wearing expressions of dull apprehension and helpless terror — seemingly stunned by the presence of so many warriors and their threatening shouts.

In the midst of this excitement there appeared a man about thirty-six years old, wearing a short cloak of goat's skin over his shoulders, and bearing a long staff in his right hand. He spoke contemptuously to the natives about him, and then addressed Lieutenant von Höhnel in excellent Swahili. There was no time for parley; natives were gathering from all sides, and Lieutenant von Höhnel knew that soon, gathering courage from overwhelming numbers, the natives would attack us. So without hesitation he persuaded the new-comer to accompany us to our camp, which he somewhat unwillingly agreed to do. We thereupon released the hostages, and gave each a small present. This reward filled them with surprise, but they evinced little gratitude.

On the contrary, they immediately joined their brethren, and contributed their quota to the chorus of deafening shouts and yells.

Making a hammock of a pole and the cotton sheet of one of the men, I was placed in it (by this time almost unconscious), and we started back toward our camp. The savages followed in our rear, hurling defiance, but left us upon our entrance into the forest. After five hours' marching we reached camp, and I was at once put to bed.

The people upon the mountains we learned were called Embe. Judging from the appearance of their clearings in the forest and their plantations, they are industrious and have a fair knowledge of agriculture. They grow beans, cassava, bananas, a little millet, and Indian corn. We saw no large cattle, but many flocks of sheep and goats. The portion of the range to which we paid this brief visit seemed very thickly inhabited.

For the following three days I suffered continually from fever—much of the time being unconscious. During these three days Lieutenant von Höhnel was not idle. Accompanied by our newly found guide, he paid a visit to an extinct crater called Kora, distant ten miles to the north of our camp, from the summit of which he got a good view of the country along which our route for a few succeeding days would lie.

Our guide's name was Motio. His was one of the most original and curious characters I have ever met with among the natives. Although he remained with us nearly a year, we could never get a clear story of his past. His teeth were filed to a point, and this fact, together with some of his statements, led us to believe

he had been born a Mkamba, a people inhabiting the country stretching from the Tana almost to Mombasa. He said he had visited the coast upon two occasions, where he had acquired his knowledge of Swahili. Most of his life, however, had been spent on the mountains, where he cultivated a small plantation. At one time he had been married, but for some reason or other his wife had left him, and he seemed to have no particular attachment to his home.

During his stay with us he associated but little with the porters, whom he appeared to look down upon as a lower order of beings. The porters returned this feeling with interest, their feeling being caused not only by his treatment of them, but also by the fact that he was afflicted with a curious skin disease. His black body was covered here and there with large yellow spots, and the skin of his hands and feet was cracked in many places. Our men said he was a leper, and this may have been the case; but, leper or not (certainly none of our men, as far as I know, suffered any ill effects from his close contact with them), he proved of the greatest assistance to us on many occasions. Throughout his stay with our caravan he showed that he had cast his lot with ours, and was ever ready to place at our disposal whatever knowledge he possessed concerning the countries and peoples through which we passed.

From him we learned that the highest peak of the mountain range was called Jombeni; so we gave this name to the entire range. He said that it was inhabited by many tribes, which, although they remained distinct from one another, spoke very much the same dialect.

He also told us that a river, called Guaso Nyiro, was distant from our camp three days' journey. This river has its source on the western slopes of Mount Kenya, and flows thence in an easterly direction. It was reported by him to empty into Lake Lorian. He had never visited this lake, but had followed the river for some distance in a direction toward it.

Motio told us that he had seen the Rendile on several occasions, when they had come to trade with the natives on the mountains, and that he understood they were to be found somewhere in the neighbourhood of this lake. This was good news to us, and our hopes rose high; we really were on the right trail to find these people.

It is astonishing how suddenly the African fever strikes one down; but it is equally surprising how quickly a fairly vigorous constitution will throw it off, and recover from its ill effects. On the fourth day after my visit to the mountain I was on my feet again.

During my illness Lieutenant von Höhnel had shot three rhinoceroses and several antelopes. It was while shooting the rhinoceroses that he discovered the wonderful efficiency of the Mannlicher rifle upon this species of game. On this occasion, expecting to find only antelope, he had taken with him his .500 express, and had exhausted all his ammunition in killing three of these animals. While returning to camp, he came suddenly upon a rhinoceros standing broadside on, at a distance of 150 yards. He took the Mannlicher from his gun-bearer, and fired at the animal's body. It at once dropped; and what was his surprise at that instant to see another rhinoceros, which had apparently been

standing exactly behind the one he had first seen, and hence was invisible to him, run forward a few paces, and then fall to the ground dead. Incredible though it may seem, one Mannlicher bullet passed through the body of one animal, and penetrated sufficiently into the body of the other to kill it also.

Owing to our ignorance of the duration of our journey, it became necessary for us to hoard our little store of grain food; so that at such times as the camp was plentifully supplied with meat we fed the men on that alone. Although the Soudanese had upon first tasting meat expressed their love of it, and their preference for that form of diet above all others, a week of nothing but animal food forced them to turn from it in disgust, and longingly to eye our sacks of beans and corn. On the day of my recovery they came to me in a body, and frankly told me that they could no longer eat meat, but wished to indulge, for a short time at least, in a purely grain diet. I did not yield to their solicitations, however, and they, like the children they had on many previous occasions proved themselves to be, refused to eat anything. They swore they would starve themselves to death; but the next day they were found cheerfully accepting with evident pleasure large hunks of rhinoceros meat.

Motio told us that the journey from this point to the Guaso Nyiro led through an almost waterless desert; that perhaps we should find one small water-hole, and that he also knew of one pool of alkali water, which at some periods of the year was drinkable. While in Europe we had purchased a tin water-bottle, capable of holding three litres, for every member of our caravan;

and as an extra precaution had procured, while at Aden, thirty goat-skin water-bags, each capable of holding two gallons. We had on the present trip but twelve of these goat-skin water-bags, as our means of transport would not permit taking a greater number. These water-bags do very well if carefully handled, but after being carried for a few days the water they contain assumes a most disagreeable flavour.

BAOBAB TREE

We filled these water-bags, and on December 22 set out upon our journey. We made our camp two miles to the northwest of Kora crater, beneath a giant baobab, the girth of which was forty-eight feet. We were fortunate enough to find near this a little pool of stagnant water left by the rains. The mountain range proper ends at Kora, but for some miles to the north there are a number of craters of different sizes, mostly

irregular in outline and broken down on the southerly side. After the rains they were, one and all, covered with green vegetation. Due north, as far as I could see, stretched a trackless desert, very arid and forbidding in aspect.

Upon our arrival at this camp Lieutenant von Höhnel shot a male rhinoceros. While Karscho was engaged in getting out the liver for our table, he looked up and saw a female rhinoceros with a young one standing within ten feet of him, and looking as if they were about to charge him and revenge the death of their relative. He had barely time to make off in safety (with the liver), when the rhinoceroses appeared to alter their minds, and went off at a slow canter, soon disappearing.

The nights at this time were deliciously cool, but the heat of the day was terrific. The following morning we attempted to start shortly after five, but upon awakening we found the camp enshrouded in a thick, cold mist. This prevented our getting under way until some minutes after six. A few moments' march, and the fog had shut out all trace of our camp, as if Nature sought in this way to warn us to make up our minds that we were not to see this place again. After a few hours' marching we crossed a trail running to the eastward from the mountain range. Motio said it was the trail of a large band of Rendile, who visited the Embe a few years ago. At noon we crossed the highest point in our route over the slopes, about 3500 feet above sea-level. We were then shut in on all sides by steep, grass-dressed hills of volcanic origin; no sight of the desert gave variety to the view; all was forbidding, confining, threatening.

Marching on, we came to a small water-hole, and while the men filled their water-bottles, I went forward alone into a great opening between many hills. There I saw about 400 yards away, what I took to be a small herd of oryx beisa. I raised my rifle to my shoulder, and fired into the midst of the herd; one sprang into the air, and then fell. Upon reaching it, I found I had shot a beautifully horned female. The herd made off, I after it. Mounting a slight rise, I saw them standing about 350 paces distant, all but one facing me. This one immediately fell to my Winchester. Upon examination, I found the bullet had broken the animal's shoulder and gone through its body diagonally, until checked by the thick skin on the animal's further loin. The skin of the oryx beisa is very thick; so thick, in fact, that it is preferred by the Somali above all others for the purpose of making shields.

We rested here for three hours, while the men cut up the meat and we had luncheon. After luncheon Lieutenant von Höhnel climbed a hill to take bearings, and I was sitting in a camp-chair, smoking a pipe, when my men shouted, "Nyama" (game). I called for my Winchester, and, just as I got it, a herd of grantii ran past in single file, about 150 yards away. Without leaving my chair, I took aim at a point three feet in front of the shoulder of the leading animal, and had the good fortune to bring it down, shooting it through both hips.

The scenery at this camping-place was grand. There were but two openings between the high hills, and these permitted a view, far away across the desert, of the southern peaks of the General Matthews range, blue in the

distance. We knew that at some point this side of the range the Guaso Nyiro flowed. The spot where we lunched brought to my mind the following lines from Browning's poem, Childe Roland:

> The hills like giants at a hunting lay,
> Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay.

From this point our route lay downhill and desertwards. We found an excellent and well-beaten trail. This trail was made by the mountain people, who use it on their way to a crater distant six miles. It is called Ngombe (ox), from a fancied resemblance between its outline and that animal. In this crater there is a large deposit of sulphate of magnesium, which is used by the natives in lieu of salt; and it is much prized by them as a delicacy. Along the trail I picked up a native bag made of leather, which Motio said had been carried by a friend of his, who had gone in search of salt two weeks before. On his return journey he had been attacked by a lion, left by his friends, and, in consequence, eaten. I was glad the king of beasts was not a vegetarian, for in the bag were two yams, which proved a welcome addition to our beans and meat.

We reached Ngome at five o'clock, and pitched camp half-way up the side of the crater. Near our camp I noticed that the side of the mountain was rent apart. Entering this opening, I pursued my way for some distance between high and jagged walls, when I found the gulch narrowed until it resembled the gateway of some ruined mediæval castle. Beyond the gateway it again widened, and my eyes were resting upon a vast

amphitheatre at my feet. It is about 500 feet deep, and about its top runs a rim of rugged rocks, from which steep, grass-covered sides descend to the bottom far below. In the centre of this hollow, cup-like bottom there was what appeared to be a large rectangular slab of marble broken at one end. From a distance it bore a striking resemblance to such a stone as is placed on the top of a vault, suggesting the idea that it was the last resting-place of some giant king. This, upon closer examination, proved to be a deposit of sulphate of magnesium, and is what the natives prized as salt. Near this deposit were found pools of water, but their contents were undrinkable, and so my men went to bed thirsty.

The following day we served out the water we had carried in the water-bags. It was sufficient to give each man about one quart; and this, I was careful to tell them, must suffice until the Guaso Nyiro was reached. Motio assured us that we should undoubtedly reach the river before dark, but a careful examination of the desert before us discovered not the slightest sign of tree or bush. When these are absent from the landscape in Africa, one has a right to be sceptical of the presence of water. The following day was Christmas, and the only gift we one and all prayed for on that occasion was the sight of a rushing river.

Upon leaving the crater, although the native path had come to an end, the ground under foot was not very bad. The hilly region was now behind us, and we faced a plain covered with stunted, sun-dried grass. Here and there were scattered awkward bits of lava, which tripped unwary feet. We met several herds of antelope and zebra.

The severe marching of the preceding two days had told upon my caravan, and I was often forced to halt in order to allow the stragglers to catch up. On the march I saw five rhinoceroses, two of which were very white in colour, and at first both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I took them for a new species; but closer inspection disclosed the fact that they had wallowed in white

DHUM PALM AND ACACIA

clay; hence their odd appearance. I knocked over a fine young male oryx, and we stopped for a few moments to cut up the meat. The men, who by this time had finished every drop of their water, attempted to quench their thirst by chewing bits of the raw meat.

From now on, the plain descended visibly to the northward, and keen eyes might detect the tops of palm trees. At sight of these the men seemed to

become imbued with fresh vigour, and even the lame and the halt stepped forward briskly to where they knew they would find water. The ground here was absolutely white with sulphate of magnesium, so bright in the sunlight, indeed, that the eyes were pained by the glare.

On our right there rose a cone to a height of 1500 feet, and to the southwest, in the far distance, we caught a glimpse of the sloping sides of Mount Kenya. In the rear towered the Jombeni Mountains; in front, and not far to the west, rose high hills. We were on the border of volcanic and aqueous formations, between which the Guaso Nyiro flowed. At this point the river had worn its bed deep below the level, so that our camp, pitched upon the river bank, was sheltered from the hot winds which blew across the desert. The river here is 100 feet wide and not more than six feet deep, but this depth is attained only in few places. Its current is swift, and the course is frequently interrupted by gneiss rocks, which in some spots are so large and numerous as to almost dam the river's flow. My delight upon reaching this river was truly great, but it was surpassed by the joy of Lieutenant von Höhnel. He, on his former journey, had been the first to discover the source of the Guaso Nyiro, and had followed it to within about seventy-five miles of our present camp.

Up to the time of our journey it had been asserted that the Guaso Nyiro emptied into the Tana. This we discovered not to be the case. So it appears there are at least three separate river systems having their sources at Mount Kenya, viz.: the Sabaki, the Tana,

and the Guaso Nyiro. These, with their affluents, are sufficient to drain the water of the melting snow at the top of this mountain.

We celebrated our arrival at the river by opening one of our two remaining pints of champagne. Our dinner on that day consisted of the German army soup, fish from the river, the liver of an oryx, steaks from the same animal, beans, biscuit, and jam, followed by a cup of coffee.

CHAPTER IV

We honoured Christmas Day by making it a day of rest; and although our surroundings were not such as are usually associated with this day, we at least were perfectly satisfied with them, and received what Providence had given us with a thankful spirit. The rushing river assisted our minds in reverting to home and our people; and both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I uttered the hope that they were as contented and joyful on this day as we.

Lieutenant von Höhnel spent a portion of the day in working upon his map; while I passed an hour or two in questioning Motio about the neighbouring countries and peoples. He said that, at one time, the upper reaches of the Tana and the banks of the Guaso Nyiro had both been inhabited by a people called Mumoniot. Those on the Tana had been destroyed by the raids of the Wakamba, and those on the Guaso Nyiro had been so harried by the inhabitants of the mountains on one hand, and the Masai on the other, that all but a small remnant had been destroyed; and not many years ago this remnant had joined the people on the mountains, and became amalgamated with them.

While strolling along the river in the afternoon, I came across a small native bridge spanning the stream, which at that point was not more than thirty feet wide,

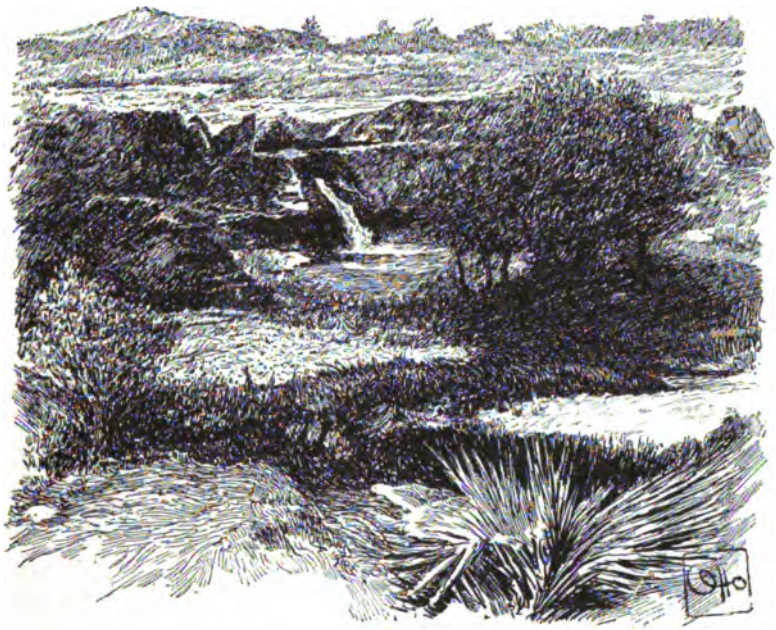
as it forced its way between rocky banks. This bridge was made of withes and looked frail, but it was sufficiently strong, and afforded room for the passage of a lightly laden native.

We had exhausted our store of meat at dinner the night before, so that our Christmas feast consisted of soup, fish, and beans.

The next day we made an early start, and pursued our way along the bank of the river, which at this point ran nearly due east. From what Motio told us, we hoped to reach Lake Lorian in three days. As we advanced, the current of the Guaso Nyiro became swifter, and flowed so deeply below the surface of the surrounding country as to form a cañon more than 100 feet deep and about 300 feet wide. The soil on our side of the stream was composed of lava dust, strewn with innumerable blocks of the same material. The other bank, however, gleamed with mica, showing that the formation there was gneiss.

Toward noon, just as I began to think of halting for our mid-day meal, a dull, roaring sound reached my ears. After going a half-mile further, the noise increasing all the while, we reached a point where the plain fell to the level of the river. There we found explanation of the roaring sound. The Guaso Nyiro, meeting a wall of black lava in its course, flows over it, and has a drop of sixty feet. Even at the season of the year when we visited it, and when the autumn rains had been very slight, the falls presented an imposing appearance. The wall of lava, being higher in the middle than at the sides, divided the river into two streams. Below the falls these two streams again met, and forced their way between

two precipitous walls of black lava; foam was churned and thrown high into the air, and the leaping, tumbling, frothing stream had a really wild and savage aspect. This place we named Chanler Falls. We pitched our camp five miles below the falls, at which point the river again peacefully wended its way between rows of tall palms.



CHANLER FALLS

While the men were building a camp, I went in search of meat. We were sorely in need of it; and as Lieutenant von Höhnel had fallen and injured his knee so badly as to incapacitate him for hunting, all prospect of satisfying my hungry men centred in the presence of game and the accuracy of my single rifle. I found game plentiful, but the country was too open to get within range of it. I walked three miles, led along by

a herd of oryx beisa, which would in the most tantalizing manner remain standing until I could get within 500 yards from them, and then wheel in their tracks like a regiment of cavalry, and charge briskly on. However, they proved good guides, for they led me to a mass of thick bush, where they disappeared; but shortly after entering the bush, from a small rise, I saw at a distance of 300 yards, two rhinoceroses. The soil at this point was of a reddish colour, and from rolling in this the rhinoceroses had assumed its tint. As I descended from the rise, I lost sight of them, but proceeded cautiously in the direction in which I had seen them. At length I caught a glimpse of a reddish body in the bush, not more than forty yards in front of me. I took careful aim and fired at what I supposed to be a shoulder (I saw but a portion of the beast's body), and the animal fell. The smoke of my shot had scarcely cleared away, before crashing through the bush came another, and I had but time to fire a snap-shot, owing to the close quarters. The animal changed its gait and direction at once, coming down from a gallop into a trot; and I followed after it. In my eagerness I almost stumbled over the rhinoceros I had first shot. He was far from dead, having been hit not in the shoulder, but in the quarter. Upon seeing me, he staggered to his feet, and with a savage snort rushed at me. A lucky shot brought him to the ground, dead. This was a most fortunate circumstance, for my gun-bearer had allowed me to leave camp with but three cartridges in my magazine, all of which by this time I had fired; so that, had I failed to bring the animal down, I should have been placed in a most unpleasant predicament.

I returned to camp, tired out with my day's work, and sent Karscho with some porters back to bring in the meat. On the way they came across the second rhinoceros, which Karscho found limping slowly along on three legs, my snap-shot having broken one shoulder. I had given Karscho my .577, for use in case he fell in with dangerous game; and two shots from the rifle despatched this my second rhinoceros of the day. The meat of these two animals was sufficient for three days' food for my men.

After passing Chanler Falls all mountains seemed to be left in our rear, and the river flowed between dry and arid deserts.

While in camp, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I spent most of our time in conjecture as to the whereabouts and size of Lake Lorian. When Lieutenant von Höhnel was at Kismayu to purchase camels, he met a Somali, who said he had visited this lake. This man told him it was many days' journey in length, but that in parts it was so shallow that it was possible to drive cattle and camels across it. He also said that the Rendile had their home upon its shores. Motio added his assurance, that from what he had heard the lake must be very large; and that he had no doubt that the Rendile lived in its neighbourhood. He said that none of the people on the mountain ever had the courage to visit the Rendile, but that in former times, when they had raided the Mumoniot (who had inhabited the banks of the Guaso Nyiro), they had often fallen in with small bands of them. He said that they were a very warlike people, and that invariably upon meeting them conflict had ensued, in which the mountain people were generally

worsted. The Rendile, however, at least once a year, sent trading parties to the Jombeni range. These always consisted of aged men and women; for, had young men been sent, they would have met with a hostile reception from the mountain people. He also said that the articles taken for barter by the Rendile consisted of goats, sheep, and the partly tanned skins of these animals. Motio's wanderings along the Guaso Nyiro had taken him but little farther than the point we had by that time reached. He assured us, however, that after one long day's march to the eastward we should reach a high plateau, and said he had been told by his fellow-tribesmen that from the top of this plateau the vast expanse of Lake Lorian could be seen. With all this information at our disposal, the hopes of both Lieutenant von Höhnel and myself rose to a high pitch, and we felt that we were about to make a great geographical discovery.

As we advanced, the going seemed to become worse and worse. The surface of the soil was almost paved with sharp, jagged lava blocks, and our feet were fast becoming swollen and painful from continued marching over such material. The desert on our side of the river gleamed to such a degree that the eyes suffered in consequence; and the only redeeming feature to be found in the landscape was the narrow strip of verdure, from which sprang palm trees and acacias, stretching along and following the river.

The course of the Guaso Nyiro is ever-changing, and the character of the soil through which it flows presents a great variety. At times the stream forces its way between impeding rocks, while at others it winds

smoothly and broadly over a shallow bed. Game was fairly plentiful; yet, as we were pressing on in the hope of reaching the lake, we rarely stopped while on the march, but contented ourselves with supplying our men with what game we could procure after camp was reached.

For a few days the fish of the Guaso Nyiro proved a welcome addition to our diet, but at last we were forced to give them up. We had usually eaten them after dark, from a table illumined by the flame of a single candle; so that in judging of their quality we employed but taste. One morning, however, a large and fine-looking fish was put before us. Upon cutting it open, we found, to our disgust, that its flesh was filled with small worms. Needless to add, we discontinued eating fish from that time.

All along the Guaso Nyiro, not only were the mosquitoes troublesome, but we suffered great annoyance from flies. These were black in colour, shaped like the ordinary house fly, but with heads of a bright carmine colour. A bite from one of these insects was a disagreeable matter; for they inserted the proboscis not so much for the sake of securing food as to deposit and hatch their offspring. A few days after the bite was inflicted the flesh swelled considerably, and a little later the part bitten would open, and disclose a well-developed larva, with a black head, about the size of its progenitor.

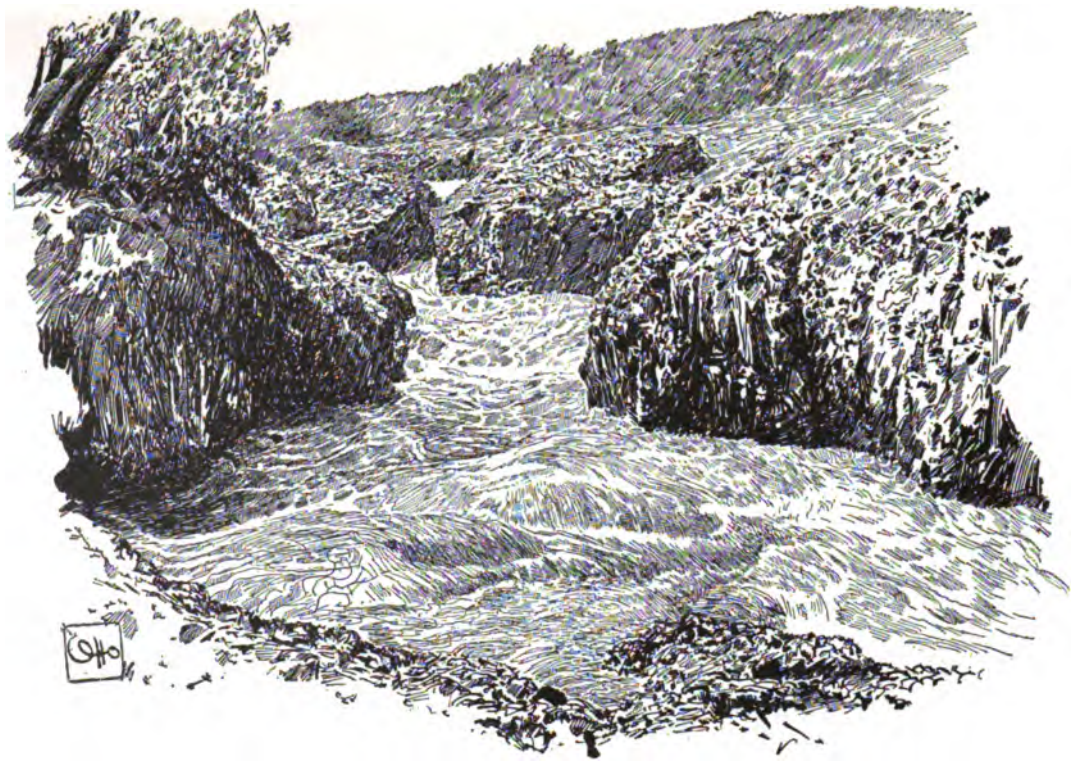
Up to this time we had lost but few of our donkeys; and none of these, so far as we knew, had died on account of fly-bites. Our horses, however, appeared to be ailing, particularly Lieutenant von Höhnel's, which,

being unable to bear any burden, was driven listlessly along behind the caravan.

On the 29th we had reached a point where the country through which the Guaso Nyiro flowed was park-like in appearance; groves of tall dhum palms were seen extending 500 yards from the river bank, and here and there were groups of magnificent acacias. The going became delightfully smooth and easy. We seemed to have reached the end of the lava flow from the Jombeni range. In the branches of these trees innumerable birds had their nests. Some of these birds have sweet voices, the notes of one or two sounding purely liquid to the ear. In shaded places, flowers like our morning-glories peeped up from the soil, mostly of a pale purple with red centres. Small herds of zebra and antelope wandered about, or fed placidly beneath the trees. The soil appeared to be extraordinarily rich, and with irrigation this portion of the country should yield large crops of rice and millet. On this day I shot a beautiful lesser koodoo, the only one we saw upon this journey.

On the following day's march we came to a point where the river made a sharp bend to the north. It flowed eight miles in that direction, and then abruptly turned to the east upon reaching the foot of a high plateau. Motio told us that this plateau was called Marisi Alugwa Zombo; and from its top we expected to see Lake Lorian.

We cut across the plain to the eastern end of the plateau, and reached it about half an hour before sunset. Near camp I shot a fine female oryx beisa and two pallah. I also killed a fine female antelope, of what I considered a previously unknown species. We took a



CANYON ABOVE CHANLER FALLS

photograph of its head and neck, which will convey an idea of its peculiar appearance.

Just before sunset Lieutenant von Höhnel and I crossed the river, and climbed the plateau. It rises to a height of nearly 500 feet above the plain, with sides as steep as the glacis of a fort, and covered with large blocks of lava. After a difficult climb, we reached the top, which we also found to be covered with these jagged blocks of larva, between which, at intervals, could be seen a stunted euphorbia, aloe, or cactus forcing its way. The top of the plateau is almost level, but there is a perceptible rise to the westward. The sun was just setting as we reached the top, so that we were not permitted to gaze for any time at the panorama spread out before us. However, we could trace the course of the Guaso Nyiro for twenty miles further, between the plateau and the desert, which stretched indefinitely to the westward. Fortunately, there was a full moon shining as we descended, so that we were able to reach camp without much difficulty. In this portion of Africa, as is well known, there is no twilight, and within half an hour after sunset the darkness of night has covered all.

During this night we had a curious adventure. About midnight Lieutenant von Höhnel woke me up with a vigorous shake. I leaped to my feet and found the whole camp in an uproar — the men all rushing to and fro and shouting: "*Tayari! Tayari!*" ("Make ready! Make ready!") in terrified tones. In the moonlight the trees cast weird shadows, and it was difficult to make out at once what was going on in camp. Suddenly a loud laugh was heard, and then the men imme-

diately burst into mirthful shouts. We learned that the Soudanese night-watch had been suddenly startled at what they took to be a large body of men crawling towards the camp for the purpose of making an attack. They shouted to the men, and at once every one sprang to his feet, loaded his rifle, and screamed with excitement and fright. When all hands were fully aroused, it was then seen that the attacking party of savages consisted of a horde of monstrous apes, which had probably been attracted by our fires, but, terrified almost as much as my men, made off at once upon hearing the uproar. Some of these creatures weigh more than sixty pounds.

We crossed the Guaso Nyiro the following morning, and marched four miles along the foot of the plateau. Upon reaching its end we made camp, and Lieutenant von Höhnel and I at once ascended it, this time climbing its northern face. We were rewarded by getting a view of the boundless desert, stretched on all sides to the horizon. Across this desert flowed the Guaso Nyiro, enshrouded in dhum palms and acacias.

In the northeast our eyes were greeted by the sight of what appeared to be an enormous sheet of water, distant about thirty miles. Lieutenant von Höhnel and I turned silently to one another, and with deep feeling clasped hands, delighted to think that the stories of the size of the lake had not been exaggerated. I at once set about guessing the number of days required to reach it, and Lieutenant von Höhnel, taking its bearings with his compass, decided and announced that it must be nearly sixty miles in length.

On both sides of the green strip which marked the

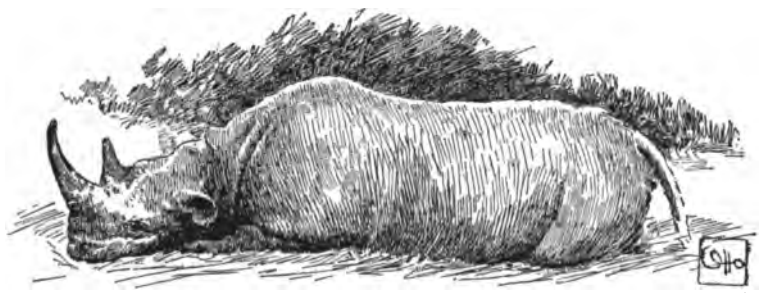
course of the Guaso Nyiro stretched the desert, dazzling white, and level as the sea. At the point on which we stood the face of the plateau made a sharp turn westward, and in that direction continued as far as the eye could see.

After three days' march over the desert in a direction parallel to the river we came to a spot where on all sides roamed herds of zebra, oryx beisa, ostrich, and grantii, and standing here and there was the huge black body of a rhinoceros. One marvelled how these animals could sustain life on such a desert; for with the exception of a few low, parched bushes there was scarcely any vegetation. Here and there a few straggling blades of grass forced their way through the soil; but at no place was there apparent a growth sufficient, in one's opinion, for the sustenance of such vast herds of game.

On one occasion while in this part of the country I had a narrow escape from a rhinoceros. It was toward evening, and we intended to soon make camp; when, at a point about 400 yards in advance of the column, I saw a small herd of zebra and two giraffes. I halted the caravan, and unaccompanied set out to stalk the game. While so engaged I noticed to my right, at a distance of about 200 yards, a solitary rhinoceros placidly feeding. We had sufficient rhinoceros meat, so I did not disturb him. The wind was blowing from where I stood toward him, in short and irregular puffs. I had approached to within 200 yards of my quarry and was about to take aim, when a shrill whistle from my men reached my ears. I turned around, and just in time, for the rhinoceros upon scenting me at once made

for me. The soft soil had deadened the sound of his approach, and as I was at the time thoroughly engrossed in the stalk, I had not heard him. The whistle from my men, warning me of my danger, gave me just a moment in which to leap to one side and avoid the rush of the animal.

As a rule the rhinoceros snorts when it charges; but this one had not made a sound. Needless to say, I failed to get a shot at either the zebras or giraffes. However, while the men were pitching camp, they were charged by another rhinoceros, which paid the death



DEAD RHINOCEROS

penalty for its temerity. We did not cut this animal up at once, and during the night it was visited by a hyena. One may form a conception of the thickness and toughness of the hide of a rhinoceros from the fact that, although the jaws of the hyena are very powerful, the beast had to satisfy itself with the ends of the ears and the tip of the tail, being unable to make any impression upon the other parts of the body.

Near this portion of the river we saw several large zeribas. In these were unmistakable signs that they once held camels, sheep, donkeys, and goats. Judging

from appearances at that time, they had been unoccupied for more than a year.

On the third day after leaving the plateau we entered a thick forest of acacias. This forest was literally alive with rhinoceroses, which charged the caravan at almost every turn. We also saw many giraffes at this point. There one of our porters died of dysentery, and was buried by his companions. They made a shallow grave with their axes and machettes, and wrapping him in about four yards of sheeting, left him as silent evidence of our visit to this part of the world.

After another day's journey we emerged from the forest, and entered upon a treeless plain covered with coarse grass, which grew to a height of eight feet. The river at this point was much narrower — not more than forty feet wide — and flowed between steep banks. At intervals along its shores were little sandy strips, on each of which we would find a monstrous crocodile lying. Upon our approach, these saurians would noiselessly slip off and disappear in the water. Along both banks of the river elephant trails were to be found, but for which it would have been impossible to traverse the jungle. These trails did not afford the very best paths for travel, having been worn in the rainy season, and in consequence filled with deep holes made by the ponderous feet of these animals.

At noon we reached a small, solitary group of poplars. My men climbed some of these trees and reported that across the river in the jungle, at a distance of 1000 yards, there was a herd of twenty-two elephants. The grass was so tall we knew it would be impossible to get them, so we contented ourselves with gazing at

them. At that time they were not feeding, but appeared to be enjoying a sun-bath. As the wind was then blowing from them toward us, we hoped they would come to the river to drink, thereby giving us an opportunity for a shot. In this we were disappointed. All that day and the next succeeding we plodded over this elephant trail, always but a short distance from the river bank.

Shortly after we left camp a hippopotamus, disturbed by our approach, suddenly emerged from the tall grass and plunged into the river, crossing our path not more than four feet in front of where I stood. Although my men wished me to shoot him, I refrained from so doing, and amused myself in watching his furious antics in the water, which at this point was so shallow that he could not conceal his body beneath the surface. Like the ostrich, he endeavoured to conceal his head, but the shouts of the porters so terrified him that he raised it again, and splashed along by the side of the caravan, every now and then opening his cavernous mouth and then bringing his jaws together with a vicious snap. At length he reached a deeper portion of the river, into which he plunged and disappeared.

Many times during the morning we heard the snort of rhinoceroses in the tall grass on our left, and at length, toward noon, we heard a violent snort not more than forty feet distant. In a moment we heard the dull thud of his feet, but the grass was so high and thick that we could catch no glimpse of the animal, yet all the time knew he was coming in our direction. Soon he reached the trail at a point about twenty feet behind where I stood. I had my rifle ready, but could not

shoot, as my boy, Sururu, was between me and the onrushing animal. In an instant he caught Sururu, and with horror I saw the boy's body flying through the air, and had just sufficient time to throw myself to one side into the bush, ere the animal thundered past me and disappeared in the long grass.

When I reached Sururu I found him lying on his side, groaning. At the time of this adventure Sururu was wearing an old canvas coat of mine, much too large for him. In a lower pocket of this coat he kept my compass and a heavy silver watch. The horn of the rhinoceros, after passing between his legs from the rear, broke the compass to bits, dented the thick case of the watch, and glancing off, inflicted a dangerous-looking wound in the groin. Had it not been for the thick canvas coat, the compass, and the watch, I think the blow would have been attended with fatal results. After a few minutes Sururu recovered sufficiently from the shock to be placed upon my horse, when we started on our way with any but pleasant thoughts and feelings.

As before stated, the grass was so thick that it was impossible to see a rhinoceros until the animal was actually upon one, so that avoiding the rush of one of these animals in this thicket was more a matter of good luck than good judgment.

Fifteen minutes after the accident to Sururu we reached a small open space in the tall grass. At this point there was lying across our path the trunk of a small, dead tree. Here my attention was arrested by a disagreeable sight only ten feet away, but on the other side of the fallen tree. There stood a rhinoceros facing me. It was impossible for us to turn back,

and, as the fallen tree hid the animal's shoulder, I could see no vital spot exposed at which to aim. I gazed at it — fascinated. Its small eyes appeared to look into my very heart, and I could distinctly hear the grinding of its teeth as it fed. The wind was blowing in my direction.

For some moments we stood facing one another. Almost unconsciously I raised my rifle to my shoulder and ranged my eye along the sights. Still no movement on the part of the animal. After remaining in this position for, say, thirty seconds, the animal appeared to become restless and swung its horned snout to one side, thereby giving me an opportunity for a good shot at its neck. In an instant my rifle was discharged; then through the smoke rushed the rhinoceros. Instinctively I leaped to one side, and, as it passed me, I gave it a second shot, almost without taking any aim. It fell — dead. Beyond doubt this was the same rhinoceros which had tossed Sururu, for upon the tip of its forward horn blood was plainly to be seen. I partly account for its utter unconsciousness of our approach from the fact that in the bright sunlight a rhinoceros is quite blind; but how to explain why it had not heard us forcing our way through the tall grass I am unable to say. It could not smell us, for the wind blew in our direction, so that I am forced to the conclusion that the rhinoceros depends more upon its sense of smell than upon either its sight or hearing.

By this time the faces of my men wore solemn and frightened expressions, and many of them muttered that I must be bewitched to follow such a path, and through such a dangerous country. But had not Lieutenant

THE AUTHOR, WITH VANGUARD OF SOUDANESE

von Höhnel and I seen from the top of Marisi Alugwa Zombo plateau the wide expanse of the waters of Lake Lorian? That was sufficient, and no thought of turning back could enter our minds until we had reached this lake. We then thought we must be near it, and we expected that an early hour would find us encamped upon its shores.

That night we were forced to cut a small opening in the tall grass so that our men could sleep. Knowing that it was unlikely that we should fall in with more trees, upon leaving our last camp we took with us a few dry twigs. These sufficed to make a fire upon which to roast a little meat. After sunset the air became dank, and noisome vapours rose from the sluggish stream. We welcomed the coming of the following day with joy, and in order to hearten my men I assured them that a few hours' more marching would certainly find us in the open country. This proved to be the case; the grass was lower, and occasionally a stunted acacia could be seen above it.

On this day the members of my caravan presented a most doleful appearance. Lieutenant von Höhnel and I were both stricken with fever; Sururu groaned from the back of my horse; one porter, borne in a hammock by two of his comrades, was dying of dysentery, and one of the Soudanese staggered along with the aid of a stick, his eyes wildly staring, and his lips muttering senseless phrases: he was unconscious from fever. Onward we silently and doggedly pressed. About noon we passed close to a herd of seven elephants, but looked at them with absolute indifference. Our minds were bent upon the single purpose of getting out of this dreadful coun-

try, and resting from our labours upon the shores of the lake. The soil was becoming moist under foot, and the grass wore a greener appearance. Where can the lake be? was our thought.

At one o'clock, seeing a tall sycamore tree across the river (at this point not ten yards wide), we stopped the caravan, crossed the stream, and climbed as high as possible up the tree. From this vantage point we took one long look, and then with half-suppressed curses descended to the ground. There is no *Lake* Lorian! It is but a vast swamp, overgrown with papyrus and water-grass. The narrowness and shallowness of the river at this point (it was but a foot deep) proved to us that it could not continue beyond the swamp — at least, in the dry season. Here, then, was the end of high hopes and incessant effort — no lake, no Rendile. The vast sheet of water we had seen from the top of the plateau had been a mirage. We felt that we had been tricked and duped by Nature at every turn. Our feelings of dejection were shared by every member of the caravan. They, too, had lived in glad hopes of reaching the lake. Time and again I had promised them that upon reaching it they should have their fill of camels' milk and goats' flesh. The burden of their muttered and incessant refrain was: "Wapi?" ("Where?") "Wapi bahari? Wapi ngamia? Wapi mbuzi? Wapi maziwa? Hapana kitu hapa! Gehennam tu!" ("Where is the lake? Where are the camels? Where are the goats? Where is the milk? There is not a thing here! It is simply hell!")

Our sympathies were with them, but it was unwise to allow them to remain long in this state; so they were at

once set to work getting grass to strew upon the damp ground, while some were sent off in parties to collect what few dried sticks they could find. This work was soon accomplished. Each group of porters had a tiny fire, over which they were able to warm slightly their strips of meat. Lieutenant von Höhnel and I retired to bed, ill with fever. Our spirits were still further depressed by the night's experience; mosquitoes in myriads swarmed about us. Even the thick skins of the negroes were not proof against the attacks of the tiny denizens of the swamp. No one was able to sleep. Curses and impotent yells echoed throughout the camp. Lieutenant von Höhnel and I each had mosquito curtains; which, however, proved of no service as barriers from the pests. Throughout the long night we turned over in our minds but one project — how to get out as quickly as possible from this abode of pestilence and death.

From the tree we had seen that the swamp stretched for several miles to the eastward. On both sides of the small stream the grass rose to a great height, and we knew that we had to march close to the river, in order to be able to procure water; so that there was nothing now to do but to return over the route by which we had reached the place. Our food supply was well-nigh exhausted, but we calculated that by making vigorous marches we should be able to reach the Jombeni Mountains before it gave out.

On the following day, ere the break of dawn, all was in readiness for our departure, and at sunrise the wearied caravan started on its march. It is highly probable that during the rainy season Lorian Swamp may have the

appearance of a lake; and it is possible that after continued and heavy rains there is an outflow in an easterly direction. The altitude of the bed of the swamp is about 500 feet above sea-level; but for all intents and purposes Lorian Swamp can be called the end and limit of the Guaso Nyiro River.

Nine days of severe marching brought us once more to the Christmas camping-place. Shortly after we left the environment of Lorian Swamp, the Soudanese who was ill with fever, and the porter who had been suffering from dysentery, died and were buried by the banks of the muddy stream.

It was with feelings of the greatest relief that we found ourselves once more in open country. Those six days spent in that tall grass were, indeed, terrible. The river, dark, muddy, and listlessly flowing between clay banks, was filled with large crocodiles; and occasionally from its waters there would rise some hideously shaped water-bird. These lent a gloomy air to what we were permitted by the tall grass to see. The charging rhinoceroses and fierce hippopotamuses added an element of danger. All this, with the atmosphere heavily laden with malaria, increased our feelings of bitter disappointment at our failure to discover either a great lake or the Rendile.

Upon reaching the open desert Lieutenant von Höhnel and I recovered our spirits once more; and, despite the fact that for more than a month our diet had consisted of beans, corn, and what game we had been able to shoot (not the best food for a convalescent), we were able to march eight or nine hours each day without excessive fatigue.

On this march game seemed to be in greater plenty than it had been for the two preceding weeks. We killed many zebras, of a variety called grevii. The Guaso Nyiro seemed to be the dividing line between the country abounding with that species of animal and that roamed by the chapmani and burcheli. We found the two latter species very plentiful in the neighbourhood of the Jombeni range, but as soon as we had crossed the Guaso Nyiro, only the grevii were met. The latter make capital food; their flesh is tender, and they seem to carry much more fat than the other species. This, when boiled down and allowed to cool, does not congeal, and so makes excellent cooking material. The flesh of the chapmani and burcheli, however, is tough and tasteless, and possesses very much of what I imagine to be the flavour of horse-flesh.

One day, while passing the foot of the Marisi Alugwa Zombo plateau, I came across a herd of twelve buffalo. They appeared to be much smaller than the buffaloes I had shot on my former journey in Masai Land. I think I am right in stating they were not the Bos Kaffir, as those found in Southern Africa and Masai Land are called, but the Bos Orientalis, which roam the upper regions of the Nile.

I had a curious adventure with these buffaloes. Upon reaching them I had but four cartridges in my Winchester; and, the cover being good, and the wind blowing in the right direction, I was able to knock down four, ere they broke into a run. Seeing the bodies lying upon the ground, I sent my gun-bearer back to hurry forward the men, in order that they might cut up the meat with as little delay as possible. He had scarcely left me,

when, much to my astonishment, I saw them, one after the other, stagger to their feet, and, slowly at first, but quickly enough in a moment or two, set out after the rest of the herd. I can account for this only upon the supposition that each one of my four bullets had just grazed the spine, and simply stunned the animals, which upon recovering from the effects of the shock were able to get up and run away. We searched for them several

CAMP ON THE PLAIN NEAR LORIAN

hours, but were unable to find them. In the spot where each animal had lain there was blood in plenty, but that was the only evidence that the sighting and shooting of these animals had been other than a dream.

On several occasions, both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I killed zebra at distances varying from 600 to 800 paces. This only happened where the country was so open that we were unable to get closer to the game. The weapon used in these cases was, of course, a Mannlicher, the far-carrying properties of which, during our

entire journey, never seemed tested to their utmost. The trajectory of a bullet fired from one of these rifles seemed to be perfectly flat for any distance at which the eye could see the object.

After we had crossed the Guaso Nyiro I had an interesting adventure with a lion. It had rained during the morning, and in consequence the soil had become a sea of clinging mud. I was some distance in front of my caravan, and had just shot a grantii, when my gun-bearer and I heard some curious, whining noises in the bushes to our left. He (Karscho) said he thought there was a hyena about; so we approached cautiously in the direction from which we had heard the noise. Suddenly Karscho seized my arm, pointed to the right, and whispered in an excited manner, "*Simba*" ("lion"); and there I saw, standing and gazing calmly at us, a full-grown animal, maneless, hence probably a female. I had foolishly entrusted my gun to Karscho, and before I could take it from his hands the lion wheeled and was off through the bushes. We were after it at once. Its great paws left prints in the mud as large as saucers, so that pursuit was easy. It would run 100 yards or so, and then hide in a bush, waiting our nearer approach, when it would again break cover and be off once more, but always on the opposite side of the bush from where we stood, so that we never got a sight of the animal. In this way we chased the lion for nearly half a mile, until at length we came to a circular clump of bush, some sixty feet in diameter and very dense. We circled this clump, and found that the tracks of the animal led into, but not out of it; so I stationed myself down-wind, and sent Karscho back to bring on my porters, with the

intention of having them beat the bush, alarm the lion, and drive it down in the open toward me. In half an hour he returned with the porters. While he was away, I fired two shots into the bush in the hope of dislodging the animal, but without this result. Upon the arrival of the porters I instructed them to advance slowly into the bush in a line, keeping close together; and each one was to shout as vigorously as possible, and beat his tin water-bottle. The porters entered into the spirit of the game, but the Soudanese refused to risk their lives. They said that in their country the lion was feared as the very devil, and no one with the slightest intelligence thought of venturing to close quarters with one. As they seemed so fearful, I allowed them to become spectators of the beat.

The din made by my porters could have been heard for a great distance; their advance into the bush was slow, but steady. For nearly five minutes no result attended their efforts; but when they had almost got quite through the bush, a loud, short roar was heard, and like a flash of yellow light the lion darted from its hiding-place, and once more disappeared behind a neighbouring bush. During its flight I had but time for the quickest of snap-shots, and must have missed the animal by many feet. For more than half an hour we followed its trail, but finally were forced to give up the chase. Thus ended the lion adventure.

On another occasion we had just made camp, and were resting in our chairs before our tent, when one of the men came up and told us a rhinoceros was approaching at full speed in our direction. Lieutenant von Höhnel seized his Mannlicher, and shot the animal

when at a distance of eighty yards from him. The bullet entered the chest of the rhinoceros and raked the entire length of his body, passing out through his quarter. As soon as it received the shot, the rhinoceros fell dead. Many ostriches were seen, but they were so wary, and kept at such great distances from us, that we had not the good fortune to shoot one.

Along the banks of the river we found several small zeribas which had been inhabited by the Wanderobbo.

SCENE NEAR LORIAN

These people I shall hereinafter speak of at greater length. Let it suffice here to say that they are a tribe living entirely upon game and wild honey. Wherever we found signs of a camp which had been inhabited by these people, we also discovered in its vicinity many small, carefully erected blinds, in which it was evidently the custom of these people to lie in wait for game.

Late on the evening of January 18, we reached our Christmas camping-place on the Guaso Nyiro. The then most pressing question was, how to make our store

of food last until we could reach the Jombeni range. The long marches of the last nine days had told severely upon the strength of my men, and they one and all presented a wofully emaciated appearance. Moreover, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I, not more from the excessive marching than from the coarseness of our fare, seemed in great need of rest and better diet, but to stop where we were was out of the question. In camp we had food for two days. Motio, our guide, told us that owing to the drought it would be impossible for us to take the route via the Ngombe and Kora craters to the mountains, but he assured us that there was a tribe inhabiting the western portion of the range. These people, he said, were called Wamsara. They were possessed of food in plenty, and as they were rarely visited by traders, he felt sure they would give us a good reception, and gladly exchange their products for what trading-goods we had with us. We rested at our Christmas camping-place one day, and on Friday, January 20, set out for the Jombeni Mountains and food.

The whole of the western side of this range, with the exception of the portion inhabited by the Wamsara, is bare of trees and wears a most forbidding aspect. From the eastern slopes many small streams flow either into the Mackenzie or Tana. From the western slopes, however, no streams flow into the Guaso Nyiro, but the water shed by these mountains silts through the soil, and rises to the surface again in the form of springs (for the most part strongly impregnated with sulphate of magnesium) only in the immediate neighbourhood of the Guaso Nyiro.

Motio told us that from this point it would take

four days' marching to reach the Wamsara. We were delighted to find that in the neighbourhood of these springs game was fairly plentiful, as this enabled us to save our small store of grain-food for emergencies. On the evening of the 22d we camped at the foot of a high gneiss hill, called by Motio Chabba. At the foot of this hill we found a spring of cool and delicious water flowing, and near by sported large herds of zebra, oryx beisa, and grantii. They stood within 100 yards of of our camp, looking with curiosity at us, who prevented them from getting to their accustomed watering-place.

The cry of a zebra much resembles the short, sharp bark of a dog; and when excited, these animals invariably give vent to this cry ere making off at top speed. We always felt uncomfortable at having to shoot a zebra, but when hungry men are to be fed, too nice feelings have to be sacrificed. Zebras are so numerous upon both banks of the Guaso Nyiro, that I feel sure, should a party go there well equipped for the purpose, it might in a few months succeed in capturing a large number of these animals. They seem to be entirely proof against the ill effects of fly-bite; and the plague, which had lately ravaged the country from Lake Rudolph on the north to Kilimanjiro on the south, although it had exterminated vast herds of buffalo, and had even destroyed a large number of antelope, had apparently left the zebra untouched.

The greatest difficulty in connection with beasts of burden in this portion of East Africa is, that they are much too susceptible to the ill effects of the climate and flies. Should zebras be substituted in the stead of the animals at present used, these difficulties would

not be encountered, and travel in this country would thereby be much facilitated. I have heard it stated, that in South Africa zebras have been tamed sufficiently to be harnessed to a coach. If such is the case, I see no reasons why, with proper methods and patience, they could not be broken to become excellent pack animals. I hope the British government, which appears to have at length decided to open up East Africa, will, ere it is too late, and sportsmen have exterminated the zebra, give this matter the attention which it deserves; for I feel convinced that intelligent efforts made with this end in view will be amply repaid. In my opinion, the sum of $5000 would be sufficient for such an experiment. The zebras could be captured, either by building stockades near their drinking-places, into which they could be driven and secured; or, perhaps still better, by horsemen provided with lassos. The zebras in this part of the world are so tame, that I think there would be little difficulty experienced in their capture.

Near Mount Chabba, I saw for the first time what I might correctly term a herd of rhinoceroses. I counted six feeding close together. Usually these animals are met with singly, or at most in pairs; and when two are found together, they are usually a mother and offspring.

At this camp I examined the rifles carried by my men, and found them in a very unsatisfactory condition. I served out a bit of rag and some melted zebra fat to each man, and informed the men that in three hours I would inspect the rifles, and I expected then to find them thoroughly cleaned. The result gives a fair idea of one

phase of the character of the Zanzibari — carelessness. My Soudanese and Somali set to work, and soon had their weapons in very good condition. But at least half of the porters ate the melted fat given them, and threw away the rags, yet were much surprised and pained upon learning my displeasure.

On leaving Chabba the next day, we ascended a small ridge, from which we got a beautiful view of the contour of the northern side of Mount Kenya. Viewed from the north, this mountain presents the appearance of a vast pyramid, whose sides slope gradually to the plain. On the eastern slope, near the apex, the regularity of outline is interrupted by a rounded, knob-like projection. The snow-capped peak gleams white against the blue sky. Extending to a distance of twenty miles from the base on the northern side, there runs a range of hills which form a narrow ridge. This ridge gradually slopes away until it ends in the plain near the Guaso Nyiro. From its supposed resemblance to a queue, in which fashion the Masai warriors wear their hair, these people have called the range Donyo Loldeikan (Queue Mountains).

Motio assured us that between Mount Chabba and the country of the Wamsara we should find a river, which, having its source in the Jombeni range, flowed into the Guaso Nyiro. He told us we should reach this river early in the afternoon; so we carried no water on this march.

In the neighbourhood of Chabba the formation of the soil was gneiss, but a few miles beyond, our way was once more over lava-strewn plains. We marched steadily from seven o'clock in the morning until after sunset, but found no water. I then pitched camp, and

sent men out in search of water. They returned about nine in the evening, with the news that they had found a small hole containing liquid mud in sufficient quantity to suffice for the needs of our caravan. Mohamadi, the headman of the porters, did not reach camp until nine o'clock. The illness of one of the porters on the march had delayed him. This porter seemed to have lost the use of his limbs; he was wofully thin, and, owing to the fact that he had suffered from dysentery, had been unable to subsist upon a meat diet. The meagre rations we were compelled to allow him seemed insufficient for the recovery of his strength.

The following day, within one hour's march from our camp, we found a pool filled with excellent water. Had we known the night before of the existence of this pool, we should have been saved a deal of trouble and worry. We then had three men suffering from dysentery, and Sururu, although his wound was healing nicely, was unable to walk. Two of the sick men rode donkeys, but Sururu and the porter suffering from exhaustion were carried in hammocks. This number of sick greatly retarded our progress, and we made but five miles on that day. At every point of our route Mount Kenya could be seen. The beauty and grandeur of this mountain seemed to grow upon us. From our view-point, the greatest apparent width of the mountain extended from the northwest to the southeast. Its irregular, snow-capped peak seemed to be many miles away. Its sides declined to the northwest in a well-defined ridge, until the mountain at length blended and was lost in the Donyo Loldeikan. In a north-easterly direction from the summit, and about half-way

down the side of the mountain, there was a series of extinct craters and cone-shaped hills, which extended to the plain below.

The northern side of Mount Kenya is very barren-looking, until an altitude of 9000 or 10,000 feet is reached, at which height one may see a narrow belt of forest crossing the northwestern slope, gradually widening until it reaches the southwestern side, which appears to be covered with a dense, forest-like growth.

January 29, at 10 A.M., we arrived at the river promised by Motio the preceding day. At the point where we reached the stream it was a mere brook; but Motio said that another stream, coming from Mount Kenya, flowed into it, and that jointly they made a good addition to the Guaso Nyiro. Rhinoceroses were plentiful here, and we saw further signs of elephant. At noon we reached a dense growth of acacias and other bushes, where we rested for a moment by the side of a deep ditch formed by the rains. Here, with the aid of our glasses, we could see on the slopes of the Jombeni range, about five miles distant, the huts of the Wamsara. The soil is a bright red.

A few hours after we crossed the ditch and resumed the march, the occasional cries of men were heard. At length we emerged from the bush, and entered a beautiful forest glade about thirty acres in extent. In the centre of this glade bubbled a clear mountain spring fringed with reeds, near which an unsuspecting and naked savage was pasturing some cattle. I was riding on my white pony in front of my men, and when I appeared on the edge of the glade, the terrified negro left his cattle and fled. He had

never in his life seen even a horse or a white man separately, and when the two appeared simultaneously, the sight proved too much for his nerves.

In an incredibly short time a large band of fully armed warriors arrived, and endeavoured to persuade me to fall in with their ideas of a suitable camping-place. I waved them off, and pitched my tent under a tall palm tree. Through Motio we told them we wanted food, and were friends. They seemed incredulous, but after much talk we succeeded in purchasing a few potatoes, which Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had cooked, and later ate with avidity. These were the first fresh vegetables we had partaken of since leaving Hameye.

Immediately after my arrival the able-bodied men were set to work, and in less than half an hour the camp was fortified by a strong thorn zeriba. As this work proceeded, the natives eyed us with suspicion; and once or twice several elderly men actually ventured to seize some of the thorn bushes, and break down a portion of the zeriba already made. They sullenly withdrew, upon being told by Motio that the white man objected to their interference. We were one and all rejoiced at having reached people, and the prospect of food in plenty. The countenances of my men soon lost the appearance of fatigue and anxiety they had worn during the previous month, and even the sick and ailing raised their heads, and showed signs of interest in what was going on about them.

It is characteristic of the sick African to give up all hope of recovery; and this, together with the hardships they were forced to undergo while on the march, and the

meagreness of their diet, made it a really difficult matter to restore one of them to health after being taken ill.

On this day we served out the last of our supply of beans and corn. By the use of our rifles, we had been enabled to make the thirty days' supply of food which we had taken with us when leaving Hameye last exactly fifty days. Had we gone unprepared, to take advantage of the presence of game, we should long before have been forced to turn back. For the preceding ten days both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had suffered all the tortures of indigestion resulting from our coarse diet. With eagerness we questioned Motio as to the products of the country of Wamsara. He said the natives grew two kinds of millet, Indian corn, tobacco, squash, pumpkins, and three varieties of beans. The thought of this variety watered our mouths; and we went to sleep soothed with the thought that on the morrow market would open, and we should revel in the luxury of fresh vegetables.

CHAPTER V

We were up with the dawn of the following day, and made haste to display our supply of trading-goods in the most tempting manner. These consisted of two loads of heavy American sheeting, several bolts of bright scarlet cotton goods, coils of iron, copper, and brass wire of varying thicknesses, and a great variety of beads — red, white, pink, and blue — of all sizes and shapes. We felt confident that our wares would arouse the mercantile instincts of the Wamsara; for had not Motio assured us that they were rarely visited by traders? We knew that what traders had reached these people had brought with them as articles of barter only the most inexpensive materials, and a limited variety of even such.

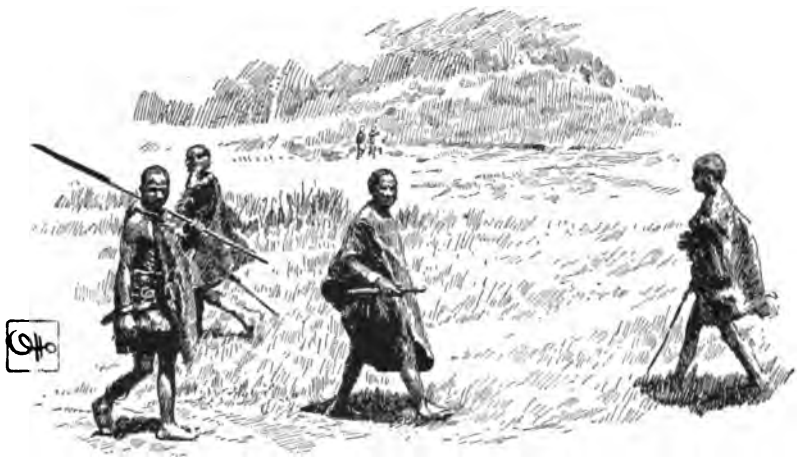
The night just passed had been very cold. Our thermometer at sunrise registered 54 Fahrenheit. When one bears in mind that the temperature at midday was 120 F., the severity of this cold may be imagined. Our poor men, although they had built great fires, shivered so that they had scarcely been able to sleep, covered as they were with but a thin cotton sheet. It is surprising what a degree of cold negroes can bear, provided they are well nourished. Their thick, oily skins seem to retain the natural heat of the body, when exposed to variations of temperature which would prostrate a

white man. When cold, the negro invariably covers his head and ears, and often sleeps with his head to the fire; while between him and the ground, no matter how cold and damp, is spread but a single thickness of straw matting, though most of the porters preferred the skin of an animal, when procurable. This custom of covering the head and exposing the nether extremities is practised by all inhabitants of hot countries I have ever met. The Arabs have a saying, "If you cover your head warmly and expose your feet, health will ever remain with you." Of course, a European is forced to wear shoes and stockings, which, while they protect his feet, are very uncomfortable in hot countries, and often cause the feet to swell. It has been my experience that the thicker and warmer one's head covering in the tropics, the cooler one's head seems to be. For the first six months of this journey I had worn a white turban, similar to those worn by the Arabs, but had been forced to discard it, as its conspicuousness rendered it difficult for me to stalk game with success. Upon laying aside the turban, I made use of a double-felt Terai hat, and had increased its weight and thickness by adding a band consisting of many folds of cotton sheeting. I found that the top of my head did not need nearly as much protection as the temples and nape of the neck. Many travellers prefer the cork helmet; but both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I found them not only very cumbersome and awkward (particularly when forcing our way through bush), but also not nearly so great a protection against the rays of the sun as thick felt.

Motio had told us that owing to the cold the natives

of the mountains rarely ventured from their huts until the sun was well up in the sky; so we were not surprised, even at eight o'clock, at not seeing the natives we expected; but when ten and eleven had passed, and noon arrived, finding the neighbourhood of our zeriba still deserted, we began to feel anxious and to think that evil was brewing.

We called Motio and questioned him. He said: "Have patience; the Wamsara will surely come and



WAMSARA ELDERS

bring food." While Lieutenant von Höhnel was making his midday observation, we heard shouts from the forest, and there soon appeared a motley band of natives, numbering some hundreds. There were about fifty old men among them; the rest were warriors. All were armed. The old men carried long spears with short, trowel-shaped heads, short bows, and arrows whose tips we could see were covered with a black substance, which we knew to be poison. They were clad in long

half-tanned cowhide, fastened with a loop over one shoulder. Their heads were shaven.

The young men presented a much more warlike appearance. In their right hands they carried spears nearly seven feet in length, in shape similar to those carried by the Masai. These spears had a blade three feet long, about five inches wide at its base, from which it tapered to a sharp point. Fitted into a socket attached to the blade was a short piece of wood, which was grasped by the hand. Joined to this latter was a heavy iron rod, of sufficient weight to give impetus to a blow. This, likewise, was sharpened to a point. While engaged in conversation the warriors drove their spears into the ground. Around the waist they wore a belt, between which and the body was stuck a short sword in a sheath, and a war-club. The latter are three feet in length, very slender where grasped by the hand, but ending in a round knob as large as a baseball. On their left arms they bore large oval shields, upon which, painted in three different colours (red, white, and black), were curious decorative designs.

The warriors were clad in short cloaks of untanned goatskin, looped over the right shoulder by a strip of hide, thus leaving the right arm free. These cloaks do not fall lower than the stomach of the wearer.

The Wamsara wear their hair dressed in the Masai fashion. From their foreheads and down almost to the eyes falls a thick mass of hair cut square like a bang. This is trained in small cordlike ringlets, dyed with red clay, and covered with grease. The hair at the back of the head is twisted into a queue, which is bound about by a strip of sheepskin. Many of the warriors painted

both their upper and lower eyelids red, and several had adorned their cheek-bones with round red spots. In appearance they were very warlike, and their bearing was graceful and fearless.

Upon nearing our zeriba, the crowd of natives grew silent. They passed without deigning to favour our camp with so much as a glance, but continued their march to a point about 200 yards beyond us, where they halted, and having seated themselves, engaged in excited parley. The speakers were always old men, and but one spoke at a time, while the others, gathered about him in a circle, sat on their heels. In his right hand the speaker invariably held a war-club, by wildly brandishing which he added emphasis to his harangue. Motio listened attentively to what they said, and his face fell. He told us that he was afraid that the Wamsara would behave badly, and explained that they did not seem to recognize any difference between our caravan and those of the Zanzibari, which occasionally visited them. He added, moreover, that no Zanzibari caravan would dream of venturing into the Wamsara country, unless several hundred in number; and that the last caravan (numbering 200) which had visited these people had all their goods stolen, and were cut to pieces to a man. We asked why he had delayed in telling us this; to which question he made an evasive reply. We told him to explain to the Wamsara that our intentions in visiting them were of the most peaceful nature; that we had journeyed a long time in the desert, had exhausted our food supply, and had come to them for the simple purpose of purchasing from them a sufficient quantity of grain to enable us to return to

our camp at Hameye. He told this to the old men, and presently returned with a request from them for a present. As it is customary to begin one's acquaintance with a strange tribe with gifts, we sent a quantity of beads and wire to them by Motio. He returned with the intelligence that they were dissatisfied with the present. This I had expected; so I told him to inform them that the present I had given them was but a small beginning of what would be theirs, should they behave properly toward us; and to assure them that not only would we give liberal prices for food, but that, as soon as we had bought all we needed, we would distribute the remainder of our goods among the tribe, as a proof of our friendship and liberality.

Motio said that they refused to bring food on that day, but that on the following day their chief medicine-man would come, and make blood brothers with the white man; and then trade would begin. We were much disgusted at this turn of affairs, but decided to make the best of it; and so sent word to the Wamsara that we would expect their medicine-man early the next morning. Thereupon, the natives marched away, shouting what Motio told us was a war-chant, and during the afternoon no natives appeared.

That night there was a good moon, and about midnight my gun-bearer, Karscho, awoke me with the intelligence that there was a rhinoceros drinking at a spring not more than sixty feet away. I leaped from my bed, and seized a rifle; knowing that if I succeeded in bringing down the rhinoceros, the question of food supply would be solved for a period of at least two days. But I was destined to disappointment; for ere I was

able to get a sight at him, he had quenched his thirst and disappeared in the bushes. That night my poor men went supperless to bed, and during the night the porter, who had been suffering from exhaustion and the effects of dysentery, died. We were careful to bury him in such a manner that his grave would not be noticed by the natives; as these people do not bury their dead, but throw them to the hyenas, being much averse to the interment of a corpse in their territory, as they consider it will have an evil effect upon their crops.

The next day Lieutenant von Höhnel and I went to a neighbouring hill and surveyed the Wamsara territory. We found that we were encamped near the edge of a forest. From the forest to the highest peak of the Jombeni range, quite ten miles away, all was cultivation. Between us and the peak there stretched a wide valley, surrounded by low, red-clay hills. The available surface of the valley seemed to be covered with half-grown millet. On the hillsides we counted a large number of beehive-shaped straw huts. On this morning we had been awakened by the cries of men, instead of the barking of zebra or the howl of the hungry hyena. Warriors and old men came in parties of twenty and thirty, until at length about 300 were in sight. No women came. This we knew to be a bad sign, as the natives invariably show their peaceful intentions to a caravan by permitting their women to visit it. Then, too, almost all trading is done by the women; so from their absence we apprehended another day of no market.

After a great deal of talk, Motio succeeded in purchasing three yams and a package of tobacco. We found the tobacco of the Wamsara to be very strong,

but of fair flavour. Their preparation of it was curious. When dried, they tear it into small pieces and soak it in water. They next knead it into a ball, and wrap it up tightly, covering it with a banana leaf; then they hang it up in their huts for several months, until it has become quite dry. Its flavour is not disagreeable, but owing to this method of treatment it is very strong. One and all of the natives chewed tobacco, most took snuff, and a few smoked pipes. Their pipes have small stone or clay bowls, with long reed stems.

After assembling, the natives took themselves off to a shady spot, and again indulged in a long harangue. Accompanied by Motio, I went to them, and said that our patience had become exhausted; that my men and myself were actuated by the kindest impulses towards the Wamsara, but that unless food was at once brought, and the market opened, we should be forced to take strong measures to supply ourselves with the necessaries for existence. While I was speaking, Lieutenant von Höhnel was making his noon observation; and I took pains to explain to the people that Lieutenant von Höhnel was a very great medicine-man; that he was then engaged in making a medicine which would frustrate any evil intentions which the Wamsara might have formed in regard to their treatment of us, and that at the same time it would imbue my caravan with such enormous strength that we should be absolutely irresistible. I told them to think over the matter, and come to a quick decision to bring food and open market.

They received these words with incredulity; so after reiterating my statement I returned to camp; whereupon

the natives rose in a body, grasped their arms, and indulged in a war-dance. Motio explained that it was useless to expect any good behaviour from the Wamsara; and added that his advice was for us to return at once to the desert, and endeavour to find some other road back to our camp at Hameye.

The shortest route to Hameye lay across the Jombeni range, and Motio assured us that our march across this range in our present condition would consume at least three days. He added that, as the mountains were densely populated, it would be absolutely impossible to push across them with our small force, should the natives prove hostile, and that they would so prove he declared himself fully convinced.

Up to the time of our arrival at Wamsara the behaviour of Motio was all we could desire, hence we were loath to suspect him of treachery; but the fact that he did not warn us of the possibility of a hostile reception at the hands of the people on the mountains forced us to think that whatever were his intentions, his judgment, at least, was not the best in the world. Our first duty was to our caravan and ourselves; so Lieutenant von Höhnel and I both came to the conclusion that but one road was open to us, and that it led across the mountains, and through the territory of the Wamsara. With the caravan in its then weakened state, it would be impossible to make a long detour in the desert, and trust to our rifles alone for our supply of food. We weighed the matter carefully, and went to rest that night with our minds fully made up.

At two o'clock in the morning I had my men awakened, and all preparations were silently made for

our departure. I served out twenty rounds of ammunition to each of the porters, and provided each of the Soudanese and Somali with fifty. This well-nigh exhausted the store of cartridges we had taken with us. Owing to the amount of shooting I had done while on this journey, I had at that time but fifty-five rounds left

TYPE OF LANDSCAPE

for my Winchester, and Lieutenant von Höhnel had sixty-four left for his Mannlicher. After serving out the ammunition to the men, we discovered that we had 300 rounds as a reserve supply in case of emergencies.

It was a bright moonlight night, and strict watch was kept, lest the natives should attack us; for Motio had told us that the Zanzibari caravan, which had been

destroyed by the Wamsara a few years before, had been attacked in the night; but no sign of natives could be seen. The Somali spent the night in prayer and singing of religious songs, as is their custom upon the eve of a dangerous enterprise.

By five o'clock in the morning all was ready in camp, and we started on the march which we hoped would lead to food, but feared would in all probability be attended with many difficulties and no little danger. My men, to stay the pangs of hunger, one and all tightened their belts around their bodies. Lieutenant von Höhnel and I fortified ourselves with a cup of coffee, and placed in our pockets a few handfuls of corn. These handfuls of corn were the only food in the caravan.

Our order of marching was as follows: I was in the front accompanied by five Soudanese, Karscho my gun-bearer, my tent-boy Baraka, and Motio our guide. To guard against treachery on the part of Motio, he was securely bound about the waist with a rope, the end of which was held by a stalwart porter, who bore in his other hand a small American flag. Behind the little advance guard came half of the able-bodied porters, bearing on their heads loads of trading-goods and trophies of the chase. Following these porters (some eighteen in number) came the sick; two were carried in hammocks, and one rode a donkey. Then came the donkeys which had been used to carry our food while it lasted. Their empty panniers rattled against their sides, and gave noisy but unassailable evidence of the desperate straits to which we were then reduced for supplies. Following the donkeys

came the remainder of the porters. The rear of the caravan was brought up by Lieutenant von Höhnel, his tent-boys, five Soudanese, the remainder of the Somali, and Hamidi, the headman of the porters.

Through the forest there lay a well-beaten path, and the rays of the setting moon enabled us to make our way over it without difficulty. Half an hour's march, and we began to enter the bordering plantations of the Wamsara. The path then became better. On both sides millet rose to the height of two feet, and the plantations were dotted here and there with what in the weird moonlight looked like watch-towers. Such they proved to be. The natives had raised wooden platforms to the height of fifteen feet, on which fires were burning, and around these fires we could just descry the forms of warriors. Our advance was made as silently as possible; but we had not entered the cultivated portion of the Wamsara territory a quarter of a mile, ere from tower to tower were exchanged fierce cries, and the brightening dawn enabled us to distinguish large bodies of natives hurrying on to some point in front of us.

Soon it was daybreak, and, as our approach had already become known to the natives, I gave the order for the tomtom to sound. The first rays of the rising sun illumined the stars and stripes carried at the head of my little force, as with flying colours and sounding tomtom we advanced briskly into a country which we felt convinced was inhabited by people in every way hostile to us.

When Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had ascended the hill near the camp which we had just left for the

purpose of getting information as to the contour of the territory of the Wamsara, we had noticed that the valley inhabited by these people was wider at its centre; hence our endeavour was to reach this portion of the country, if possible, ere we were attacked by the natives. At 6.30 we crossed a little stream, and by seven had halted upon a small knoll commanding a good view of the surrounding country, and intersected by many broad paths. Near us (in fact, not more than 200 yards distant) in several places were scattered groups of native huts. These appeared to be deserted by the male inhabitants, but were thronged with women and children, who eyed us curiously for a short time and then made off.

Upon reaching the knoll, I placed at its centre our sick, with the loads of trading-goods and donkeys, and with my men formed a circle around the stores. We had scarcely taken our position ere I noticed at one of the villages near by a man past middle age, who was clad somewhat more luxuriously than any of the Wamsara I had seen before. About his head was bound a wide strip of red cotton, and from his shoulders depended a cloak made from the skins of monkeys. Through Motio I entered into conversation with this man, but could learn nothing from him; so by a quick movement I succeeded in seizing and binding him. I then brought him to our little knoll, and explained to him that even then our intentions were purely friendly. We had waited long enough for the Wamsara to bring us food and open trade with us. Under the circumstances we felt justified in seizing food, but in order to prove our good inten-

tions I was willing to wait until the sun reached a certain point (which I indicated — about nine o'clock), to afford the Wamsara ample time in which to bring us food and open trade. Should they not avail themselves of this opportunity, but one course remained for us — to seize sufficient food to supply the immediate needs of our caravan at all hazards. If they wished to attack us, well and good; but let them first get our trading-goods by barter; then, if they considered themselves sufficiently strong, they could attack us and deprive us of all the food they had sold us.

The old man listened to my remarks with stolid countenance, and at their conclusion a shadowy smile lit up his features. Motio shook his head and said: "Master, there is no use in waiting any longer; the Wamsara will attack us in a moment." With these words he waved his hands to the surrounding hills, then black with warriors, and ringing with their savage shouts.

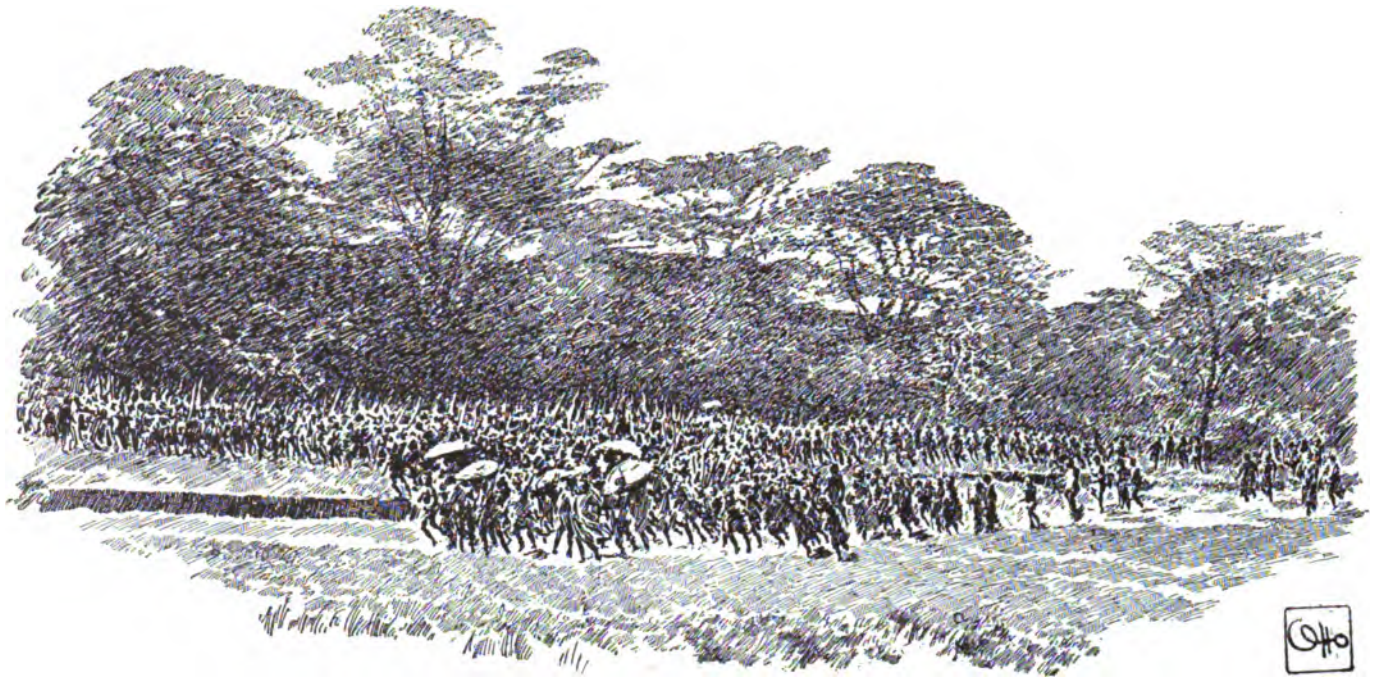
The eyes of my men were all centred upon me. They seemed to lose sight of the danger in which they were placed, as if their minds were imbued with but one idea — food. They murmured: "In these villages near at hand there is food in plenty; we must fight soon, but before fighting let us eat."

Some one has said that Scotchmen fight better when they are hungry; but my small experience has convinced me this is not the case with negroes.

The numbers of the natives upon the surrounding hills momentarily increased, and I felt the necessity of striking an immediate blow, before the courage of my

men should be dampened by the onrush of hordes of shouting savages. I made four divisions of my force: one consisted of Lieutenant von Höhnel and myself, the sick, and six able-bodied men — this party remained on the knoll; the other three parties I sent to the neighbouring villages with instructions to bring such food as they could find, sufficient for the day's needs. They cheerfully set out upon their errand, and in a few moments had driven a few head of cattle, some goats, and a few sheep to our knoll, and brought with them a few loads of beans and millet. They had scarcely reached the knoll, ere with loud shouts a body of warriors, at least 200 in number, sprang from the plantations where they had been in hiding, and dashed toward the knoll by a road. Advancing in column, they presented a front of but five or six men. I placed six men across this road to repel their attack, and when the attacking force had reached a point about 100 paces distant they received the first volley. The aim of this volley was bad, and had no deterring effect upon the advance of the savages. The command, "Aim lower!" was given, and when the second volley rang out, the advancing column was seen to waver. At the third and fourth volleys the natives in the front of the column scattered and broke; but those in the rear came pluckily on.

This was the opening of the ball. Soon we were engaged upon all sides, and for two hours our attention was directed to stemming the onrush of hundreds of natives. Upon seeing them weaken, we would charge the retreating column with a small force, and endeavour by excessive punishment to prevent their



A Charge of Wamsara

return. For the first hour of the engagement our fire seemed to daze the natives, and they would retreat to a point beyond range. They would there reassemble, and after being harangued by their chiefs would again charge us, only to be beaten back again.

We, however, did not get off scot free. There were many hand-to-hand combats between my men and the natives. Three of the porters were stretched upon the ground. By 11 A.M., when the natives left us in peace, we discovered that twelve more of our band were wounded, some so seriously as to be unable to walk, and all seemed to suffer acutely from pain. Two of my men had been shot through the leg by poisoned arrows, which throughout the combat had rained over our little knoll; but in most cases the aim was so bad, that the natives overshot their mark. Fortunately the poison placed upon the arrows with which my men were wounded had not been freshly applied, and did not dissolve in passing through the flesh. In each of these two cases the arrow-head passed through the leg, leaving the shaft transfixed; so we had to break off the feathers and pull out the arrow-stems. However, we then had but little time to devote to the treatment of the wounded, as we knew not when the natives would return in greater numbers, and resume the attack. So we gathered such supplies of food as we could, with the intention of continuing our march. By noon we had secured a number of goats and cattle, and cereals sufficient for eight days' rations for our men. At the start we had great difficulty in driving the cattle and goats — they were as wild as hawks; but I soon discovered, to

my great satisfaction, that the Somali and Soudanese appeared to be accustomed to the cattle-punching business, and were able to drive the wildest cow along with comparative ease.

Before setting out on the march I released the old native I had captured, and sent him to a large band of warriors I had noticed upon one of the surrounding hills, with the following message: "Tell your people that they have now learned the futility of harassing the white man and his caravan upon the march; that they must be convinced of our power and strength, and of the further fact, that our medicine was better than theirs. That we felt we had inflicted sufficient punishment upon them for their ill-treatment of us, and for the dastardly manner in which they had massacred the Zanzibari caravan some years before. That we were unwilling to destroy any more of their tribe; and, as we had already supplied ourselves with sufficient food for the journey, they could rest content that we would no longer remove even a single grain from their plantations, or one head of cattle from their kraals. That it was our intention to march peacefully through their territory, and so it would be wise for their warriors not to harass us upon the march. However, should they prove deaf to this warning, and repeat their attacks upon us, we would again make use of our mighty medicine, lay waste their country, and wipe the tribe of Wamsara off the face of the earth."

The old man was delighted to escape, and set off in the direction indicated. From subsequent events I doubt very much whether he delivered the message.

Our condition at the time of sending this message

could not have struck the casual observer as sufficiently satisfactory to warrant its confident tone. The caravan did not number sixty men, all told. Of this number twelve were wounded, and all but twelve of the able-bodied were heavily laden. Moreover, we were hampered with the flocks and herds we had captured.

From the little knoll on which we had taken our stand Motio had pointed out to us, winding up the side of the range and passing near the summit of the highest peak, the road over which our route must lie. This path was bright red in colour, and was distinctly outlined by the verdure bordering thereon. Motio assured us that between our position and the peak the way was intersected by many deep ravines; and that shortly after leaving the knoll it would lie between masses of dense undergrowth, well suited for ambush and surprise.

There was no time to be lost, as the peak which was the limit of the Wamsara territory was more than ten miles distant, and noon had already passed. Beyond the peak lived the Embe; would they receive us in a friendly manner? It seemed unlikely, but Motio assured us such would be the case. However, our hopes were not high, as he had failed to give us the best information regarding the treatment we should receive at the hands of the Wamsara. To remain where we were was impossible. So, reflecting that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, we hardened our hearts; I gave the command to fall in, and our little force moved slowly toward the peak.

On both sides of our line of march great numbers of natives followed, at distances varying from 100 to 300

yards. Occasionally an arrow, discharged by some one in ambush near our flank, would whiz over our heads, or fall harmlessly on the path in front of us. Then again, stones as big as Dutch cheeses would come hurtling in our direction. These stones were discharged with great force, and with the slings with which they were thrown the natives were capable of sending them a distance of 100 yards. The arrows came with greater velocity, and had a flight of 150 yards.

The forces of the Wamsara appeared to be divided into three parts: first the old and middle-aged, who confined themselves exclusively to the use of the bow; then the young men, armed with spears, swords, and war-clubs; then lads of sixteen years and under, who employed themselves with slings. At one time and another during this day's fighting the Wamsara had from 2000 to 3000 men in the field sufficiently brave and active to have annihilated a force four times as great as mine, though armed with rifles; but their lack of organization and their ignorance of the first principles of warfare enabled us, as the event proved, to be more than a match for them.

Our progress was necessarily slow. Upon reaching the ravines in our path the caravan had to be halted, scouts sent across them to discover whether or not natives were lying beyond them in ambush, and then, having seized that point with toil and difficulty, our heavily hampered caravan was led across it. On several occasions the natives crept up in the bush to close quarters with us, and then made quick flank attacks. These attacks were made by small numbers, however, and we invariably managed to beat them off.

Had they attacked us in these places with large parties, we would have been unable to use our rifles to advantage, and undoubtedly should have been cut to pieces to a man. These attacks occurred only during the first two hours of our march. The Wamsara then appeared to change their tactics, and having convinced themselves of the direction in which our route lay, they took advantage of the formation of the country, and attempted to block our way by ambush and surprise at the ravines. In one of the ambushes I had a very narrow escape. The path ascended to a narrow gully, which crossed it at right angles, and beyond the gully the path changed direction and ran parallel with it. Before entering the opening in the neighbourhood of this gully, I halted the caravan. In company with Motio and two men I advanced to its edge, and examined the nature of the surface beyond, to ascertain the feasibility of crossing.

We had just reached the bank, when my attention was arrested by an old man standing alone on the other side of the gully, and waving a war-club while he shouted to us. Motio listened attentively to what he said, and translated it as follows: "The Wamsara recognize the might of the white man and his people. They wish for no more war. From now on the road will be free from attack. I am a friend of the white man and his people, and I tell him this. Let him have no more fear."

I instinctively distrusted the words of this prophet, and raised my rifle to my shoulder. Hardly had I done so when thud! thud! upon the hard path around me fell a dozen arrows, with such force that

after striking they remained fixed upright in the soil. I had just time to leap behind a neighbouring rock with my two men, when a volley of arrows struck close by us. Upon raising my head I distinguished about 100 men at work with their bows, discharging arrows with such rapidity as they could in my direction. At the same time, under cover of this thick fire, 200 warriors were approaching us as silently and rapidly as possible.

A few well-directed shots dispersed the bowmen, but the spearmen were almost upon us ere I could devote attention to them. They came on very pluckily, but were unable to resist the effects of my Winchester and Karscho's Mannlicher.

Throughout the marching, owing to the looseness of our formation caused by the attention we had to give the flocks, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I rarely caught sight of one another. His presence at the rear of the caravan was made known to me, however, by the familiar sound of his Mannlicher, which rang out every now and then, and convinced me that he, likewise, was very busy curbing the impetuosity of the natives in our rear. Throughout the engagement I found my Winchester most serviceable, but Lieutenant von Höhnel was convinced of the superiority of the Mannlicher. Its accuracy of fire, with its extremely long range, enabled him not only to disperse those parties immediately upon him, but also to break up bands of warriors forming at a distance of 500 yards, for the purpose of making concerted attack. Had it not been for him and his Mannlicher, I am convinced that this story would never have been written.

On one occasion he was able to save one of our men by a hair's breadth. Through some means this man had become separated from our column, when suddenly he appeared, running at full speed after us. Behind and close to him chased four natives with their gleaming spears almost in contact with his back. When he sighted the caravan, he pluckily stopped, dropped to a kneeling position, and fired at the nearest native; but he missed him. He at once sprang to his feet and away, but with only a few inches separating his back from the pursuer's spear. Lieutenant von Höhnel had just time to kill two of the enemy, whereupon the others abandoned the chase, ere the man's foot caught in some obstacle and he was thrown to the ground.

At four in the afternoon the peak appeared to be within easy reach, but between it and us stretched a ravine 100 feet in depth, the sides of which were very steep. Here the natives made a determined stand, and it was only by sharp fighting that we were able to force our way across. At six o'clock we had crossed the ravine, and camped in the shadow of the peak. There was no thorn with which to make a zeriba, and we were compelled temporarily to neglect the wounded, in order to construct a compound for our cattle, sheep, and goats. As Lieutenant von Höhnel with a small force was engaged in guarding the ravine over which we had just crossed, the duty of attending the wounded devolved upon me. My treatment, however unskilful, proved satisfactory; for, though many of the wounds took a long time to heal, none had fatal results.

An impression of the warlike nature of my men will be conveyed, when I state that all the wounds received

had been inflicted upon the rear. Only one Somali had been wounded from the front, and he had been literally covered with stabs from swords and spears, both in front and behind; but the Zanzibari, owing to their lack of nerve and their bad shooting, had been unable to face the enemy, and so received no wounds in front. Had it not been for the good shooting of the Soudanese and Somali and one or two of the Zanzibari, we should undoubtedly have been annihilated.

Shortly after dark Lieutenant von Höhnel and the men with him reached camp. Twenty of the goats were at once slaughtered, and milk from the cows filled every available vessel in camp; so that night my men revelled in plenty. The cold was intense, but the negroes heeded it not; all night long the camp rang with laughter and song. They ate, and ate, and ate until the hour of dawn. Throughout the entire day Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had had no food but the few handfuls of parched corn we took with us. Fortunately we carried two boxes of cola tabloids, a small number of which proved sufficient to sustain us throughout the long day of fatigue and anxiety. We also found them of greatest use in keeping up the spirits and fortitude of the wounded. Owing to the wakefulness of our men that night, we were not attacked by the natives; and at six o'clock in the morning, Friday, January 27, we were again under way.

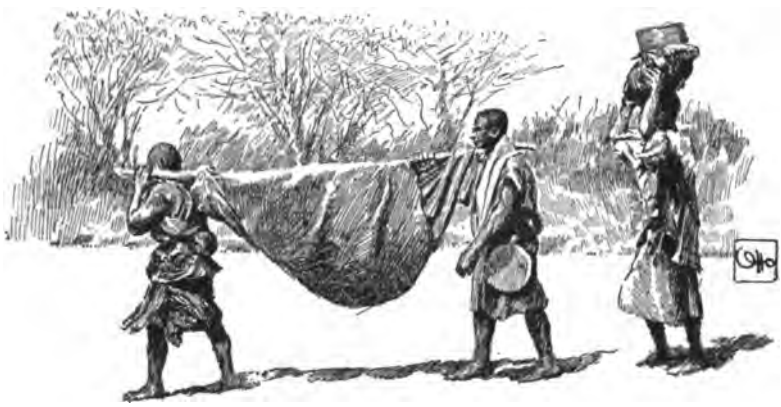
Motio told us that we had reached the country of the Embe, where we hoped to find a peaceful reception and friendly treatment. Before setting out on the march we served out the remaining ammunition, and

I found, much to my disgust, that the porters were reduced to six cartridges per man; that the Soudanese and Somali had but twenty rounds each; while Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had, respectively, twenty-five and seventeen. With such a small supply of ammunition on hand, it can well be imagined that we did not look forward with confidence to the issue of any attack by the natives.

The road led us under the peak, and in many places was cut by deep ravines and small streams. After two hours' marching we crossed one of these ravines, and on the opposite side were met by a large band of Embe. They greeted us with smiling faces, and had tufts of grass and small branches tucked in their greasy locks as signs of peace. We gladly accepted their overtures, clapped them heartily upon the back, and cheerfully followed them as they preceded us upon the road. In crossing the ravine the donkeys and cattle caused some delay, and upon reaching an open space I halted the caravan, in order to give Lieutenant von Höhnel and the rear-guard an opportunity to close up.

Motio was still bound and guarded by our standard-bearer. His behaviour throughout the preceding day had been gallant in the extreme. He exhibited no sign of fear, and when the battle raged hottest, shouted defiantly to the Wamsara, and clapped his hands with savage glee upon seeing them beaten off. After the first few hours of sharp fighting he could not understand our moderation at taking only what we needed; but eagerly urged upon us the advantage of marching behind a small hill on our right, where, he said, the country teemed with flocks and herds. He said the

small number we had taken was not nearly enough even to reward him for his services, and that people like ourselves should not be satisfied with anything less than all we could possibly take. Upon entering the territory of the Embe, he had asked to be released from his bonds. I told him this would be very dangerous for him, as his home was some distance over the Embe country, and should we be forced to fight the Embe, they would take revenge upon him after our



MODE OF CARRYING THE SICK

departure; but that, as they could see he was our prisoner, bound, and unable to make his escape from us, he would be absolved from our actions. This struck him as an excellent argument, and throughout our stay with the Embe (a period of five days) he never unfastened the rope from his body, but walked about camp with the end trailing on the ground, seemingly proud of his appendage, and looking for all the world like one of his arboreal ancestors.

Upon reaching an open glade, we had a palaver with the Embe and assured them of our peaceful intentions.

I told them that the fame of their good actions and sterling worth had reached us in far-distant Europe, and that it was my hope that throughout my stay among them they would treat me in such a manner that I should be able to take to the white people whom I represented a favourable account of them; whereupon, trade would be opened with them, and they would grow opulent, and amass great flocks and herds. They listened to my words with evident pleasure, and seemed only too anxious to assist me on my way; but they did not appear overjoyed at the news that I intended to remain a few days in their country.

This, however, was absolutely necessary. Even the short distance we had marched this day had been most painful to the wounded, and they had continually cried to me in a most pitiable manner on the march, either to stop, or go on and leave them behind. Either course was not to be considered: I could not camp in the neighbourhood of the Wamsara, and I knew that, as soon as I reached the heart of the Embe country, I should be forced to remain until my wounded could recover strength.

By ten o'clock Lieutenant von Höhnel had caught up with the caravan, and we again set out. From this point the road was downhill. We had crossed the saddle of the range, and had an easy descent to the Mackenzie River, where we expected to find our old camp. At noon I crossed a fair-sized stream, and halted to give the men and cattle time to drink, as Motio assured me it would be four hours before we reached other water. This done, we again took up the march, which lay across what might almost be

termed a plain. It was the eastern slope of the Jombeni range, which is very gradual. High to our right and left towered green hills, dotted with men, goats, and cattle. Here and there beside the path grew clumps of deciduous trees covered with flowers. It seemed to be a country in every way suitable for Europeans.

The Embe who accompanied us had most cheerfully assisted us upon the march; but had appeared, to me at least, somewhat nervous, whenever we made the slightest halt. If I stopped for a moment, to enable the caravan to close up, they danced with impatience, and beckoned me to hurry on. I soon discovered the cause of their anxiety. We had just finished watering our cattle at the stream, when from a high hill on our right (one of the northern spurs of the peak) came a wild cry. Looking up, I saw 300 warriors, decked in their most terrifying war costume, dashing fiercely down the hill toward us. Motio shouted to me: "They are Wamsara! Kill them! Kill them!" The elders of the Embe clung to me, and urged me not to fire. I had no intention of shedding blood in this country, but the case seemed difficult to meet without such action.

I drew my men up in a circle, in the centre of which I placed my cattle; and then I ran back to Lieutenant von Höhnel, who was accompanied by only two men. With me went Motio and six of the elders of the Embe. Through Motio I explained to them that unless they checked the charge of these warriors, I should be compelled to open fire; and told them that I was as anxious as they to avoid all trouble in

a friendly territory. I had just reached Lieutenant von Höhnel (the warriors in the meantime having advanced rapidly), when the Embe elders shouted to them to halt. The young men listened to them, and stopped at a point about 150 yards distant from where we stood, panting with excitement, and their eyes flashing fire.

I was glad to hear the old men insist that we were the friends of the Embe, and that they would not permit the Wamsara to attack us in their territory. At the end of the harangue of these elders, the warriors suddenly wheeled to the right and started off, not back toward their own country, but in a direction parallel to the route which we were to pursue. Motio said that we had missed an opportunity, and that these men would now attack us at night, when we would not be half so able to cope with them as in an open, during daylight.

By four in the afternoon we reached a small native compound formed of a low, wattle fence, in which we gladly made our camp, tired out with the events of the past two days. About us the country was open, so that we could guard against attack, and we were told that water was not far distant; so the place seemed as suitable as any for the stay we intended making in the Embe territory. Hundreds of natives gathered about our camp and eyed us curiously. In contrast with their number our party looked pitiably small. We counted on the moral effect of our victory over the Wamsara to deter the Embe from attacking us; and we also hoped to arouse their mercantile instincts by a display of our trading-goods.

After reaching camp I took thirty armed men, and went in search of firewood and water. Water we found within half a mile, but the firewood we were able to secure was of a most miserable quality; and as throughout the night the temperature was but 53° F., we suffered very much from lack of good fires. In the early morning we awoke, eager to ascertain whether the feelings of the Embe, as evinced on the previous day, had undergone a change during the night.

The little compound in which we pitched our camp had formerly contained goats. As it was not particularly strong or in good repair, we set most of our men at work building it up, and making it strong in appearance, at least. The spot where we were camped was beautiful; it was at the end of a small valley hemmed in by gently sloping hills covered with velvety green turf. Behind our camp were thick growths of banana trees, and small patches given up to the cultivation of manioc, cassava, and yams.

At eight o'clock two of the elders, who said they were the proprietors of our camp, appeared and brought with them a large gourd containing delicious honey, also some sugar-cane and a bushel of millet. The cane of the sugar grown there is not of good size, and has a very poor flavour; the honey, however, of the consistency of dough, was delicious. It was nearly white in colour, and possessed a fine flavour. We loaded our visitors with presents, after receiving which they told us that the Embe wished to make blood-brothers with us. This ceremony is termed by these people "muma." We told them we were quite ready when

they were. They said the ceremony would take place the following day.

We slept comfortably that night. Shortly after rising the following morning some elders appeared, and told us they were ready to arrange the preliminaries of the blood-brotherhood; so I went with Motio to confer with them. I found about 100 of them gathered in a circle, at the edge of which I placed my chair. Silence ensued. Presently an old man with a long stick in his hands arose, and in loud and boisterous tones harangued for about ten minutes. The burden of his speech was: "Why have you, the Lashomba (traders), taken cattle from our brothers the Wamsara? Why have you killed their young men?"

I told Motio to translate my reply into the most vigorous language he could command: "We fought the Wamsara because they fought us; they fought us because they are bad people. You, the Embe, know they are bad. Who, two years ago, slew an entire caravan of Lashomba and took all their goods and ivory? Who, but the Wamsara? The punishment we inflicted upon them in some measure avenged their murder of the traders. I hoped they would profit by the lesson, and in future meet all traders, whether black or white, in a friendly manner. We, as are all traders, are friends of the Embe; but between us and the Wamsara there could be no peace until they made restitution for the Lashomba they slew, and the cattle and ivory they stole from them."

This reply seemed to make a great impression upon them, and "True! True!" was heard on all sides. After some further talk of a much more friendly and

peaceable strain, the elders agreed to sell food, after muma had been made. They then went away.

At 11 A.M. I attended another palaver. This time I found nearly 400 natives assembled, mostly warriors and old men. They were seated in a circle, on the edge of which Lieutenant von Höhnel and I placed our chairs. We were accompanied by Motio, a Masai interpreter, and three Somali. After a preliminary conference I learned that this was not to be the muma; but that, ere the blood-brotherhood could be made, a preliminary ceremony had to be performed for the purpose of convincing the Embe of our good intentions, and to clean the road over which our feet had passed. They said we had entered their country prior to making a treaty with them, and in consequence each footstep we had taken from the line between their territory and that of the Wamsara might, for all they knew, have some dire effect upon their crops. They said, however, that their suspicions would be allayed, should a male sheep be slaughtered, and portions of its body strewn over the path by which we had come. This was soon done, and the old men went gayly away, promising to return in the afternoon of that day, and perform the impressive and imposing ceremony of blood-brotherhood.

It is politic to conform, as far as possible, to the native customs, at least until the natives are fully convinced of one's good intentions. They place no value whatever upon promises; but all I have met in East Africa seem to attach great importance to any agreement, which they bind either by the killing of a goat or sheep, or by drinking milk, exchanging

blood, or some one of their many other customs. I have never found that the natives construed in any but a favourable manner the white man's willingness to adopt their customs in ratifying an oath; and although it is annoying, and often a great waste of time, to submit to the tedious and often disgusting ceremonies connected with the making of blood-brotherhood and the ratification of oaths, still, one's time cannot be said to be wholly wasted, for there is no better opportunity of learning native customs and studying native character than at these ceremonies.

At 4 P.M. word was brought to us that the natives wished to go through the ceremony of binding us together forever in the ties of blood-brotherhood. This time we found about 600 warriors and old men assembled; but when we noticed that one and all of them had come armed, we were disagreeably affected by the sight. For the gathering more resembled a hostile demonstration than one for the ratification of a treaty of unending peace.

On this occasion a young male goat was sacrificed. Some elders, who seemed to be impressed with a sense of their importance, together with Lieutenant von Höhnel and I, seized and held on to the hind legs of the goat, and its head was pointed carefully in the direction of the highest peak of the range. While the sacrifice was going on, the two elders, Lieutenant von Höhnel, and I gave vent in the most solemn manner to the direst curses and most vindictive threats, which, however, were to take effect only in the event of treachery on the part of the other high contracting party to this treaty. This portion

of the ceremony concluded, a bit of the goat was roasted over a quickly improvised fire, and the contracting parties partook of this flesh.

The fact that during the sacrifice the head of the beast was pointed with such accuracy toward the highest peak was significant. I noticed that throughout East Africa the natives seemed to attach a certain religious sanctity and importance to anything of extraordinary size. In the island of Zanzibar, where the hills are low, the natives reverence the baobab tree, which is the largest growing upon the island, and they consider it haunted by genii and devils. In all portions of the country where hills are not found, they worship some great stone or tall tree. The natives in the neighbourhood of Kilimanjiro call the mountain "God's Home," and direct their prayers to the deity they suppose to occupy its snow-clad peak. The Kikuyu, who inhabit the slopes of Mount Kenya, have the same reverence for their mountain. We found that the Embe, although from the topmost range of the Jombeni Mountains Kenya was visible, preferred to attach importance to their local peak, rather than the great mountain which almost overshadowed it.

Both the Wamsara and the Embe, if one may judge from their appearance, rarely indulge in baths. In place of ablutions with water, which there is plentiful, they anoint their skins with as much castor oil or other grease as they can obtain and smear upon themselves. The hides with which they are clothed are continued in unremitting active service for many years, and in consequence the odour arising

from them is not pleasing. Bearing this in mind, it can easily be imagined that both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I hastened through the process of blood-brotherhood with all despatch, and it was with a feeling of absolute relief that we returned toward camp. Even there we were not destined to breathe the pure air a long time, for the hedge was soon surrounded by hundreds of peering natives, who successfully warded off the evening breeze. To add to this, our new-found brothers insisted upon entering our compound, and even endeavoured to seat themselves upon our beds. Needless to say, from this they were gently but firmly dissuaded. Their talk was now of trade, and they were full of promises to supply the wants of the entire caravan in order to prove their friendship for us. We showed them our trading-goods, and willingly entered into the spirit of the game; knowing that, as soon as we had established trade relations with these people, there would be no danger of hostility from them. It was sunset ere the camp was at length free from these disagreeable visitors.

The natives of these mountains are very fond of chewing the leaves and tender shoots of a tree here called "Miraa." This tree is similar to one found in Arabia and Abyssinia, which has already been described by botanists, and is called in Arabic, "Kaht." The Arabs, Abyssinians, and Somali resident at Aden chew only the green leaves of this tree; but the natives of the Jombeni range carefully strip the leaves from the twig, and then chew only the green bark. The juice of this plant is highly stimulating to the nervous

system, and, among other effects, it seems to produce excessive activity of the brain. By constant chewing of this bark one may go several days without sleep, and yet feel no great ill effects, as the reaction does not appear to be violent. The older men among the inhabitants of the Jombeni range are unable to carry on any business whatever without the spur derived from chewing this plant. They carry a small sheaf of the twigs in a bag, bound together, and covered with a strip of banana leaf, which, upon entering into conversation, they at once produce and begin to chew. I found that a very small quantity of the bark was sufficient to produce in me a considerable elevation of spirits, but some hours after eating it I perceived a distinct feeling of lassitude. The young men among the natives are not allowed to eat it, the reason assigned for this restriction being that if the young men were allowed freely to indulge in this plant, they would be apt to remain awake at night, and be tempted, under cover of the darkness, to gratify desires which the light of day forces them to curb.

The Embe are not nearly so fine looking as the Wamsara. I account for this by the fact that among the Wamsara are settled many Masai. The cross seems to have added greatly to the vigour of the tribe, as well as to have much improved their appearance. Then, too, the Wamsara are nearer the plain. It may be stated as a law in that portion of Africa which I have visited, that the inhabitants of the plains are better looking and have finer physical development than the natives living on the peaks or mountain tops. The Wamsara possess larger herds than

the Embe; but, on the other hand, the Embe are by far the more industrious cultivators. Although these tribes may be said to be quite distinct from each other, still the friendliest relations are maintained between them. Trading is carried on daily at a point near the frontier. The Embe bring the products of their plantations and exchange them for meat and skins produced by the flocks of the Wamsara. These, a few years before, possessed many hundred head of cattle; but we found at the time of our visit that their flocks had been largely reduced by some plague (I suppose pleuro-pneumonia), and they were then forced to undertake a little agriculture.

We heard that a tribe called Daitcho inhabited the eastern slopes of the range lying between the Embe country and the plain where the Mackenzie River winds its way. These people are said to be on excellent terms with traders, and were visited several times a year by parties of Arabs and Zanzibari, who journeyed to them in search of ivory.

On the following day the market was not nearly so brisk as we had hoped would be the result of the blood-brotherhood, but sufficient food was brought to enable my men to revel in a quantity of fresh vegetables.

Our little herd of cattle and goats, together with our donkeys, were pastured in a valley adjoining our camp, and as a precaution we had it guarded by thirty of our best men. When these men left camp, it appeared almost deserted; for the wounded were concealed in their tents, and the few people remaining presented a ridiculous contrast, as regards number,

with the hundreds of peering natives who hovered about the compound.

Upon awakening the following morning, the Soudanese, who had been on watch the night before, brought to us six freshly poisoned arrows, which they said had been discharged at the camp during the night. We sent word to our blood-brothers to come to us, ostensibly for a pleasant conversation, but in reality to question them about the arrows, and to ask why there was no more trade stirring. Towards afternoon they came. After presenting them with a goodly gift, we remonstrated with them on the score of their deficiencies, and when the climax of our complaints was reached we produced the arrows. Upon seeing them, our blood-brothers exchanged glances one with the other, and seemed loath to speak. Upon being questioned by Motio, they said that doubtless the arrows had been left in our camp the day before by some careless warrior; and they absolutely refused to admit the possibility of any of their tribe having discharged them with ill-intent toward their newly made brothers. We told them this explanation was quite satisfactory; but should we find any more arrows in the neighbourhood of our camp, we should be forced to construe the same into an evidence of hostility, and take necessary measures to prevent its recurrence.

They went away full of promises of an increased market and protestations of warmest friendship. That night Motio came to us and told us that the blood-brotherhood we had made with such pains and patience was purely local in scope, and established

friendly relations with only the people in the valley in which we were encamped. He said that he had learned during the day that the inhabitants of the hills, and in fact nearly all the members of the Embe tribe, regarded us with anything but friendly eyes, and since our earliest arrival, had been busy with preparations to gather a sufficient force from the Wamsara and neighbouring tribes to fall upon and annihilate us. His advice was to get out of the country at once; in fact, he thought matters so serious that we should leave that night. But the state of our wounded rendered this impossible; moreover, we had expected to buy many donkeys, for we had seen large numbers of these animals during our march through the Embe country.

The next day not a native visited our camp until late in the evening. All about the surrounding hills, however, cries were heard, which Motio assured us boded no good. Towards sundown, about twelve old men, including in their number those elders with whom we had entered into blood-brotherhood, approached camp, leading a female donkey and a ewe. Upon seeing them, Motio told us that, judging from the sounds heard during the day, a large gathering must have taken place just behind one of the neighbouring hills. The old men entered the camp with many protestations of friendship, and presented us with a pot of honey, which emitted so vile an odour that we at once suspected poison, and so hid it in our tent.

These wily old savages possessed an astonishing amount of diplomacy; their faces were wreathed in oily smiles, and they passed among my men endeav-

ouring by gestures and pleasant looks to inspire them with the feeling that they were their best friends. After they had visited with curiosity every portion of our camp they returned to our tent; whereupon, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I, bent on showing them what hospitality we could, offered them some of the honey they had just brought. They declined in their politest manner to partake of it, and said it was not their custom in any way to decrease the value of a gift which they had made to their friends. I cannot say this action on their part inspired us with greater faith in them. They then expressed a desire that we should keep in our camp during the night the female sheep and donkey they had brought with them, offering no explanation for their odd request. They also endeavoured to procure a fez from one of my Soudanese. We failed to understand their purpose in making such a request, until two of our Masai interpreters came to us in an excited manner, saying that this which the Embe wished us to do would absolutely deprive our caravan of all the fighting power it possessed. They said that should one of the attacking party wear upon his head a hat worn by one of our men, they would at once become imbued with all the courage of our party. Further, that if for one night they should leave in our camp two female animals, over which they had doubtless spoken many words of magic import, these animals upon being removed from the camp in the morning would draw with them the vigour and courage of my men.

I was then struck by the marked similarity between my own followers and the savages with whom we were

dealing. What little intelligence my men seemed to possess, and what skill they had acquired from contact with Arabs and Europeans, had not in any way removed them from the mental condition of the most primitive native. They were equally superstitious. At the same time it occurred to me, that if my men really possessed these superstitious ideas, and were convinced of the power worked by the medicine-man of these people, if we should treat the matter lightly, and permit these elders to do as they wished, our men might actually lose courage; so we politely but

PORTERS ON THE MARCH

firmly refused to entertain the request of the savages. But in order to conceal from them our plans, we assured them that we were in every way delighted with the Embe, and that it was our intention to remain with them for many days, in the hope of convincing them of our friendliness, and of profiting not only by their wise counsels, but also in the way of trade.

Upon learning our professed determination to spend some days in their country, the faces of the old men took on a most pleased expression. This satisfied us that, whatever their purpose, they were not prepared at that time to carry it to execution.

As the sun set, our minds were filled with foreboding; would the natives attack us that night? The moon was just at the full. Should the natives prove treacherous, we felt confident, even with our small supply of ammunition, that we should be able to hold our own as long as the ammunition lasted. But, bearing in mind the small quantity of ammunition we then had, the number of wounded, and the inexperience of the majority of our force, we did not look forward with high hopes to the outcome of such a conflict.

All that night Lieutenant von Höhnel and I took watch by turns, each watch lasting two hours. While on watch I sat near the gate of our zeriba in a chair. Before me stretched a little valley, gleaming in the moonlight, and surrounded on all sides by hills. In the immediate neighbourhood of the camp all was still, save for the tramp of the night-watch outside the zeriba, and the occasional groan of a wounded man in his tent; but from behind the hills which surrounded us, every moment there rang out loud cries, as if the whole country was up in arms, and engaged in fiercest conflict.

Motio showed no inclination to sleep, and I whiled away the weary hours of my watch in conversation with him. He did not think the natives would attack that night, but he said: "There is no doubt about it; they are getting ready, and in a day or two they will be upon us. The cries heard echoing from hill to hill can be explained in but one way: there are many strangers, young men, warriors, now gathered together, and encamped in the immediate neighbourhood of our zeriba. These men, attracted by the

promise of profitable attack upon your caravan, have brought with them but few supplies; and in order to satisfy their hunger they are robbing the plantations in the neighbourhood. The cries are made by the owners of the plantations, shouting from one to the other to keep watch against the thieves."

I asked Motio if he wished to remain with his people. He said, no; he liked it much better with us. With us he had no work, and with the exception of the time spent on the desert he was well fed. And then he said that I was a great medicine-man and could, if I willed it, cure him of his disease. He said he was not afraid to return to his people; he was perfectly confident that, if I left him there, I would give him medicine to thwart all their evil designs against him.

We had really become fond of this man. His confidence in us was so great, and his willingness to perform any service we might require of him was so remarkable, that we came to look upon him almost as a friend, and lost sight of the fact that the poor creature was suffering from some disagreeable complaint. We decided that, should we not be attacked during the night (in which case our plans would very much depend upon the outcome of the struggle), we should set out at early dawn, and endeavour to escape from the neighbourhood of a people bent upon our destruction.

At 4.30 the camp was aroused, and all preparations made for departure. Shortly after five a thick mist, like a pall, settled down upon the valley, and effectually screened us from prying eyes; so that our prep-

arations were all made in secret. At six o'clock the caravan was drawn up in the usual order, and I endeavoured to inspire my men with a few words, telling them that, though doubtless we should meet with some difficulty in getting out of the country, nevertheless they might rest assured that my efforts would meet with success, and not one of them be injured. While I was addressing them, all eyed me eagerly, and, when I had concluded, one of the porters (Mdahoma) grinned light-heartedly, and said: "We are not afraid of the Washenzie (savages). Have we not seen master make a fog, so that we could get out of the country in safety; and haven't we seen him during the past night walking up and down in the camp making medicine against the Embe people? Why should we be afraid? Haya watu; songo mbele!" (Onward, men; push to the front!)

He spoke these words in a low tone, but they were heard by every member of the caravan and produced at least one marked effect: no man wished to be the last out of the camp. We had just left the zeriba, and were about to plunge into the banana plantations, when the fog lifted. A solitary native spied us, and raised a mighty shout, to warn his brothers of our departure. Soon from hill to hill echoed cries, among which we could distinguish the words: "Lashomba are going! Warriors, run to the *boma*."

I asked Motio what "boma" meant; and he informed me that it was a word used throughout East Africa to signify a zeriba or camp. He said that between us and the desert we so longed to reach

there was a strong camp, always inhabited by a band of warriors, which was used as an outpost to prevent attacks from the plains; and that we doubtless should receive some opposition at that point, as it lay directly in our path.

Our route lay between banana plantations, and along a narrow road overhung with the branches of trees. Fifty determined boys could have cut our caravan to pieces at that point without difficulty, for there was no room to use our rifles, and the number of beasts we had rendered our formation anything but regular. We were almost persuaded to leave behind us the profits of our victory over the Wamsara; but we realized that the effect of such action would have been entirely to obliterate the good accomplished by our victory. It would have had the moral effect of a victory for them, and the next European who visited the Jombeni range would meet with a warm reception.

At intervals along our route we came to an open bit of pasture land, where the caravan was halted and brought up into as regular formation as was possible under the circumstances. The experience gained by my porters in the few days immediately preceding, added to the wholesome fear they had of the natives, made them march up briskly and keep well together.

We had marched for two hours, and I began to think that the boma of which Motio had spoken was a myth, when I saw a large number of older men and boys gathered in front of us. I told Motio to wish them a hearty farewell, to tell them that we should return very soon to their country, and also that

I had had a dream during the night that some of the Embe people were inspired with treacherous ideas; so that I was afraid that the blood-brotherhood just made would be broken by some of their people; in which case they knew what would result. Then I advised them to run and tell the young men the folly of attacking us. The eyes of these people rested upon Motio while he was speaking; but as soon as he ceased, they fixed their eyes upon the cattle and flocks. These were the coveted prize. Had they taken them, not one would have reached the Wamsara. A woman is quoted in the East African market at only five goats (in the Embe country), and the value of a cow is equivalent, in the minds of these people, to the lives of ten men.

On we pressed, and soon came in sight of the boma of which Motio had spoken. It was deserted by all but a few old men, and we hoped our warning had proved effectual. Not so, however. Just as we had passed the boma, and entered a path, somewhat wider, it is true, than the one along which we had just passed, but edged on both sides with a hedge which made ambush easy, one of my men behind me shouted: "Washenzie" (savages), and pointed to the hedge on our left. Through the thick branches I could distinguish a large number of painted warriors, peering with fierce eyes over the rims of their many-coloured shields. In a moment a number of large stones and arrows flew over our heads. Crack! went our rifles, and the natives broke and fled. Not fifty yards beyond where we had seen these warriors, we were met by a small body of determined young men, charging down the path toward

us. After a short but sharp conflict they were dispersed. The air was filled with the sound of whizzing arrows and branches crackling, as they were broken by the hurtling stones. However, the aim of the natives was not accurate, and no one of our band was hit.

Just before nine o'clock we emerged from the bush, and saw stretched at our feet the plain, across which we could faintly discern the dark-green line showing the course of the Mackenzie. As we entered upon this open plain, we gave vent to three hearty cheers. In the open country we felt capable of dealing with any number of savages. From the frontier of the Embe country we could see a small cone near our last camp on the Mackenzie River; so without delay we headed in that direction.

The grass on the eastern slopes of the Jombeni range grows to a great height, and we had the utmost difficulty in forcing our way through it. Moreover, the sides of the mountain were cut up with innumerable deep and dried watercourses, which so hindered our march that it was 5 P.M. (eleven hours) from the time we left our camp until we reached our old zeriba. We were completely worn out, and went to sleep without so much as setting a night-watch.

We knew that we had sufficient grain to last us throughout the march to Hameye, but not sufficient to permit us to spend much time on the march; so we set out on the next day.

Our march back to Hameye was uneventful. We succeeded in killing some zebra and antelope, which proved a welcome addition to our diet. Upon reaching the mouth of the Mackenzie, we found a large party

of Pokomo, which had left Hameye for the purpose of hippopotamus-hunting. As these people possess no flocks or herds, they are passionately fond of meat, and make occasional excursions into the interior for the purpose of gratifying their appetite for flesh.

The Pokomo gave a gloomy account of the state of affairs at our zeriba at Hameye. From what they said, we gathered that everybody, with the exception of George and a few men, had either died or deserted, and that all the cattle, camels, and donkeys we had left behind had disappeared. We were not absolutely cast down by this statement, for we had learned that the natives in giving accounts of the affairs of others were wont to dwell at great length upon the gloomy side of the picture.

At 4 P.M. on the 10th of February we caught a glimpse of the Stars and Stripes proudly waving in the breeze over our camp at Hameye. We welcomed this pleasant sight with a salute of sixty rifles from my men. Directly, with joyful shouts, the porters who had remained in camp at Hameye rushed forth to greet their companions, whom they had given up for lost. Their appearance was sleek, and in marked contrast with that of the men who had accompanied me. Soon George appeared, looking pale but fat, and it was with the pleasantest feelings that we grasped hands.

"What is the news, George?" I asked.

"Pretty good, sir," was the reply; "all the oxen are dead, only three cattle are left, and five camels, and the donkeys are dying fast."

One would scarcely term this "good news," but it was not sufficiently bad to dampen the pleasure of again reaching Hameye.

CHAPTER VI

DURING our absence up-country, the men we had sent to the coast had returned. They had captured two runaways and brought with them two Gallas, one to take our letters back to the coast, and the other to accompany us as interpreter, should we meet with Galla farther up-country.

These men reported that they had seen a large expedition at our camp in Mkonumbi, in charge of Captain Villiers, of the Guards, and two other officers. They said they had seen 200 Somali and 150 Abyssinians, and that preparations were being made for an expedition on a gigantic scale. We rejoiced that we had 200 miles' start of this expedition; for although Africa is a large place, there never seems to be room for two expeditions to work in the same part of it. It happened, however, that this expedition under Captain Villiers met with a variety of mishaps, and was prevented from ever getting more than six days' march from the coast.

During our absence from Hameye George had employed the men in improving the zeriba and cultivating a twenty-acre plantation of corn and millet. The grain was not then ripe, but we knew it would prove a boon to our friends the Pokomo. The reduction of the number of our camels to five was a serious loss;

and this, together with the loss of our load-bearing oxen and the sickness prevalent among the donkeys, reduced our means of transport in a marked degree.

The appearance of the country about Hameye had seemed to us in every way adapted for the pasturing of cattle and beasts of all sorts; but evidently such is not the case. George reported that soon after our departure the animals had done anything but well. Whether they had been bitten by flies, or made sick by drinking the waters of the Tana, will never be

LOADING CAMELS
Pile of ammunition in the foreground

known; but I think it is probable that the cattle and donkeys died from fly-bite. The camels doubtless ate some plant poisonous to them. The Somali have often told me that in their country they are particularly careful to see that the camels eat nothing but dry grass.

After reaching Hameye I distributed among the men who had followed me to Lorian many presents; and allowed each of them, instead of the regular ration, as much as they could eat: they were also given a complete holiday from all work. Under these

conditions they picked up wonderfully, and a few days after our arrival it was difficult to distinguish between the men who had remained at Hameye and those who had undergone the hardships of the up-country trip.

Our feelings of disappointment at not having found the Rendile or a lake were not mitigated by the fact that ten valuable lives had been sacrificed in this effort at discovery. All but one of the men who had died or disappeared had been porters, and this meant a reduction in our facilities for transport, already much lessened by the death of the animals.

Upon reaching Hameye I was at once prostrated by sickness. I suffered continually from fever caused by congestion of the liver, and for two weeks was confined to my bed. Having discovered that between the Jombeni range and Hameye there was no food, I sent George and sixty men shortly after my arrival to make a food station six days' march along the road. After ten days he returned, and reported ten desertions. We hunted high and low for the deserters, and eventually succeeded in capturing six. When we questioned them as to the cause of their desertion, they replied that they had heard the country in front was bad and full of dangers, and they wished to return to the coast.

Of course the men who had been with us on the trip, in order to increase their prowess in the eyes of their brethren, had unstintingly exaggerated the trials and difficulties through which they had passed. This, after the life of ease to which the men who had remained behind at Hameye had grown accustomed, did

not inspire them with a desire to proceed further upon the journey.

The means of transport being so much reduced by these causes, I broke some of the cattle captured from the Wamsara, and soon found them trained to bear two light loads each. We reduced our stores as much as possible, as we were unable to carry all we had. We distributed as gifts among our men such of the goods as they could carry without reducing their capacity for burden-bearing. We destroyed our canvas boat, and gave to the Pokomo and the Galla in the neighbourhood many loads of wire and beads. But even then, in order not to weaken the effectiveness of our caravan by throwing away too much, we were forced to increase the weight of the loads to be carried by the porters. From Hameye we sent back to the coast our entomological collections to be forwarded home.

Before we left Hameye all but two of the camels died, and these two were very weak, bidding fair soon to follow their fellows. When the Pokomo had left for the coast, Sadi, who had been in charge of them, left behind a pariah bitch, which, during our absence at Lorian, gave birth to five puppies. We kept three of them — two bitches and a dog. Felix, the fox-terrier bought at Aden, was their sire. As will appear later, these puppies proved most useful to us. I think I am safe in saying that a cross between a fox-terrier and a native dog is best suited for almost all purposes in Africa. The touch of native blood enables them to withstand the heat without much difficulty, and they seem to inherit the qualities of determination and pluck from the fox-terrier cross.

By March 8 all was ready for departure, and at eight o'clock on the following morning we set out. Before starting, I warned my men against attempts at desertion. A few of them shouted, "Never fear; we will follow you," but the majority looked forward with no pleasure to the toils of load-carrying after their long rest at Hameye, and it was with foreboding that I beheld the looks of discontent upon most of

UNLOADING CAMELS
Showing mode of carrying Berthon boat

their faces, and heard a low murmur run through my caravan. My horse (Lieutenant von Höhnel's did not live even to reach Lorian) was so ill that he was unable to carry me; so I hobbled along at the head of my men, supported by a stick.

The sun was intensely hot, and as the porters from their long rest were unfit for the march, they sweated and groaned beneath the weight of their burdens. Shortly after noon I camped under some dhum palms near the river, and by 3.30 all the men were in camp,

with the exception of one runaway, who could not be found. George reported that the cattle went badly, and that about thirty of the men showed a disposition to throw down their burdens and bolt. It was a hard day, but I knew the next would be no easier. Here we left one of our camels, and threw away the loads it had carried. George worked untiringly at the loads, lessening some and increasing others. I knew that we should be able to start on the following day, but it remained with the men whether we should get our loads to camp or not.

That night, Hamidi, the headman of the porters, who had remained behind with George at Hameye, and who seemed somewhat jealous of the prowess of Mohamadi upon the Lorian journey, desiring to prove his efficiency, gave the men a long and almost eloquent address, in which he urged them not to run away and desert the expedition. At the close of his speech the camp rang with cheers and cries of "Eh wallahs" (Swahili words, indicating hearty assent). But, alas, although I knew that these poor creatures had no premeditated purpose to desert, yet experience had taught me that, if during the heat of the day, while marching, they found their burdens heavy, they would throw them down and run off.

The following morning we made an early start, and marched briskly for three and one-half hours, when we reached a swamp where camp was made. Hours after I arrived at this spot, the men straggled in by twos and threes. George reported four more runaways, two of whom were caught.

The next day's march was again an easy one of

three hours, during which we covered but four miles. Hamidi and another headman did not reach camp at all; they were searching for deserters. As fast as we caught the runaways, we tied them together in a line with ropes, and placed them under the charge of the Soudanese. I sent back two Somali to search for deserters, and divided among my men two loads of cloth as a present, for we could carry them no farther. One of the runaways we had caught the day before had found a tusk of ivory in the desert, worth perhaps fifty-five dollars. In the rainy season this portion of the Tana River must be almost infested with elephants.

For two days more we struggled on in this fashion, losing two men each day through desertions, until at length we came to a point along the river where there was one of our old resting-places. Here Hamidi turned up with four captured deserters; their loads, however, could not be found. The runaway squad now tied together consisted of eleven men. Four of the Soudanese were placed in charge of them, two on the flank, and two in the rear. At night they were carefully watched, for it was only by unremitting vigilance that we were able to frustrate their numerous attempts at desertion.

Of all difficulties connected with travel in East Africa, desertion is perhaps the most serious; and it seems impossible to overcome it. Mr. Stanley, describing his last expedition, undertaken for the relief of Emin Pasha, although his caravan consisted of Zanzibari who had been carried by sea from Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo, thousands of miles from their home, tells in his book, how throughout the entire

journey, even when he was traversing the "dark forest," he was unable to prevent these ignorant people from throwing away their lives by desertion. The Zanzibari is ever ready to retrace his steps, no matter how difficult the road. It is the facing of the unknown that seems to fill him with dread.

On the afternoon of the seventh day from Hameye we reached the food station established by George, distant from Hameye only thirty-five miles. It was terrible work getting the men to cover even this short distance in the seven days. At this food station two of the cows were killed (just in time to prevent natural deaths on their part), which the men ate with avidity. My horse also died at this place.

George, through his skill in arranging the loads, had prevented the loss of many of them; and there always seemed to be carrying power for just one more, even when apparently every man and beast was staggering under a burden. Even the headmen, Somali and Soudanese, were laden down. We rested at the food station two days, then set out for the Mackenzie River, which we reached after one day's march, and having crossed this river we camped near the Tana.

The small distances we were accomplishing in our daily marches convinced me that we should be unable to reach the Jombeni range before exhausting our food supply; so we halted at the Tana for two days, which were spent in hippopotamus-shooting. At this point the Tana is 150 yards wide, and its current is obstructed by a mass of gneiss rocks, over which the water brawls and rushes. We saw several groups of hippopotamuses sleeping in the river, and set to work to get as many

of them as possible. In a short time we killed five. Knowing the courageous nature of Felix, the fox-terrier, we had tied him to a tree while engaged in shooting; but in some manner he managed to escape from his bonds, and plunged into the river in the midst of the wounded hippopotamuses. He swam from one to the other, barking all the time. Now and again the

SCENE ON THE TANA

swift current dashed him against the rocks, and his barks were drowned by the roar of the stream; but he invariably reappeared and continued as before. On one occasion Felix pursued a wounded bull hippopotamus until near the shore where the water was shallower, and the beast stood at bay. Felix leaped upon his back, and barked pæans of victory, much to the discomfort of the wounded animal. Another shot laid the bull low.

Motio told us that there was a river two days' march distant, called Ura, which flowed from Daitcho on the Jombeni range. We started for this river, which is nearly as large as the Mackenzie. On the road we killed two more hippopotamuses.

We also heard from Motio that the regular caravan route from Mombasa to Daitcho crosses the Tana River at a point two days' march beyond the junction of the Ura with that stream. We feared to follow the Tana to this place, as our men, in all probability, would take advantage of it as a means of reaching the coast. It appeared, some one had told our porters that the object of our journey was to visit the Somali. This, then, was undoubtedly one of the reasons for desertion; for if there is a people which the Zanzibari dread more than any other, it is the Somali. Their brethren, who inhabit the coast in the neighbourhood of Lamoo, are harassed continually by these people from Kismayu, and are forced to become their slaves. To be the slave of a Somali little resembles the same servitude under an Arab. The Somali treat their slaves worse than animals; the Arab, on the contrary, permits them to live in almost the same comfort as himself.

We made slow progress along the banks of the Ura, owing to the thick bush; moreover, rain fell daily, making the soil muddy and difficult to march over. One day while upon the march I saw through an opening in the bush, at a distance of 150 yards, a young lion, trotting slowly along in a direction at right angles to that which I was following. I took a snapshot at him, and must have struck him, for he leaped

many feet in the air. As we were on the march, I could not halt a sufficiently long time to make careful search; so I failed to get him.

Just after crossing the Ura, which we did on the third day after reaching its mouth, I saw at a point eighty yards in front of me, and near a scattered clump of mimosa, five giraffes. I stopped the caravan, for the animals seemed utterly unaware of my approach, and was so fortunate as to kill four of the five with a shot each from my Winchester. These shots were delivered in such rapid succession, that the giraffes seemed puzzled as to the direction from which they came and so made no movement. Each shot was aimed at the neck, which it penetrated, and broke the spine; so that the animals dropped at once. When a giraffe is facing the sportsman, I think there is no shot so good as one at the neck, for its great length and considerable thickness give a very good line, and so help the aim.

As we approached the eastern slope of the Jombeni range, we passed millet plantations, on which were erected, in the tops of low trees, many neat little straw huts. These are used as habitations by the warriors of the Daitcho, who are made to perform the double duty of guarding the frontier, and frightening away beasts and birds that would destroy the crops. As soon as the watchmen seated in these huts spied our caravan, they raised a mighty hullabaloo, and ran to warn the villages of the approach of the caravan. I made camp on the eastern slope of an extinct volcanic cone, covered with waving, green grass. Water was secured at a place but 300 yards distant from

camp, and there was a nice brook. Soon after our arrival, old men came and asked our intentions; to whom we gave assurance that we desired but three things; namely, peace, food, and donkeys.

A small caravan of Zanzibari was encamped near the villages of the Daitcho, buying donkeys. This party was thirty in number, and composed entirely of slaves. They had left Mombasa five months before,

NATIVE HUTS OF THE WA-DAITCHO

whence they had been sent by their masters to trade for ivory. The method adopted in fitting out one of these caravans is generally as follows. Several Arabs get together and agree to enter into a loose partnership for a trading journey into the interior. Each member of the partnership furnishes a number of slaves, generally from six to eight. He then gives his note to some Hindoo or Banyan merchant for such trading-goods as he supplies to his slaves for purposes of barter. This note generally bears interest at the rate of twelve per cent per annum, or one

per cent per month, as the duration of such a journey is very uncertain.

When the slaves who are to form the party are gathered together, the slave possessing the greatest experience in caravan work is made the leader. The qualifications necessary for this position are, first, a knowledge of the language and customs of the tribes through which the caravan will pass; next, an inkling of the route over which the journey is to be made; last, but far from least, ability as a magician. No caravan leaves the coast without a "Mganga," who is supposed to be able not only to tell future events, but also to ward off evil by his skill in the black arts.

On these expeditions there is always a copy of the Koran taken along, and the leader must possess a slight knowledge of the contents of this book. From its pages he derives information of the future, and by the repetition at given times of some of its phrases he is supposed to ward off evil from his followers. They also carry at the head of the expedition a white flag called "kome," which is covered with curiously wrought figures, triangles and circles, and many phrases from the Koran. This flag is supposed to be possessed of occult power. The makers of these kome are great medicine-men, who for the most part have made long journeys into the interior during their youth, and in their old age derive a fair income from the manufacture of these flags. I have known a caravan leader to pay $200 for one of them; but this flag was so highly valued principally from the fact that it had been carried by Tippoo Tib upon one of his marauding expeditions into the interior.

These medicine-men also make charms — phrases from the Koran, scribbled on bits of paper, which are then wrapped carefully in many folds of cloth. A great traveller will often possess fifteen or twenty of these charms, some of which he will wear around his neck, while others are attached to the trigger-guard of his gun.

The groups of slaves furnished by their several masters for a trading journey have no common interest but that of mutual protection. Each master receives the profits made by his group of slaves, and these are entirely independent of those made by the others. The slaves taking part in these expeditions are very poorly paid, and are never paid by the month. They are given a round sum for the journey, one-third in advance, and the remaining two-thirds after their return. As the chance of their getting anything upon their return depends upon the success with which the expedition is attended, occasions upon which they receive the two-thirds are rare; for it is seldom that the masters of these men will admit having made any profit out of their trading operations.

While at the coast, and under the eyes of his master, the life of a slave is not one of luxurious ease; but upon the road, as he is furnished with a considerable quantity of trading-goods, he generally loses sight of the interest of his master, and lives as well as the country through which he is passing can afford.

The caravan which I met at Daitcho had travelled in a most leisurely manner, and had exhausted more than half of their trading-goods before reaching Daitcho. At Daitcho they expended the remainder in purchas-

ing beans, millet-flour, and donkeys to carry the same. Thus equipped, with plenty of food, they set out to trade with the Wanderobbo, who, they said, were in a starving condition, and would gladly exchange whatever ivory they possessed for food and donkeys.

All of the thirty men were armed with rifles — some, Snyder carbines, but the majority Enfield muzzle-loaders or Tower guns. They had very little ammunition with them, as they depended almost wholly upon the magic skill of the leader to prevent harm coming to them; and they used the guns simply to fire salutes, which they did as frequently as their supply of ammunition would warrant. Many of these caravans are cut to pieces, even though they take pains to avoid dangerous countries and go only where they are not likely to fall in with hostile natives. In former times, before Masai Land had been opened up, no caravan of less than 300 persons ever ventured into that country, and ofttimes the force consisted of from 600 to 1000. When in such numbers, Zanzibari caravans invariably take advantage of their strength to harass the natives, and live more by plunder and rapine than by trade. One of my Masai interpreters boasted of having taken part in an expedition consisting of 1000 men, which had been formed at Pangani and other places on the coast opposite Zanzibar. This caravan had spent two years in the interior. At first it had been most successful in trade and plunder, but small-pox broke out among them. This reduced their numbers, they were attacked continually by the natives, and but 200 of them reached the coast alive.

I asked him what he thought of the medicine-man

who had led them on that occasion. He said the medicine-man had been supplied with the best sort of magic for everything but small-pox, and it was owing to this oversight on his part that they met with such misfortunes. As a proof of this, he said that he later went on a journey under the lead of the same medicine-man, and on that journey they had no small-pox, and their expedition was crowned with success. This stubborn faith in the medicine-man renders it most difficult for a European to manage these people, without resorting to the expedient of giving them the impression that he too is possessed of a thorough knowledge of witchcraft.

At first we had great difficulty in inducing the natives of Daitcho to bring food to our camp; so I sent George to trade near the camp of the Zanzibari traders. The food we could procure at Daitcho consisted of two kinds of beans (one large and black, the other small and white), yams, cassava, and a few bananas. The yams, cassava, and bananas come from the Embe, as the country inhabited by the Daitcho is not suited for the growth of these edibles. Trade soon became brisk, and we were able to purchase four days' rations each day.

The rains, which began to fall on the 18th of March, were now of daily occurrence and fairly heavy, though nothing in comparison with the rains of the wet season I passed in Zanzibar.

While at Daitcho, Lieutenant von Höhnel had a sharp attack of fever, which lasted four days, and throughout the rainy season I suffered from liver complaint.

After we had been in Daitcho eight days, some old men came to our camp bringing a sheep, and went through the ceremony of blood-brotherhood. During this function I placed a little spirit in a saucer, and lighted it with a match, meanwhile pronouncing some nonsensical words in an impressive tone. Then I dropped a pinch of salt upon it, and changed the colour of the flame from blue to yellow. This act inspired the old men with an enormous amount of reverence and respect for my ability as a magician.

Upon concluding the muma ceremony, the elders told us they had heard of our victory over the Wamsara, and, as the Wamsara were their particular enemies, they felt certain we should be their friends; but in order to prove our friendship for them in the most satisfactory manner, they urged us again to attack the Wamsara, and also to exterminate another tribe called Janjy, against whom they appeared to have some grudge. Needless to say, we did not acquiesce in their desire.

Our camp at Daitcho was pitched thirty minutes' walk from the nearest village, and in the midst of millet plantations. Daitcho consists of a portion of the country about 10,000 acres in extent, half of it being situated upon the lowest foot-hills of the eastern slopes of the Jombeni range; the other half, in the plain below. It is inhabited by not more than 3500 people. These people subsist entirely upon the products of the soil. They grow millet, Indian corn, and a few bananas. They are particularly fond of the edible roots growing higher up on the hills in the Embe country, and exchange their surplus crops for

cassava, yams, etc. Their flocks of sheep and goats are small, and they have no large cattle whatever. They are greatly in dread of their neighbours, and are in a measure subject to the Embe, the Wamsara, and other powerful tribes inhabiting the Jombeni range; but their poverty saves them from frequent raids by their more powerful neighbours.

Almost without exception, in all the large trees growing in the neighbourhood of Daitcho, there are to be found small, hollow logs, which are used as hives for bees. The honey found upon the plains is much inferior to that to be had upon the mountains; but, after it has been diluted with water, and placed near a fire to ferment, it is sufficient to keep the older men of the Daitcho tribe in a condition of intoxication. After a few hours fermentation sets in, and then, although the liquid is not strong to the taste, it seems to produce high spirits in these simple-minded savages.

The plantations in the Daitcho country are not divided by hedges, as is the case with the Embe, but a narrow uncultivated space is left as the dividing line between one plantation and another. They get two crops from the soil annually, and each proprietor of a plantation has near his little hut several storehouses for grain. They are not very industrious or prudent, and cases of suffering from famine are not infrequent. All work on the plantations—children of tender years, as well as the most aged people. They work the soil with sharpened sticks, hardened by charring in a fire. I tried to induce them to use hoes (several of which I had brought), but to no purpose.

The government of the country is entirely in the hands of the old men, and each little clump of huts has its sage, who settles every dispute which may arise in his neighbourhood. Warriors are armed somewhat after the fashion of the Embe, but with weapons of inferior quality; so it is fortunate they rarely have

ANT HILL

an opportunity of testing their prowess. Marriage is considered a binding tie. When a young man among them wishes a wife, he enters into negotiations with the parents of the chosen creature; and either serves for a certain length of time on the father's plantation, or cultivates a piece of land until he has earned sufficient to buy seven or eight goats, which he hands over as the purchase price of his bride.

Some of the richer of the inhabitants have several wives. A wife is looked upon more as a servant or slave, to work upon the plantations, than as a companion and friend. As soon as a man acquires a sufficient number of wives to work his plantations, he ceases from labour, and spends the remainder of his days in drinking honey wine and eating miraa, which he gets from the Embe.

Tobacco is not grown by these people. In fact, this is the poorest of all the countries in the neighbourhood of the Jombeni range. As the Daitcho are a weak people, and consequently not aggressive, they receive frequent visits from the traders of the coast, who go to them for the purpose of purchasing food for their journey through the desert inhabited by the Wanderobbo, from whom the traders purchase ivory. From these frequent visits the Daitcho have assumed the position of middle-men between the wealthy Embe and the traders in the purchase of donkeys. The donkeys are much in demand among the Zanzibari traders for use as beasts of burden, and are greatly prized by the Wanderobbo, who will exchange a large tusk of ivory, and at times two, for a donkey.

During our stay at Daitcho, which lasted throughout the rainy season, we were enabled to enter into comparatively close relations with the natives, after they had satisfied themselves that we had no hostile intentions toward them; but, owing to our conflicts with the Wamsara and the Embe, the Daitcho seemed loath to act as go-betweens in the trade which we opened for donkeys. We found a Zanzibari cara-

van there, which in a short time had been able to purchase sixty of these animals, but we found it a much more difficult matter; and where the Zanzibari were able to purchase six or seven in a day, we considered ourselves most fortunate if we secured one.

The principal character among the Daitcho was an old man named Bykender. He spoke Swahili and Masai, as well as his native tongue, and had had much experience with traders. For a native I found him to be very intelligent; and owing to this quality, he had amassed sufficient wealth in goats, sheep, and wives to place him far above his fellow-tribesmen in wealth and authority. He had six plantations in the Daitcho country, and two near the Embe frontier. Upon each of these plantations lived one of his wives, and his life was spent in journeying from one to the other, looking after his interests.

One of his wives was a Rendile woman. It was a long time before we could induce him to tell the story of his marriage with her, but he finally gave us the following statement. Fifteen years before the date of our stay the Daitcho received a visit from a small band of Rendile consisting of 100 people. They brought with them their camels, some sheep and goats, and had come for the purpose of trade, wishing above all things to purchase tobacco. While in the Daitcho country all their camels died, and they were forced to exchange their sheep and goats for donkeys, which the Daitcho procured for them from the Embe. But their supply of sheep and goats was not sufficient to purchase what beasts of burden

they needed; so they were compelled to dispose of some of their women.

Among those sold was the wife of Bykender. She appeared to be his favourite consort, and was possessed of a really pleasant disposition. At the time we visited the Daitcho, she was perhaps forty years of age. She frequently came to our camp, always bringing with her a small present, in return for which we loaded her with beads and bits of coloured cloth.

One day, while she was seated in our camp, I called a Somali and asked him to speak to her in his own tongue. Upon hearing Somali spoken, she evinced every sign of mental excitement, became speechless, and went away. It was not before some days had passed that she returned. She explained the excitement she had shown on the former visit by saying that my people who had spoken to her had used words of the Rendile language, and she was convinced that I had Rendile in my caravan.

This was most interesting to us, as it indicated that the Somali were in some way akin to the Rendile, or at least that their languages had a common origin. We endeavoured to get as much information from her in regard to the Rendile as possible; but she was uncommunicative on this subject, and contented herself by saying that they were a very great tribe, very brave and very powerful. When asked if she wished to return to her people, she shook her head, and said that her interests were now all bound up in the Daitcho. She was at least sure of a home with the Daitcho; but among the Rendile a woman

of her age would be forced to satisfy herself with the position of a slave.

During the first month of our stay at Daitcho, all the donkeys we had brought with us from Hameye died. Their sickness appeared to be a species of lock-jaw, but we were never able to discover its origin; though, doubtless, it was the same complaint which carried off our other animals at Hameye. We took the greatest care of our animals; made good stables for them, to protect them from the rain, and pastured them only in places where the grass seemed suitable for them. Notwithstanding all our efforts, we not only lost all those we brought from Hameye, but also the donkeys which came from the Embe died shortly after they were purchased. We knew that we should be absolutely unable to proceed further without beasts of burden; for the country through which our journey would lie offered no food supply except game, and our porters were but sufficient in number to carry our trading-goods.

Several times we called Bykender, and explained to him our needs. He told us that the Embe were unwilling to sell us anything, and in fact had threatened the Daitcho with all sorts of destruction, because they permitted us to live in their territory. He said the only thing for us to do was to ascend the mountain, camp in the Embe territory, and there purchase as many donkeys as we needed; that he was convinced the climate of the Daitcho country was entirely unsuited in the rainy season for animals of any sort; and for that reason, if no other, the Daitcho were unable to keep cattle.

We carefully weighed this matter, and came to the conclusion that what Bykender said was true enough; but as both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had suffered continually from fever, we felt unfit even for the short journey up the mountains; and we did not like to separate our caravan into two parts. However, there was no other course open to us.

About this time, according to the Nautical Almanac, an eclipse of the sun was to occur, which would be visible in Africa. We looked upon this as a fitting moment to prove our power as wizards. Accordingly, for several days before the date assigned for the eclipse, we took pains to inform Bykender and the other leaders of the Daitcho that we would, for the purpose of convincing them of our occult power, cause the sun to be darkened for the greater portion of one day. With these people seeing is believing; so they listened with polite indifference to our predictions. What was our horror upon the day assigned, to find that our reading of the Nautical Almanac had been all too carelessly done, and that the eclipse we had prophesied with so much insistence was visible in all parts of Africa but that small part in which we were encamped? We did not make this discovery until a few hours before the time set for the eclipse to occur.

It would not do to appear as false prophets. So we sent runners to all the leaders of the Daitcho, explaining to them that we considered the darkening of the sun, and the consequent shortening of the day, too serious a matter; that it would be such a proof of our power as would probably frighten them; moreover, they needed all the hours of daylight to work their planta-

tions; therefore, we would postpone the solar eclipse until some other time, when daylight was less essential to them; but, in order to prove our power, and not cause them to suffer disappointment, we would give them a demonstration in the evening, in every way as convincing as the eclipse, and possessing the advantage of being less troublesome to them.

As already stated, our camp was pitched upon the slope of a volcanic cone. Being the highest hill in the Daitcho country, this cone is looked upon by the natives with great reverence, and is said by them to be haunted by the spirits of the dead. None of the Daitcho will cultivate so much as the slopes of this hill; and in the memory of the oldest inhabitant no member of the tribe had ever had the hardihood to ascend to its summit. Shortly after dark on the day we stated that the eclipse would occur, we ascended to the top of this hill, carrying with us two large signal rockets and an eight-bore express rifle.

Upon reaching the summit, where we knew we would be visible to the most distant village of the Daitcho, we fired two shots from the eight-bore to attract attention, and immediately after discharged in quick succession the two rockets. The effect of this demonstration was made apparent upon the following day; trade ceased, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we persuaded Bykender and one or two of the more influential leaders to visit us in our camp.

We asked them whether they had seen us at work the night before, and if they fully realized what potent wizards we were? They shook their heads and shuddered. After some time had elapsed, Bykender said

that most of the women of the Daitcho, upon seeing the first rocket discharged, had clutched their children to their breasts and fled into the forest. We then expressed anger at their stupidity, and explained to them at great length that the magic we had performed the night before would in no way prove harmful to the Daitcho.

At this Bykender seemed much relieved, and talked eagerly with his companions. Soon after, they left our camp, and trade resumed much more briskly than before. The news of our performance soon spread beyond the regions of the Daitcho. After a few days several of the leaders of the Embe paid us a visit, ostensibly for the purpose of craving our aid in a war with some of the neighbouring tribes, but we discovered that their real purpose was to secure some charm from us, by which each of them could increase his individual power among his people. We hailed the visit of these Embe leaders with delight, and retained four of them as hostages, sending back the other three who composed the party to inform their people of our intention to visit them in the near future; when we hoped they would promptly open up a large trade with us in donkeys.

On the day following the departure of these emissaries I sent George with forty-five men to the Embe country. He took with him Motio as interpreter, and the few donkeys purchased from the Daitcho which were still alive. After an absence of a few days, George sent us word that the trade in donkeys was getting on much better in the Embe country than at Daitcho; but that they were still coming but slowly.

After a short period five of the most influential of the Embe leaders came to ransom their friends, whom we had detained. As a ransom they brought with them three donkeys. We greeted them kindly, and bought the donkeys at reasonable prices, saying that we were unwilling to receive presents from our friends. We then brought forward the four hostages held by us, and after loading them with gifts, told them they were free to return to their people, and explain how good and kind we were. They were delighted with their presents, but seemed eager to depart. Their delight was somewhat lessened when they found that the new-comers (who, by the way, we learned were the chief men of the Embe) were to be retained in their stead. We explained that we were desirous of entering into close relationship with the Embe, and could imagine no means so well adapted to that end as prolonged intercourse with their wisest and most influential chiefs: we therefore considered it advisable to extend our hospitality to the elders who had just come.

Both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I excessively disliked going through with such affairs; but we knew it was necessary, for George would have been absolutely unsafe in the territory of the Embe, had we not held these influential men as hostages in our camp. During the days immediately ensuing several messages were received from George, telling us that his experiences with the Embe were of the most pleasant character, that trade in donkeys had been going on as well as could be wished, and that he had managed during the first two weeks of his stay to purchase thirty-seven of these animals; but that at the time of writing, because either

the supply of donkeys held by the Embe had been exhausted, or they were unwilling to sell any more, none had been brought for sale for the past two or three days.

Thirty-seven donkeys would suffice for a journey of exploration similar to our recent journey from Hameye to Lorian; but it was far from sufficient to enable our entire caravan to advance into the desert; particularly as we had been informed that starvation reigned over the entire country lying between our position and the country of the Reschatt. This was our route to the north, at least the only one with which we were at that time familiar, and with steady marching fifty days would be required for its accomplishment. From George's account of trade in the Embe country it seemed improbable, no matter how long the stay there, that we should ever succeed in purchasing a sufficient number of donkeys to enable the entire caravan to move. We therefore decided to set out with but a small portion of our men, and once more endeavour to find the Rendile, and purchase from them beasts of burden; or, if this failed, to move on to a tribe called Turcana, who inhabited the country to the south of Lake Rudolph, which had been visited by Lieutenant von Höhnel on his former journey, where he had seen many donkeys and not a few camels.

In order to guard against absolute failure, even should we not succeed in getting beasts of burden while on this journey, we decided to send our headman, Hamidi, and six others to the coast, there to procure as many donkeys as possible, and twenty or thirty good men besides, to take the places of those who had died or deserted. We knew that this step

was fraught with many dangers to the success of the caravan; for it is a principle of African travel, when once you have left the coast, to keep your back to it until your journey has been accomplished and you are

EMBE GIRL CARRYING WOOD

on your homeward way. But the loss of our beasts of burden, and the number of deaths and desertions which occurred in our caravan, had entirely upset our calculations, and reduced our burden-bearing capacity to such an extent that further advance into the interior with our whole caravan would be impossible, unless we had

been willing to throw away such a quantity of our supplies as would greatly weaken its efficiency. Having carefully weighed the matter, we decided that the step was not only well worth taking, but an absolute necessity.

I had sufficient confidence in my agent at the coast to feel hopeful that he would give his best attention to satisfying my wants. At the same time, I knew that in Africa, at least, white men are much less apt to be painstaking or particular in their regard for the interests of a person who is far away in the interior and perhaps may never return, than they are to perform creditably the commission of a person near at hand, and in position to criticise their work. However, there was no alternative.

I wrote a letter of instructions to my agent; and, after explaining our wants to Hamidi at great length and with much particularity, we got one of our men, who was something of a scribe, to put the whole commission in writing in the Swahili tongue, so that there could be no mistake in the matter.

The rains for the past ten days were not so heavy as previously, but to prove that the rainy season was not quite over, we had an occasional light shower. During the heavy rains, not only the beasts, but also my men, suffered continually from sickness. Six of the porters died from pulmonary complaints; for, as the rainy season was prevailing at the time we arrived, we had been unable to make a sufficiently healthy camp by providing our men with good huts. We had done our best, however, and before the rains ceased each hut was well-thatched and water-proof; but to do this

required tons of grass. The huts were huddled closely together, so that they almost touched one another; and the camp presented the appearance of a field covered with small haycocks. After the rains ceased, the grass upon the huts quickly dried.

We had made a rule, which we endeavoured to enforce, that no fire should be built in the huts; but despite our most careful watching, some of the men, particularly the Soudanese, would build a small fire near their beds to warm themselves. While the rains poured in torrents, this was not particularly dangerous; but after the rains had ceased and the grass dried, only a spark was needed to set the whole camp in flames.

One afternoon during our stay at Daitcho, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I were enjoying a siesta, when we were rudely aroused by the cry, "Moto! Moto!" (Fire! Fire!) We leaped to our feet and rushed out, there to see that a portion of the camp was in flames. We knew that in a few moments not a hut would be left standing. All hands were set to work removing the goods, particularly the ammunition; and ere the conflagration was over, and the camp reduced to smoke and a mass of ashes, nearly every load had been carried to a safe distance. While it lasted, the fire raged with great fury, and the terror caused by the flames was increased by the explosion of a great number of cartridges; for the men, in their hurry, had neglected to remove beyond the reach of the fire, cartridges which they had in their huts. Fortunately, no one was wounded.

After the fire was over, we looked upon it as a joke; in fact, as something in the nature of a blessing,

for we were then compelled to build a better camp. We first cleared away all the tall grass in the immediate neighbourhood; then we marked out a square, just one-half an acre in extent, and this we fenced in with tall palisades. It took 1300 logs, each more than six inches in diameter, to complete the circuit. Inside and close to the palisade we placed the huts of the men. These huts were made, not of straw, as we feared another fire, but open on the inside like lean-tos, and roofed with thin strips of the midrib of a large palm growing along the banks of the neighbouring brook. In two weeks' time we had completed a capital camp, sufficiently strong to withstand the attack of a great number of natives.

When our new camp was finished, we released the Embe hostages we had detained. After loading them with presents we sent them back to their people with the intelligence that upon the following day we should visit them for the purpose of entering into the bonds of blood-brotherhood with the whole tribe. We told them we would not be satisfied with anything less than the most solemn ceremony, such as would be binding for all time; and insisted that this ceremony must be accomplished during our coming visit to them; also, that, should they not be willing to become our blood-brothers, we should then know they were our enemies, and we would act accordingly.

This step was absolutely necessary; for when Lieutenant von Höhnel and I set out upon our journey, George would be left at Daitcho with comparatively few men. Though our camp was strong, and our relations with the Daitcho people friendly, neverthe-

OUR CAMP AT DAITCHO

less, it would not do for us to set out until we were convinced of the peaceable intentions of the Embe, our most powerful neighbours.

Shortly after our arrival at Daitcho, the Zanzibari traders whom we found there left for the north, with sixty donkeys well laden with flour and beans, which they hoped to exchange for ivory among the Wanderobbo.

The day following the fire, twelve other traders arrived at Daitcho. This small caravan was in charge of two natives from Beloochistan, named Gwaharam and Abdurachman. It may seem extraordinary that Beloochi should be found in the interior of Africa, but at Zanzibar and many other points along the east coast, such as Mombasa, Pangani, and Burgamoyo, many Beloochi have settled during the past fifty years. The Sultan of Zanzibar is in close relation with the Sultan of Muscat, Arabia. The latter place lies not far from Beloochistan; and it is *via* Muscat that most of these Beloochi came to the coast of Africa. To me they appeared to be a much finer race than the Arabs, more energetic, and willing to undergo more hardships and dangers.

These two Beloochi, accompanied by ten men, came from Njemps, a country lying to the south of Lake Baringo. They were, so they said, but a part of a very large caravan which had left Mombasa eighteen months before, the major portion of which had proceeded along the left bank of Lake Rudolph in search of ivory; but that no reports had been received from them during the past nine months. They said that the famine at Njemps had forced them to come all the

way to Daitcho to buy food. They had a few donkeys with them, and hoped to purchase more. They added their testimony to reports I had already heard, that famine was existing everywhere to the north of Daitcho. On their way to Daitcho they had met the party of thirty Zanzibari, half of whose donkeys, they said, had already died, and the remainder seemed suffering from sickness.

These Beloochi had been trading in East Africa for many years. They said that it was impossible to account for the disease among the donkeys. At intervals varying from three to four years, some disease seemed to break out among these animals, and carried them off in large numbers. Generally the donkey seemed proof against all sickness, and was the most useful animal possible for caravan work.

On May 26, accompanied by forty well-armed men, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I set out to join George in the Embe country, for the purpose of making a lasting treaty with that tribe. Our path through the Daitcho country was overgrown with grass and bushes which had sprung up under the influence of the rains, but it was very easy under-foot. Upon reaching the foot-hills on the border of the Embe country, the road became steep, winding, and rough. We had not ascended more than a few hundred feet above the plain, ere the aspect of the country changed, and we found ourselves in a land rich with verdure, covered with plantations, and thickly dotted with groups of native huts. The natives exhibited no fear of us; in fact, they scarcely deigned to favour us with a glance, as we steadily plodded along through their plantations,

often passing within a few feet of their villages, or making our way through the midst of large flocks of sheep and goats. We saw no cattle or donkeys whatever.

At one o'clock we reached the spot where George was encamped. On our march between the frontier of the Embe country and George's camp we had passed two market places. These consisted of openings in the plantations, beaten hard and bare by many feet. Thither came the women of the neighbouring districts of the Embe country daily, and expended many hours in exchanging their produce one with the other. One old woman would bring a large bag upon her back containing thirty or forty pounds of cassava; another, manioc; another, yams; while a fourth would bring bananas. Some few brought beans or millet. These they exchanged, one with the other, but it appeared to me that more time was devoted to conversation than trade. The market place echoed with the shouts of the women, as they talked and gossiped among themselves of bargains or the news of the day; and often after many hours spent in this way a woman would return to her home, bearing just what she took from it in the morning. All trade in the products of the soil is carried on by the women; but the business relating to live stocks, spears, shields, honey, etc., is carried on by the men.

These people do not seem to be particularly well nourished, for one rarely sees a native who could properly be called even stout. The little children are fat enough, to be sure, but only the very small ones.

We found George in camp not more than half a mile

from the spot where we had encamped during our former visit to the Embe. The view from this camp was lovely. It was surrounded on all sides but one by high hills, covered either with soft green turf or with thick growths of wild bananas, with here and there a clump of dhum palms. To the northeast the view was not shut in by hills, but stretched to the desert, which even after the rains looked grim and forbidding in contrast with the luxurious vegetation among which we were.

George had built a small zeriba for the donkeys, around which he had placed the huts of the men, which were thickly thatched with the leaves of the wild banana. He reported that during his stay among the Embe the natives had given him but little trouble; in fact, his only complaint was that they had not come in sufficient numbers to trade. Upon one occasion, however, he had heard loud shouts and cries; whereupon an old negro came to him and said that the warriors of the Embe had decided to fall upon the European and annihilate him; but after he had fired a couple of shots, the shoutings of the natives ceased, and nothing further occurred.

On the afternoon of the day of our arrival, a few hours before sunset, a few elders came, among them those whom we had held as hostages at Daitcho. They seemed pleased to see us, and we explained to them that we were unable to stop with the Embe for many days, and therefore wished to make as soon as possible a treaty with the people of that tribe. They said they would at once send out word to the farthest parts of their territory, and that within two days at latest the

principal men would be gathered together, and the treaty ratified. We gave them presents, and they went on their ways rejoicing. That night the hills around our camp resounded with the notes of native horns, which we were told were sounded for the purpose of assembling the elders. The following day nothing happened.

The change in the atmosphere was very marked. Here among the Embe we were encamped about 5000 feet above sea-level, and the air was very bracing. Both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I found that our appetites increased and our spirits rose. I am sure that at this height above sea-level Europeans could live with comfort. My negroes, however, appeared to suffer from the cold. They imagine that no country is healthy where they are not continually bathed in perspiration, although at ease.

On the following day about thirty old men came to our camp, and asked our intentions. We had grown accustomed to their policy of delay and postponement; but on this occasion we had no time to wait, and frankly told them that they were well informed of our purpose, and that we expected them, with more elders, to come on the morrow for the purpose of ratifying the treaty. To hasten them, we told them that delay on their part would be construed by us as an act of unfriendliness; that if they wished to remain happy and unmolested, they must introduce a little more celerity into their diplomacy; and that if the following day passed without the leaders making their appearance, the succeeding day would find their country the scene of rapine and pillage.

Upon hearing these words the old men rose to their feet, and danced with excitement and fury; but after a short time they calmed down, and said that surely the next day would see the treaty made. We ascertained that the reason why the principal leaders among the Embe appeared so bent upon prolonging the discussion of any question was that it was customary for these old men, when considering a weighty matter, to subsist entirely upon a meat diet. The meat they eat is the flesh of either sheep or goats, derived from the fines which they inflict upon any delinquents in the tribe who have been brought to them for trial.

Meat is considered so highly as a luxury, among these people, that one of these old men is willing to speak for an hour or two upon any subject, in order to secure a pound or two of flesh. A story, illustrating the methods of these elders in such matters, came to my ears during my stay among the Embe upon this occasion. An old man possessing a small flock of ten goats was accused by a neighbour of having stolen two from him. Immediately the old men of the adjacent villages assembled to discuss the matter, and mete out justice to the contending parties. They spent five days in the discussion, during which time two goats per diem were needed for their sustenance, which was supplied by the defendant to the action. When they found his stock had become exhausted, they adjudged the case in his favour, and forced the plaintiff to pay to the defendant two goats, for having accused him falsely.

I found that the government of the Embe was in a sense patriarchal, in that the policy of the

CHIEF NATIVES OF THE EMBE

country lay principally in the hands of the old men. Their power is tempered, however, by the fact that the influence of two other classes is brought to bear upon their deliberations in counsel. These two classes are the newly married men and the warriors. The richest and most influential old man in each village is made the judge or arbiter in all disputes arising between the inhabitants of that village. Such questions as petty larceny, trespass, and violence are submitted to him for adjudication. When an inhabitant of one village inflicts some wrong upon a resident of another village, a joint commission is formed consisting of the older and more influential men of the two villages; and to this body there is generally added a man of renowned sagacity, brought from some distant village to express his opinion.

The whole Embe country, which comprises about 10,000 inhabitants, is divided into several districts, each possessing an old man who is supposed to be so much more intelligent than his fellows, that his voice carries most weight in all matters relating to his district. These local divisions vary in size and importance, and, as far as I could gather, are twelve in number. The richest of all the districts was the one in which we were encamped, and the headman of this division of the Embe was an elder named Liria, who happened to be one of the hostages we had detained while in the Daitcho country.

The councils at which all questions of moment are discussed are composed exclusively of old men; that is, men who have been married for more than five years. The warriors, as a class, are not repre-

sented in these deliberations. The newly married men (that is, those who have been married for a period not so long as five years) are given seats in the councils, but no voice. The home policy of the country and its internal affairs are regulated entirely by the old men. The foreign policy (if their dealings with neighbouring tribes may fittingly be thus designated) and the defence of their native land rest entirely in the hands of the warriors; although in case of invasion every able-bodied man is supposed to render all assistance in his power.

For many years the warriors of the Embe nation have not indulged in attacks upon neighbouring tribes. Some years ago, however, the Masai were accustomed to pasture their flocks on the Leikipia plateau, but a few days journey from the Jombeni range. In those days the young warriors of the Embe country gathered together, formed raiding parties of several hundred and ventured forth in search of plunder. If successful, they would bring back many head of cattle from the Masai; in which case they would give a certain number to the influential men of their village, the remainder being divided among the warriors who composed the raiding party. The spoils were supposedly divided among the warriors according to merit; that is, the warrior who had performed the doughtiest deeds claimed the greatest share. The divisions of spoil often presented scenes of much more bitter conflict than the preceding raid. It was not always the warrior who had performed the bravest feats at the time of the raid who profited most, for perhaps he was incapacitated by his wounds from

making an appearance, but it was he who at the time of the division was strongest, and was able by the might of his strong right arm to seize and retain the greatest amount of spoil.

Among the Embe as among the Daitcho, and in fact among all the people who inhabit the slopes of Mount Kenya and the Jombeni range, marriage is by purchase; and the young warrior whose heart is fired by the smile of some maiden whom he wishes to possess is induced to go forth from his home and plunder his neighbours, in order that he may thereby acquire the means to purchase her from her father.

It is only by means of the rankest superstition that the old men are able to maintain their supremacy over the hot-blooded youths. They convince the young men that in the hands of the sages alone rest the fate and fortune of the warriors in battle. Before a war party sets out, the warriors from each district are presented by the most influential men of the district (in all cases one who is not only the richest and wisest, but also most fluent in speech, and can convince them that he is possessed of supernatural power) with some magic emblem, which they are told will enable them to conquer in battle. If the party is successful in the foray, the wise old man claims and receives a share of the spoil. If they fail, he allows no one to exceed him in the violence of his lamentations and imprecations; and insists that the warriors must in some way, by their own ill judgment, have interfered with the proper working of the charm he gave them. Owing to the superstition of these youths,

the old men retain their control. In fact, with the elders it is: "Heads, I win; tails, you lose."

At the time I visited the Embe, there was not one man in the entire tribe, who was considered so great and powerful in magic as to be placed above his fellow-workers; but not many miles distant from the Embe, on the borders of the Janji country, there lived a mighty wizard, named Donytuli Mono Vomari (Donytuli, the son of Vomari). He was said to be an old man stricken in years, but one whose skill and ability were such that he had never been known to give any but the very best advice in all matters connected with either business or war. He was not a native of the tribe among whom he dwelt. His father, Vomari, was a Masai medicine-man, who for some reason had settled among the mountain people; and upon his death his power, in greatly increased degree, had descended upon his son. I was told that upon the occasion of our visit to the Wamsara he, being asked his advice, sent word to those people to treat us well, in order that they might be treated well by us in turn; and that the defeat which the Wamsara had sustained at our hands tended greatly to increase his influence. So, upon some of the elders of the Embe going to him, and telling him that I was going to visit their country, he laid stress upon it, that they must treat us well in every way.

As previously stated, the men of the Embe country are divided broadly into two classes — the warriors and the old men. Between these two come the young married men. These in some cases (for example, when they are poor) join the warriors — who in all cases

are unmarried — upon their forays; but, as a rule, marriage seems to sever once for all the bonds which tie a man to the fighting class. For the first five years they attend the gatherings of the old men, but are not allowed to participate in the debates; nevertheless, they are supposed to represent the warrior class in these assemblies, and before a meeting takes place they assemble, and appoint one of the old men to represent this class in the debates.

I was unable to get as full information as I desired in regard to the manners and customs of these people, but succeeded in gathering a few points, among which I deem the following of most interest.

The inhabitants of this mountain range, like all East Africans who are not as yet converted to Christianity or Mohammedanism, had no clear idea of the Deity. They supposed there was a Supreme Being of some sort, and that it was their duty to propitiate this Being before starting upon any enterprise. He was supposed to be a stern God, and, as far as I could gather, not altogether just; but in no small measure open to the benign influence of bribery. Before essaying any enterprise, sacrifices were offered, not burnt offerings, but gourds filled with grain or some other small tribute — of value, however, to the giver. These were hung upon trees, or suspended from forked sticks in the neighbourhood of the offerer's dwelling. Connected with this Supreme Being, and so closely as scarcely to be disjoined, were the local deities — such as the genii of the hills, holes, and rivers. These likewise were to be propitiated in some way, either by the inhabitants of the district

where the hills, holes, or rivers were located, or by the person whose enterprise led him to the neighbourhood of such places.

The future was foretold by the wise men in two ways: either by means of a gourd filled with different

EMBE SHEPHERDS

coloured pebbles, or by means of two bits of leather shaped like sandals, and covered on one side with ornamental designs. The gourd and pebbles were used as follows. The old man, placing the pebbles in the gourd, shook it up, meanwhile uttering some magic words, and then allowed the stones one by one

to drop out into his left hand. The message of Fate was conveyed by the manner in which they emerged from the hole in the gourd, and thus was determined the outcome of the enterprise under consideration. The strips of leather were used after the following manner. One strip was held in each hand, and the seer, closing his eyes, danced back and forth for a time, repeating words of supposed magic import, meanwhile beating the strips together. After a time a strip was thrown over each shoulder, and the position in which they fell upon the ground determined whether the omen was good or evil. Prophesying by this latter means is not confined to the old men, for the old women likewise claim skill in thus foretelling the course of events.

Circumcision was practised among these people after the manner of the Masai. The circumcisor was invariably a man of not more than middle age. The operation was performed upon the boys at an age, as near as I could judge, between eight and ten.

When a young woman has reached a marriageable age, and her hand has been sought by some warrior, the young man pays his attentions to her father. He bargains for her as he would for merchandise — so many goats, so many yams, so much work upon the father's plantation, etc. When the purchase price has been mutually agreed to, the young man must by hook or crook possess himself of a sufficient quantity of honey-wine to enable his future father-in-law to indulge in a state of thorough intoxication. This latter act is considered a necessary one, and a fitting seal to the bargain. After consent has been wrung from the un-

willing parent, the young woman is decked in all her finery, and sent in company with another girl (invariably one of plainer appearance, that she may fittingly act as a foil to the future bride's charms) from village to village, and in some cases from district to district, where she dances and shows herself to all her friends and acquaintances, in order that she may receive from them gifts appropriate to the occasion of her marriage. This is continued for several days, ceasing only when she or her parents are satisfied that the generosity of the neighbours has been exhausted. Then is she given over into the hands of the old women. The young man presently comes to claim his bride, and from that day on they are man and wife.

The position of women here is from birth an entirely subservient one, unless by chance in their old age they are sufficiently intelligent to convince their neighbours of their possession of supernatural power; in which case their influence is almost as great as that of a medicine-man.

The young girls and boys move about entirely unclad. At the age of ten, or thereabouts, the young girl dons a bit of leather, or a short skirt of other material, worn about the waist; but after marriage the women are clad, almost to the extent of decency, with hides and skins.

The boys after circumcision wear a short cloak similar to that worn by the warriors; and the old men wear a whole cowhide, or, if particularly wealthy, they may indulge in the extravagance of clothing themselves in a warm robe of monkey skins. After marriage the short cloak worn during youth and early manhood is laid aside.

Among the Embe the dead are accorded scant ceremony. As soon as life is ascertained to be extinct, the dead bodies are thrown out into the fields, where the keen-scented hyena, or some other beast of prey, soon removes all signs of the deceased. Life is to these people such an interesting matter, that it seems to engross their entire attention, and little thought is taken of the body after the spirit has forsaken it.

The sole amusement of the people is dancing. The old men and old women dance together, and the warriors with the maidens. At the dances of the elders honey-wine flows freely, and debauchery is always the result. The young people, however, are not allowed to partake of the stimulant, which among these excitable people does not seem to be necessary in youth; but by leaping into the air, and indulging in tumultuous shouts, they work themselves to such a pitch of fury as apparently to lose their reason; they foam at the mouth and hurl themselves upon the ground, where they writhe. The facility with which a warrior enters into this epileptic condition is accepted as evidence of the degree in which he possesses the martial spirit; and it is said of the experts in this line, that their enemies will vanish before them as dew before the rising sun. The desire to win such favourable opinion leads many of the warriors to assume a degree of frenzy which they do not possess; but should the counterfeiter be discovered, he is forced to submit to very rough treatment.

There are three articles manufactured by the Embe; implements of war, implements of agriculture, and ornaments for the person. Iron is found in large

quantities on the plains surrounding the Jombeni range — mostly in the dried watercourses. The sand or bits of stone impregnated with the iron are gathered and carried to the mountains, where they are sold to the smiths. There is no coal found upon the mountains; so they use charcoal for smelting purposes. The tools of the smith consist of a rude iron hammer, pincers, and bellows, — the latter being clumsily made from skins. In each district there are to be found several smiths; these are kept busy from day to day, welding spears, swords, arrow heads, and arrow tips. The spears and swords are well made, but very poorly tempered. They have no files, and their weapons are sharpened by whetting upon a stone.

The women are very proficient in weaving bags. The stitch which they use in weaving appears most complicated, but an excellent article is the result of their work. The bags are made in several sizes, — some large enough to contain a bushel. The fibre used in weaving is taken from the inner bark of a tree growing upon the mountains.

The bows of the warriors consist of straight sticks, the ends of which are not curved backward, as in the so-called Asiatic bow. The arrows are not more than two feet in length, but are very well made, — the tips being carefully inserted and the ends skilfully feathered.

The natives reported that their plantations were often visited by elephants and rhinoceroses. As a safeguard against the inroads of these beasts, the frontier of the country was skirted with deep pits, at the bottoms of which sharp, poisoned sticks were placed in an upright position.

The portion of the Jombeni range which we first visited, and where we secured Motio, is the most covered by forests, and therefore is the most recently settled portion of the range. We found people engaged in making clearings in the forest and founding new settlements; which is evidence that the land already under cultivation did not yield sufficient for the needs of the growing tribe.

The language of the people throughout the Jombeni range is much the same, and is akin to that spoken by the dwellers on Mount Kenya. Probably, therefore, the inhabitants of the Jombeni range are offshoots of the Kikuyu who inhabit the slopes of Mount Kenya. Naturally, then, it is to be supposed that they first entered into possession of the portion of the range lying nearest the home from which they had set out. Immigration must have taken place many years ago; for the Jombeni range, when I visited it, was but sparsely covered with forests, and the principal forest lay at the northern end of the range.

In the better portion of the Embe country, I found that land was not only held by individual proprietors, but that a certain amount of territory was held in common by the inhabitants of one, and, in some cases, of several villages. On these commons were pastured the flocks of the people by whom the land was held.

It is to be supposed that this condition of affairs was arrived at in much the following manner. When the first pioneers reached the country, each family made a clearing for itself, and reserved some land in the immediate neighbourhood to be used as pasture for its flocks. As the population grew, and the land

already under their cultivation was no longer sufficient for proper sustenance, parties of young people set out and made small clearings; which in turn they divided into property held by individuals, and property held in common by the members of the little community. I inquired whether in any event the common or pasture land was encroached upon by plantations, and received a negative response. If a man's flocks or herds grew so numerous that he was unable properly to pasture them upon the common land of the village in which he lived, he was forced to purchase an interest in that of some other village, where the common land was more than sufficient for the needs of the inhabitants. In this way, the richer men in the Embe country possessed interest in several holdings, which in some cases were separated by considerable distances.

At first sight, one would suppose that nothing could prevent a member of the Embe tribe, with shrewdness, intelligence, and industry, from becoming rich far above his fellows, and arrogating to himself a preponderating influence in the tribe. In my first dealings with the people I had asked, "Who is your king?" The reply was, "There is no king." No man dared to claim a greater share of power than his neighbour. When industry and activity coupled with intelligence are found, one is apt to look for and expect ambition for power, but I was struck by the apparent absence of it among these people. An extended acquaintance with them developed the cause of this unity of interest and lack of individuality. There could be no Cæsar among the Embe, unless a man should come among them whose body was

proof against poison. As soon as a man took it upon himself to claim power among these people, by reason either of superlative ability, or of wealth, as the result of such ability, he was taken off in short order. The art of the poisoner is handed down from father to son, and the poisoners, in almost all cases, are the most influential men of the villages. But in no community of these people is there but one poisoner; and the presence of several of these wretches seems to prevent one of their number from rising to supreme power.

The poisons used are of two kinds, vegetable and animal. The vegetable poisons are used only on the tips of their arrows, or, in rare instances, upon the points of their spears and swords. It is by means of the animal poisons alone that these poisoners exercise their power. Their poisons, as far as I could learn, are extracted from serpents and decayed animal matter. It was easy to distinguish the poisoner from his fellows. He wore suspended from his neck and waist charms consisting of bits of wood and small antelope horns. Another indication was, that when he took from a small bag (customarily carried by all the old men of the Embe) a piece of cassava, manioc, sugar-cane, or the highly prized miraa, and offered it to his neighbour, the proffered gift was declined.

The manner in which the lands are held, and the absolute absence of anything tending to establish the supremacy of one individual above his fellows, together with the general looseness of the government, all go to show the weaknesses and advantages attendant upon a purely socialistic state. Perhaps it is the limited horizon

that meets the intellectual gaze of every native of this country which prevents, more than all else, their advancement on the road toward civilization. Their interests are purely personal, and, at furthest, local. They seemed actuated by no curiosity about my home and my country in the questions which they asked me. In this connection they showed a marked difference from the inhabitants of Kilimanjiro, although perhaps otherwise their equals. There, the different chiefs never appeared so interested as when questioning me about the way I lived at home, and about the relative power of the different countries of Europe; although they had no conception of geography and had rarely, if ever, heard that the few white men who visited them belonged to different nationalities.

LIRIA
Most influential man among the Embe

As may readily be supposed, the Embe had no exact measure of time. They counted from moon to moon, and from rainy season to rainy season. If more than one rainy season had elapsed between

events, they contented themselves with the statement that the event happened long ago. Their method of counting was similar to that of the Masai. They counted by tens to fifty; beyond fifty was "many," and a greater number was "very many." This was expressed by several repetitions of the word "ipi" (fifty). In matters of business they were unwilling to trust to a verbal count. In trading, as, for example, in acquiring a donkey, which had a value of six goats, or other equivalent, they would produce six small sticks, and as the value of each goat was tendered, whether in iron wire, beads, or cloth, they would put aside one of the twigs, and repeat this action until the full value of the donkey had been accounted for.

For all property of considerable value, such, for example, as a woman, a cow, donkey, land, a house, ivory, or the highly prized honey-wine, the unit of value was a goat; but in the purchase of grain, beans, or edible tuberous roots, trade, among themselves, was regulated not by any particular standard of value, but by the eagerness expressed by one for the goods of the other. For instance, a woman with a bag of manioc would be able to exchange it for whatever she considered its equivalent in grain or beans, should she excite in some one having such articles a similar desire for what she brought to market. It was only in the barter and sale of vegetables and grain that the women were allowed to engage. Where articles of considerable value were bought or sold, the matter was considered of too great moment to be left to the feminine mind. Among themselves, or with neighbouring tribes with whom they had es-

tablished friendly relations, trade was carried on with great vigour; but when visited by strangers, as they have no idea of establishing trade with the outside world, the chief desire seemed to be to rob them, and possess the wealth of the stranger with as little cost to themselves as possible.

These were the people with whom we were to make a treaty. We intended and hoped that the treaty, once ratified, would go far toward enabling Europeans and traders from the coast to enter the Embe country without danger and transact business with them.

The next day, shortly after noon, Liria came to my tent, and with solemn mien informed me that the elders of the Embe were gathered together for the purpose of going through the ceremony of muma with me. After a short chat, I went with him to a hill a short distance above our camp, and there saw about fifty of their influential men gathered together. Among their number I recognized several who had made trouble with us during our former stay in this country, in February. After an exchange of greetings, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I accompanied them to a small island formed by a fork in a brook near by. They told us that this island was sacred to muma-making of the gravest type. Twenty selected elders joined us here, and hundreds of men, young and old, were crowded together, overlooking the ceremony. The first order given was for the removal of all weapons from the island, as the muma was to be a peace muma, and the presence of any sort of weapon would render all efforts invalid. This was followed by the presentation of a small stick covered with thorns to Lieutenant von

Höhnel and me, and we were instructed to remove each thorn carefully from the stick. This completed, cheers went up from the resounding hills. Then a female sheep was brought and offered up as a sacrifice; next a small palm branch was given to each of us — one, likewise, being retained in the hands of each of the elders, and each branch having been dipped in the blood of the sheep. Waving them on high, we all declared our everlasting friendship for one another, and called down curses upon the one who should first endeavour to break the bond of amity and peace. Then a small strip of skin was cut from each of the hind legs of the sheep, and, a hole being punched in these, they were placed upon our fingers as rings. This completed the ceremony, and we returned to camp, more than 1000 natives accompanying us, beating their bows and arrows together, and shouting: "The European is now the brother of the Embe! The European is now the brother of the Embe!"

Arrived at our camp, we presented the old men with gifts, which drew from them expressions of satisfaction and pleasure, and they said that henceforth all white men would be welcomed as brothers. I hastened to add that the same treatment must be accorded all Zanzibari traders from the coast. To this, eventually, they unwillingly agreed. They then asked us for "medicine" with which to fight a rival tribe, which inhabited a part of the country three or four days' journey from them. To this request we replied that the time was unsuited for the making of war medicine; for, should we do so, it would probably have a dire effect upon the peace muma we had just celebrated.

We discovered that there had been present, during the ceremony of muma-making, a representative sent by Donytuli, the great medicine-man; which proved his desire to enter into bonds of friendship with the Europeans. We rewarded him for this by sending him a large present; and thought it was with this possible end in view that his representative was sent to attend the treaty-making.

The next day we returned to Daitcho, and again found the difference in the air very noticeable. Daitcho is but 2500 feet above sea-level, while the Embe country is 5000. We there found the Zanzibari expedition of thirty men returned from their venture among the Wanderobbo. They reported that ill luck had attended them throughout the journey; that all their donkeys had died, and they were forced to eat the food. Doubt of the truth of their statement was removed when we observed their fat and sleek appearance. They wished me to give them a letter to their master at the coast, in testimony of the efforts they had made to earn large sums; and were very much surprised when I declined. I have no doubt that their meeting with their masters at the coast was a stormy one.

We spent the next two or three days in preparations for our departure. Our long stay at Daitcho had enabled us to purchase and lay in a supply of food sufficient for nearly forty days for the entire caravan. Most of this was in flour.

The day before our departure George arrived with thirty-seven donkeys; thirty of these were loaded with food. We took with us ten loads of various trading-goods — flannel blankets, Scotch shawls, the most

expensive sorts of beads, brass chains, and a number of agates, which we heard were much prized in the north. These ten loads were sufficient to buy camels and donkeys, and we hoped the quality of the goods would please the most fastidious natives. We expected by the introduction of such articles as flannel shawls and blankets to inspire these people with a desire for trade with Europeans; for we knew that no Arabs or Zanzibari would take such expensive goods.

Before the departure of the Beloochi, with their caravan, they paid us a visit, and after the usual begging, by which they succeeded in getting a good present, they told us something about the country to the north. They themselves had never seen the Rendile, but had met a man who, some years before, while trading with the Wanderobbo, had fallen in with a large party of these people. He found it impossible to trade with them, and was forced to decamp during the night lest he should be attacked. The Beloochi assured us that a large force would be required for a trip to the Rendile country, as all the rumours they had heard tended to show that the character of the Rendile was most overbearing and ferocious.

We had decided to take with us sixty-five men, the pick of our caravan, and a large quantity of ammunition. We judged this number of men to be sufficient for defence, at least, and we placed great confidence in the quality of our goods to induce the Rendile to trade with us.

On the third day Hamidi with six men was despatched to the coast, accompanying the Swahili caravan of thirty men. He was told, again and again, that

he was to return without fail within three months. This period, should he make the slightest effort, we felt confident would be amply sufficient; and he assured us that, should he meet with no mishap, we should find him at Daitcho upon our return from the Rendile.

Upon our return to Daitcho from the Embe, we were so fortunate as to find in one of the villages a Wanderobbo, who had just returned from the desert. He expressed a willingness to accompany us, and added that he knew the country well; and though he was ignorant of the whereabouts of the Rendile, he could take us to some of his own people, who would gladly lead us to that tribe. He said that he had been forced to leave the desert, owing to the famine prevalent among his people; and his emaciated body served to confirm his statement.

As we were about to venture upon an enterprise the outcome of which was clouded with uncertainty, I left with George a letter of instructions, which he was to follow in case anything happened to us. Should we not return to Daitcho by January 1, 1894, he was instructed to return to the coast; for in such case we should probably have met with such a mishap that longer stay on his part would be useless. With our cattle, sheep, and goats, together with the food carried by the donkeys, we were equipped with food for seventy-five days; and as the country to the north was reported to be well supplied with game, we felt that we had sufficient for nearly five months.

During the afternoon of June 5, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I, accompanied by sixty-five men, bade fare-

well to Daitcho, and turned our faces to the north. Our hearts beat high with hope. We felt convinced that should fortune favour us in the slightest degree, we should not only accomplish geographical discovery, but return to Daitcho well supplied with beasts of burden; which, together with the supplies we had ordered Hamidi to bring from the coast, would enable us to start out equipped for eighteen months' further exploration; and this, after a stay of already more than one year in the interior.

CHAPTER VII

OUR guide told us that at a point two days' journey beyond the Guaso Nyiro River we could find Wanderobbo able to conduct us. Our route to the Guaso Nyiro River, at least as far as the Ngombe crater, was the same as we had taken on our way to Lorian. But two events of interest occurred on our way to this point. On one occasion, two days' journey from Daitcho, I descended from a slight rise at the head of my caravan, and saw before me, browsing on the plain not 300 yards distant, two rhinoceroses. The wind was blowing from us to them, and I little expected that we should have opportunity to get near enough to kill them. As I descended the slope toward the plain on which they were pasturing, they seemed simultaneously to become aware of our presence, and with a snort raised their heads, and gazed in our direction. The action of each upon making this discovery was different: one of them made off as fast as it could canter in the direction of the hills rising on our left, while the other, pausing for a moment, as if to make sure of our whereabouts, lowered its head to the ground, and charged us in a determined manner. I called for my gun-bearer, Karscho, but found that for some reason he had remained behind for a moment; so that I was forced to seize a

Mannlicher from one of the Soudanese at the head of the column. The rhinoceros approached to within 150 yards of the caravan, and then turned off at a slight angle to our right, thus presenting a fair mark. I fired three shots in quick succession, but as they appeared to have no effect upon the movements of the animal, I concluded I had missed. On it plunged for perhaps 200 yards; and while I was hesitating whether or not to give it the two remaining shots in the magazine, it suddenly tumbled to the ground, and lay lifeless on its side. Upon examination, I found that all three shots had taken effect, but so far back in its body as not to have had immediate effect upon the activity of the animal. One shot entered between the last two ribs; the other two penetrated the space between the ribs and the hind leg. If these wounds had been inflicted with an express rifle, I feel that I am correct in stating that I should never have gotten the rhinoceros. On several occasions in my former journey I put more than nine .577 shots into the loins of a rhinoceros, without producing any more apparent effect than to accelerate its speed.

The meat of this beast was most welcome to my men. It was a female, and having pastured on the new grass brought out by the late rains, was in excellent condition.

The other adventure was less pleasant and satisfactory. Upon reaching our old camp under the giant baobab in the neighbourhood of the Kora crater, we found that, notwithstanding the fact that the rains had just ended, there was not a drop of water in the immediate neighbourhood. We went waterless to bed that night. Knowing that between us and the Guaso Nyiro

there lay a weary stretch of desert country, Lieutenant von Höhnel set out early on the following morning in search of water, with all the men, with the exception of my two tent-boys, who remained with me to guard the camp. Late that night they returned, having watered all the animals, and filled the goat-skin bags and camp kettles. It was by mere chance, however, that Lieutenant von Höhnel found water. For hours they searched in every nook and cranny. At length, late in the afternoon, they came upon a well-beaten rhinoceros path, which they followed until they arrived at what had once been a pool of water, but was then empty. The soil at the bottom was not yet dried; so by working with sharp sticks and the bayonets of the porters, a little well was soon dug, into which at the slowest possible rate water trickled. There proved to be just sufficient in this hollow to satisfy the immediate wants of the caravan. Had we failed in finding water that day, we should have been forced to retrace our steps to the headwaters of the Mackenzie, fill our water-skins there, and set out afresh.

On the 10th of June we reached Ngombe crater, and there camped. Our Wanderobbo guide said that the water in the crater was at all times drinkable. This we doubted, as we had tasted it on our former visit; nevertheless, the men were sent down to verify or discredit his statement. They returned with water strongly impregnated with sulphate of magnesium, yet drinkable. This water was not taken from the main hole in the centre of the crater, but from a small and well-concealed spring which rose in a fissure between two rocks on the side.

June 11 was my twenty-sixth birthday; it was spent upon the bleak side of the crater. With the exception of the caravan, there was no sign of life in view. Even in the rainy season this portion of the desert is never covered with grass. Small, stunted, and almost lifeless mimosa raised their twisted forms here and there on the plain. Of game there was none; and were it not for the well-beaten path which leads from the crater to the Jombeni range, one might imagine one's self thousands of miles away from life in any form. However, I accepted as my birthday present the fact that the water in the crater proved drinkable. Disagreeable though its flavour, my men seemed really to enjoy it. It was months since many of them had tasted salt, so that they welcomed its taste as a delicacy, and feasted the entire day upon what was left of the rhinoceros meat. From the Ngombe crater our route to the Guaso Nyiro lay more to the southward than the one made use of upon our Lorian journey. Our Wanderobbo guide told us that he would lead us in two days to a place where we could ford the Guaso Nyiro River. To find such a place was an absolute necessity, for we knew the stream would be much swollen by the recent rains, and altogether impassable in most places.

The next day we marched twelve miles across the desert lying between the Jombeni range and the river. What was our surprise to find in the centre of the desert a large bubbling spring, shaded by acacia trees. There we pitched our camp. About eight miles to the southward rose Mount Chabba; and due east, just above the level of the desert, we could discern the tops

of the dhum palms which outlined the course of the Guaso Nyiro. Immediately upon leaving Daitcho our donkeys exhibited signs of sickness, and by the time we reached this point, seven of them had died. When we set out a few days before, each one of them appeared fat and lusty; and we thought we had at length rid ourselves of the disease which had deprived us of so many beasts of burden. We had thirty of them left, and ten head of cattle; so we were not downcast, as we trusted the assurances of our guide, that he would soon take us to people who would lead us to the Rendile, where we could purchase more beasts of burden.

AN EMBE DONKEY

While at this camp, Lieutenant von Höhnel killed a rhinoceros, and one of the Soudanese, while on watch in the early morning, shot an oryx beisa; so I decided to rest here another day. Large herds of zebra (*chapmani*) roamed in the immediate neighbourhood of the camp; so near, in fact, that we were able to take photographs of them.

While upon the subject of photographs, I may say that we had taken with us two cameras: one of small size made in Paris, which took a negative four by five inches, and could be used without a tripod; and another, much larger, which took a negative seven by

eight inches. For the latter we had three lenses, one for landscape, another, a rectilinear, and the third, tele-objective. The latter is a very useful invention, and with it one is able to take photographs at great distances, as the lens possesses magnifying power. We had 900 plates with us, and took over 500 photographs during our journey; but on account of the poor quality of the water we did not deem it well to try the development of these plates in the interior. So we carefully packed and soldered them in air-tight tins, and, as opportunity occurred, we shipped instalments of them to Europe, where they were developed by Mr. Thomson, of London. Unfortunately, more than one-half of our plates turned out poorly, and from these, of course, Mr. Thomson was unable to get good results. This may have been due to faulty packing; or, what is more probable, to the fact that the gelatine upon the plates may have decomposed, as they were kept for a long time before developing — some of the negatives having been kept nearly two years.

Whenever occasion offered, Lieutenant von Höhnel made use of the photographic apparatus, and it is a matter of deepest regret that we were unable to preserve more of the plates in sufficiently good condition to obtain worthy results. It is difficult to obtain good results from photography on one of these journeys, as the opportunities for giving attention to development are few, when the caravan is on the march. Upon my former journey I carried a small kodak and took, with some pains, and not a little danger, 100 photographs of camp scenes, natives, and big game. What was my disgust, upon reaching Europe and delivering

my kodak to the Eastman Company in London, to ascertain that there had been no film in my apparatus; consequently all my efforts had been in vain! I know, however, of one gentleman (Mr. Baumann, the Austrian traveller), who achieved the most satisfactory results from a large kodak, while upon a journey lasting more than a year.

It is really impossible for an African traveller to be an expert in all the different branches of science and art found useful during his journeys. To be a perfect traveller one should be a geographer, doctor, surveyor, mineralogist, photographer, ethnologist, mining expert, philologist, entomologist, and zoölogist. These are but a few of the qualifications required for the best results from effort. Added to these, there should be knowledge of the natives, a strong constitution, determination to proceed at any cost, money, diplomacy; and last, but by no means least, patience and humanity are necessary. The ideal explorer has as yet to be born. But bearing in mind the inability of two or three Europeans to comprise in their persons all the knowledge and qualities essential to ideal success, there still exists no reason that one should confine his efforts only to those subjects with which he is thoroughly familiar. Even the most limited success, attended by no matter how great effort, is of value in adding to the world's knowledge. To me at least, the words of Robert Louis Stevenson seem true: "It is not by success alone that one should judge useful effort."

Mr. Stanley said, I think, that the time had not yet come for the scientific traveller to visit Africa,

and that as yet only pioneers were necessary — men who should travel through the country and build roads. To a great extent this is true; but there is no reason why men possessed of the will, if not of the most transcendent ability, should not endeavour to add their modicum to a more comprehensive knowledge of countries heretofore unknown.

On the evening of June 14 we reached the fordable point of the Guaso Nyiro. It is about four miles to the northwest of Mount Chabba. On the opposite bank the land rises to the height of 1000 feet above the surface of the stream which washes its base. There it is only thirty yards wide and but five feet deep; but the current, swollen by the recent rains, flowed with great rapidity between its steep banks. Two more donkeys died there; and, as we were unable to carry the loads of food they had borne, we buried the loads, four in number, in a secure hiding-place among the rocks, trusting they would prove of service to us upon our return journey. We spent one day on the banks of the Guaso Nyiro, and greatly enjoyed bathing in the river. It was undoubtedly well filled with crocodiles; but the soothing murmur and cool swirl of the waters wooed us from caution, and without hesitation we plunged several times into the stream; happily, with no ill result.

The following day we crossed the river, followed along its left bank a distance of four miles, and then made camp. There another donkey and several goats died. In the afternoon I took a soup-plate, and spent two hours washing for gold in the sands on the river bank. Perhaps it was owing to my inex-

perience, or perhaps to the fact that there was no gold there; but be it as it may, my efforts were unattended with success. After two hours I gave up the gold-hunting in disgust, having succeeded in accumulating but several handfuls of black sand.

The next day an eight hours' march brought us to a low gneiss hill, down the face of which trickled a diminutive stream. It disappeared in the sand at the base of the cliff, but after digging there we succeeded in getting sufficient water for all the men and beasts. Near our camp we found some rude shelters thrown up by the natives. These, our guide told us, had been built by the Jombeni range people within the past year, while engaged in a raid upon the Wanderobbo. As the Wanderobbo possess no cattle or goats, these raids are for the purpose of making slaves of such natives as the raiders succeed in capturing. According to our guide, the preceding raid had resulted in the capture of a dozen women and children.

On setting out from this camp, our guide pointed to a mountain ten miles distant, rising to a considerable height, and told us that there we should find his people, and be able to procure guides to lead us to the Rendile.

On the march Lieutenant von Höhnel invariably walked in the rear of the caravan, as it was his custom frequently to take bearings of the different hills with his prismatic compass. On this day, while making such an observation, he saw, running at top speed across the plain in front of him, four elephants. He quickly seized a Mannlicher from his gun-bearer, and fired three shots at the nearest animal, which happened

to be the largest. Before it moved 600 yards, the elephant fell. Word was sent to me, and I halted the caravan, having first despatched our guide with two Masai interpreters, to search for water on the slopes of the large mountain pointed out to us. This mountain was called Lolokwi, and was then but a few miles distant. The strict Mohammedans absolutely refuse to eat elephant meat, but among my men were many who placed the gratification of appetite far above religious scruple, and it is almost needless to add that the Soudanese were of this latter number.

The elephant proved to be a female possessed of very fair tusks (the pair weighing nearly forty pounds), and as it was female ivory, it was worth nearly five dollars a pound. Those of the men who indulged in elephant meat attacked the huge body, and in less than two hours they had added to their already heavy burdens vast chunks of the juicy flesh. Having removed the tusks, we permitted our men to supply themselves with such of the meat as they wanted, and then resumed our march. By 4 P.M. we were encamped on the slopes of Lolokwi. Water we found, but in the smallest possible quantity, near a few huts long before deserted by their former occupants, the Wanderobbo. The Wanderobbo stand in such dread of attack that they build their villages in almost inaccessible spots, and in places well hidden from casual view. They are careful not to make use of one path to and fro, so that it is not until we had quite reached one of their villages, that we were aware of its proximity. My guide was much distressed at finding that these people had gone away. Six weeks had elapsed since he left them, and they had then told

him that they would remain on the sides of Mount Lolokwi for many months. Our Masai interpreters, who had formerly had experience with the Wanderobbo, were convinced that we should find some of that tribe in the neighbourhood of this mountain, and the following day they set out in search of them, and brought to camp one old man and seven old women. The people they brought to us were mere skeletons, scantily clad in well-worn pieces of antelope hide. Our Masai interpreters reported that they had had the greatest difficulty in inducing these people to accompany them, and it was not until they had told them we had slain an elephant the day before that they would follow them. They stopped but long enough to greet us, and then went forth in all haste to gather what the hyenas and vultures had left of the elephant Lieutenant von Höhnel had killed the previous day. Twenty-four hours later they returned, bringing with them but the bones of the elephant, as the hyenas and vultures had devoured the meat. Nevertheless, these people were satisfied with the bones; they said they were full of marrow, and that, when the marrow was exhausted, they could pulverize the bones and make a pulp which would last them many days. They had been without other food than berries for fifteen days, as the able-bodied men of their village had been away hunting for that length of time, and had not yet returned. They expected them daily, and when they returned, these people said, we should have no difficulty in procuring guides for the continuance of our march. These Wanderobbo supported life to a great extent upon wild honey, which they

found in quantities upon the slopes of Mount Lolokwi.

The appearance of Lolokwi is most strange. Almost rectangular in shape, it rises to a height of 3000 feet above the plain, its steep sides and flat top giving it the appearance of a monstrous sepulchre. In the rainy season, abundant water is found in small streams tumbling down its sides; but in the dry season one must be well acquainted with the surrounding country to find even a drop of the precious liquid.

The Wanderobbo not only make hives by rudely hollowing logs, but are able to procure a great quantity of honey by following the honey bird. This bird is a most extraordinary creature, and its call is easily distinguished. If it finds honey, it will fly to the neighbourhood of human beings, and by persistent singing finally succeeds in attracting attention. It then flies slowly off, stopping occasionally to permit the man following it to catch up; until at length it reaches the hollow in the ground, or in a log or tree, where there is the nest of bees. The native then advances, and satisfies himself; but is ever careful to leave behind a portion of the honey as the share of the bird.

After our arrival at Lolokwi, four of the donkeys died. When we had stayed two days, our water-hole became exhausted, and we were forced to climb the face of the mountain a further height of 500 feet, in order to supply the wants of our caravan. We remained at Lolokwi six days, owing to the delayed arrival of the Wanderobbo, whom we were to secure for guides. During these days, Lieutenant von Höhnel made an excursion to some hills lying to the south of Lolokwi,

from which he got a good view, and was able to see the point of the Guaso Nyiro which he had reached on his former journey. This enabled him to complete his map of that river. Owing to the arid nature of the country, game was very scarce, and what little there was, was far too shy to permit us a shot. I spent most of the time during our stay in questioning the old

Feraji Baraka Juma

TENT-BOYS

Wanderobbo, who, for the sake of a little food, appeared willing to give me all the information that lay in his power.

The Wanderobbbo we saw at this place were not elephant hunters; so they had rarely been visited by trading caravans. They lived entirely upon antelope flesh (which the able-bodied men shot with their bows and arrows), wild honey, and what berries and fruits the desert afforded. With the exception of the few days immediately after the arrival of a successful party

of hunters, these Wanderobbo lived in a state of chronic starvation; for occasions when sufficient honey to satisfy an entire village was procured were rare.

Upon Lolokwi there lived but one settlement of Wanderobbo, composed, all told, of but fifty souls. Of these ten were active enough to hunt; then there was one old man, and the remainder were women and children. It seems that in this tribe the females greatly outnumber the males. This perhaps is explained by what my old friend told me. He said that women were capable of supporting life without food for many more days than men.

These Wanderobbo all spoke the Masai language. They had few implements of any sort — four or five rudely shaped clay pots for carrying water and cooking, a few small axes, similar in shape to those I had seen on the Jombeni range, bows, arrows, and knives. I asked the old man why they did not go to the mountains, settle down with the people there, and work, and thus be relieved forever from starvation and famine. He said: No, they were fond of their mode of life; they knew no other; their fathers had lived the same life before them, and they were unwilling to trust themselves in the vicinage of any other people. The worst time for them was during the rains; for then they were unable to use their bows, as the strings frayed and broke. During the rainy season they literally starved; those of greatest vitality surviving, while the weaker ones died. Their one pleasure is the intoxication produced by honey-wine.

Lolokwi is one of the southernmost mountains of the General Matthews range, which extends from the

Guaso Nyiro, in a northwesterly direction, until it reaches Lake Rudolph. From our camp on Lolokwi we could see Mount Gerguess, at a distance of ten miles, rising abruptly from the plain in a series of jagged and forest-covered peaks. The summit of this mountain is 10,000 feet above the sea-level, and it is said to be inhabited by several bands of Wanderobbo who live solely upon honey, and upon no occasion venture forth from the fastnesses of their mountain home to the plain below.

From Gerguess the line of the General Matthews range stretches almost unbroken to Lake Rudolph. Its principal peaks are Mallon, Lassuran, Merkeben, Doto, Saddim, and Myiro. The old Wanderobbo told me that he had spent his entire life in the neighbourhood of Lolokwi, and only on rare occasions had visited the banks of the Guaso Nyiro; consequently he was unacquainted with any roads to the north. However, he had heard his brothers talk about different roads, and he appeared quite willing to tell me all he knew about them. He said that during the rainy season it was possible to follow the line of the mountains (meaning the General Matthews range) to Lake Rudolph; but other roads were also possible during the rains, particularly one, via Saramba and Marsabit. Those were the only roads to the north he had ever heard of.

As to the Rendile, he said that some of the members of his village had lived among that tribe, but that he had never seen them. He thought they lived somewhere between Saramba and Marsabit. He had heard that the Rendile were very bad people, particu-

larly of late years; for they had conquered a large army of Somali (called, by the Wanderobbo and Masai, "Eljuju"). He added that the Rendile were always fighting; that they had many horses; and that he had heard there was a large tribe living near the Rendile, but not on good terms with them, called Borana.

The tenor of all his conversation made us await with impatience the arrival of the men who were to act as our guides; and when at length they turned up, fat, sleek, greasy, and gorged with food, our spirits rose.

The contrast between these men and their wives, mothers, and offspring was great indeed — the latter being mere skeletons. They brought with them a large quantity of meat, which their better halves seized with avidity, and carried off to their huts, where, doubtless, it was soon despatched. The men were really fine-looking fellows; and I was at once struck with the fact that their features were entirely different from those of any other natives of East Africa whom I had seen. They approached nearer the Somali type — having regular features, full-rounded chins, and fine, bold eyes. In colour, they were brown rather than black. The lobes of their ears were stretched, after the Masai fashion. Upon each side of the breast they bore a crescent-shaped scar, which started at a point near the shoulder and ended near the lowest rib.

Upon receiving a small present, they sat down and allowed us to question them; but to our queries they failed to give answers at all satisfactory. They said they had originally belonged to the Berkenedji or Samburu tribe, which had originally possessed the

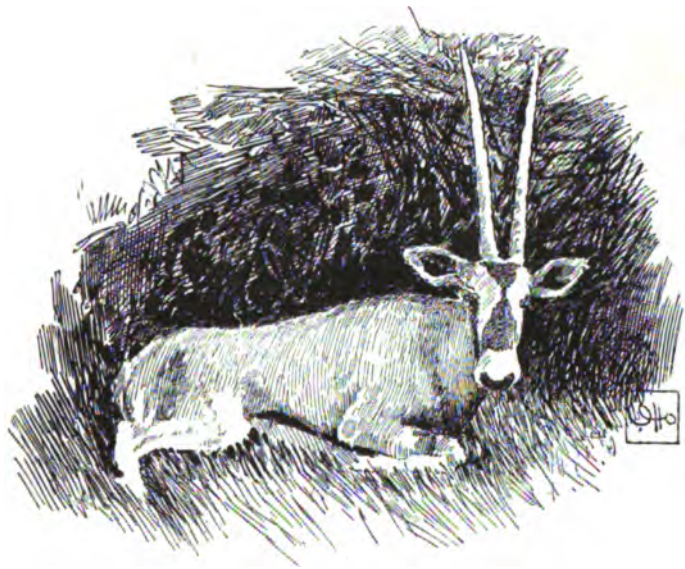
country north of the Leikipia plateau, extending as far as Reschatt. But this tribe, having lost their herds by sickness and raids of the Masai, had become scattered. The majority of them, the more fortunate, such as possessed flocks and herds, settled down with the Rendile; the remainder joined the Wanderobbo, and lived by hunting game and honey. They appeared most unwilling to tell us anything about the Rendile; but said that they lived a great distance away, and that between Lolokwi and their country stretched a waterless, and hence impassable, desert. We told them we were bent upon going to the Rendile, and that we were convinced that some of them knew the road. They all shook their heads. Their language was Masai.

I then told them I was a great medicine-man, and in support of my claim I went through the usual farce of burning a little spirit in a saucer. This appeared to convince them of my power, and at length one of them offered in exchange for a present to guide us, not to the Rendile (for he persisted in saying he did not know where they lived), but to some other Wanderobbo, who lived in the neighbourhood of the Rendile, and would be able to guide us to them. He said that we should have great difficulty in crossing the desert; that the Wanderobbo never thought of doing so except in the rainy season; but if we were prepared for long marches, he thought that in three days he could take us to a place called Seran, where we were sure to find fresh guides.

We gave this man a present, which pleased him greatly. After receiving it, he told us that his wife was about to become a mother, and that he should

be unable to leave her until the interesting event was past. We satisfied his scruples, however, by providing her with a few bushels of beans.

On June 25 we set out on our way to the Rendile. All the cattle were forced to bear burdens, owing to the death of so many of our donkeys; and all the men who were not bearing loads carried a



ORYX BEISA

well-filled water-skin. Our guide told us that we should certainly reach water that night; but the appearance of the country was so arid and forbidding, that it was with forebodings of disappointment that we set out upon our journey. We started at six in the morning, and marched steadily until noon, when I halted to allow the donkeys and cattle, which were advancing very slowly, to catch up with the caravan. While thus waiting, two oryx beisa ran past the cara-

van at full speed, and I was fortunate enough to bring them down with one shot each from my Winchester. They were very welcome, for the men could cook them without exhausting my little store of water. We waited over an hour for Lieutenant von Höhnel to turn up with the cattle and donkeys. He reported that he had had a rather exciting adventure a few miles back. While walking slowly along, accompanied by but a few men, he suddenly found himself surrounded by about 100 savages, with arrows strung in their bows and pointed at his little party. He at once fired a shot into the air as a signal to the advance caravan, but we were too far away to hear it. He momentarily expected the natives to discharge their arrows; but finally, when one of the natives addressed him in fair Swahili, he was greatly relieved. They proved to be a party of Wakamba (a tribe inhabiting the country between the Tana and the coast), who had been away for several months upon an ivory-hunting expedition, and were then homeward bound. At first they seemed inclined to attempt the capture of the cattle, but a few words from Lieutenant von Höhnel turned them from this purpose, and they left him in peace.

The Zanzibari is not at all fit for work in a desert country. So slight is his self-control, that he is unable to resist the temptation to drink what water he may have with him, as soon as he is thirsty. When they have exhausted their water supply, it is with the greatest difficulty that they can be induced to continue the march. We always warned them to be sparing of their water, and as each man carried a

water-bottle containing three litres, it was quite sufficient for one day's march; but often these thoughtless people would drink every drop from their bottles before they had been marching two hours. On this occasion but one-half of my men had sufficient intelligence to control their thirst, so the remainder of the march was unpleasant in the extreme. The porters shouted to one another with hoarse voices: "Master is leading us into the desert!" "Maji hapana hapa!" (There is no water here!) "Takufa yote!" (We shall all die!)

By six in the evening we reached a high gneiss hill called Kamanga, where our guide had promised we should find water; but the hole which once held the precious liquid was dry. He then wished to turn back, saying that it was useless to go farther; if there was no water at Kamanga, there would be no water elsewhere en route. The moon was almost full; so, notwithstanding the gloomy view of our guide, we decided to push on during the night. At 9 P.M. we again set out.

In the cool air of the night my men marched much better. The moonlight threw weird shadows across the sandy waste. Occasionally a herd of antelope or zebra would thunder past us, and from amid some low clump of mimosa or thorn bush the snort of a rhinoceros would be sent forth. Once or twice during the night my guide leaped suddenly from the path; the action was occasioned by the hiss of some serpent in the path, which his sharp ears had been able to note. Every hour we would halt to allow the caravan to close up; and at each halt I would learn that another

donkey had given out. During that day and night we lost five of these beasts.

Just before sunrise we reached a dry and sandy river-bed. My men threw their loads to the ground, and one and all began to dig with their hands. Soon shouts of joy were heard, for at a depth of three feet water was found. This place our guide called Lokoli. It is distant, in a straight line, twenty-five miles from the camp we had left; but by the winding road we were forced to follow we must have traversed nearly ten more. At this point we rested one day.

We questioned our guide closely as to the whereabouts of the Wanderobbo he had promised. He then said that he was not sure of finding them, but hoped to. He added that if they were not at Seran, which we should reach in two days, there would be nothing to do but return. The closest questioning ended in the same response: "Seran." "If we got to Seran, and there were no Wanderobbo there, we must come back. From Seran on there is no water; all is desert."

"Did he know just where Seran was?"

"Mayolo." (A Masai word meaning, I don't know.)

"Did he know any other road in this direction which was likely to lead either to the Wanderobbo or the Rendile?"

"Mayolo."

From his frequent reiteration of this word we dubbed him "Mayolo."

Leaving Lokoli, six hours' sharp marching brought us to a small water-hole called Lendovie. Our guide

was not certain there was water in it until he reached it. While on the march, he would stop every half-hour, and run off first to one side and then the other, examining every little hollow for signs of water. Where we found a water-hole, we camped.

Near Lendovie I shot five wart hogs. None of my men, with the exception of two of the Soudanese, would eat the flesh of these animals; but the two Wanderobbo (Mayolo and the one we took from Daitcho) quarrelled fiercely for what they considered choice bits of the flesh, and loaded themselves with nearly forty pounds of it.

The following day we reached Seran. Seran is a perfect oasis in that arid desert. It consists of about two acres of land covered with graceful dhum palms, in the centre of which there is a large spring of cool, clear, and delicious water. A few hundred yards away from this group of palms is another, where a smaller spring is to be found. Under these trees the turf is soft and green. We felt that we had reached a veritable Paradise. From Lolokwi to Seran the country is nearly as thorough a desert as Sahara. Without a guide a heavily laden caravan would soon perish from thirst in this dreary waste. At Seran we found game in plenty, and during the afternoon of the day of our arrival I killed a female rhinoceros and two giraffes. The flesh of these animals we cut into strips, and dried in the sun.

There were no signs of Wanderobbo at Seran, and our guide again urged us to turn back, insisting that he knew no more of the country lying beyond. We asked him what had become of the Wanderobbo he

had expected to find at Seran: and he replied that they had probably gone to the Guaso Nyiro. It was useless to think of going in search of them; one might as well look for a needle in a haystack. Moreover, our caravan was then unable to proceed without throwing away many loads; for we had but ten donkeys out of the thirty-seven with which we started from Daitcho. What ailed these animals we could not conclude; unless it was that in some way they had become infected with the disease which carried off our donkeys at Hameye. Our Masai interpreters told us that they had often taken donkeys from the coast on journeys lasting two years, and brought them back, although used constantly for the two years. They said there were times when a plague seemed to destroy them; but that that seemed to occur at intervals of four or five years. Evidently we had had the misfortune to undertake our journey in a bad year.

With Mayolo I climbed one of the dhum palms at Seran, and asked him the names of the small hills we could see from that slight elevation. He persisted in asserting his ignorance of the country, but thoughtlessly admitted that he knew the name of one hill lying nearly twenty miles to the eastward, which he said was sometimes inhabited by Wanderobbo. From what I saw while up the tree I promptly concluded to set out for this hill.

Both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had decided that we should not turn back, no matter how great the difficulties which beset our path, before we reached the Rendile. I decided to take with me

twenty-five men, laden for the most part with water, and make use of the full moon by night marches. The following day I spent in sleep, as I decided to set out at moonrise.

At eight o'clock the moon had risen sufficiently above the horizon to afford good light; so I started at that hour, taking with me Karscho, the two Wanderobbo guides, and twenty-three men. We marched steadily until two in the morning, when Mayolo said he was unable to march at night, and that he was sure we had strayed from the proper direction. I climbed a small hill and looked about, but could see no sign of any living thing; all about me the silent desert gleamed white in the moonlight. Occasionally the quiet was broken by the dismal howl of a hyena, or the angry snort of feeding rhinoceroses. My men were fresh; but being uncertain of the direction, I decided to await dawn; so we threw ourselves down upon the soft sand in the bed of a dried watercourse, and waited for sunrise. Ere the sun was above the horizon, we again set out upon our way. The desert was almost level, but here and there it was broken by the depression of some watercourse then dry, or a small hill of reddish rock gleaming with mica.

At eight o'clock we crossed one of these dried watercourses, and there in the soft sand I saw fresh tracks. A shout soon brought my men to me. I counted the footprints of twenty-five men, and the tracks of five or six camels. I turned to Mayolo: "Who are these people? — Rendile?" He shook his head, saying, "Dthombon."

"What are dthombon, Mayolo?"

"My people," he exclaimed excitedly; "Samburu, Berkenedji." (Two names for the same people.)

"But I thought your people were poor, and had no camels."

"Yes; that is true. Being poor, and not possessed of any flocks, many of my people hover about the outskirts of the Rendile camp, and support life by plundering from the Rendile either camels, sheep, goats, or cattle. That is why they are called 'dthombon,' which means in the Rendile language, 'robbers.'"

The presence of these tracks convinced me that the Rendile could not be far away. The tracks were made that morning just before sunrise, and if these dthombon had travelled three or four days from the Rendile, they would have rested, and feasted upon the camels they had captured. But they were up with the dawn, and pushing quickly onward; which argued that they had just captured the camels, and that the Rendile were certainly near at hand. This was a joyful thought. I at once despatched two men back to Seran with a note for Lieutenant von Höhnel, informing him of our discovery, and telling him to make the caravan ready to march in our direction, as soon as I should have ascertained the whereabouts of the Rendile and sent him word.

The effect of the sight of these camel tracks upon the different members of my small force was not the same. The two Somali I had taken with me (Karscho and Achmet Dualla) jabbered with excitement, and endeavoured to urge me to turn aside, go after the dthombon, and capture the camels. "God has delivered them into our hands," they said. "The Rendile

may be days away. Let us capture these five camels; our donkeys are dying, and the camels will be able to carry many loads." On the other hand, the Zanzibari seemed stunned with the fact that they were in the neighbourhood of people who possessed camels. Who could these people be but Somali? and Somali they dreaded as they did the devil himself. At once their faces assumed a dull, listless expression — among these people signifying fear and apprehension; and when I gave the word to push on, they took their loads up in a half-hearted manner, and followed with halting gait.

DEAD RHINOCEROS

On we pressed, I with my field-glasses ever to my eyes, scanning the horizon for some sign of habitations or man. But one thought filled my mind, — to reach the Rendile as soon as possible. I at first thought to take the back-track of the dthombon and their plunder; but it occurred to me that they would naturally have pursued a trail over ground where their footprints would leave but slight trace; and even if the trail proved good, I should in all probability fall in with bands of pursuing Rendile excited by their loss, and little apt to treat us in a friendly

manner. No; we must push on in the same direction we had been pursuing, keeping a sharp lookout for them.

About ten o'clock, just as we reached the top of a slight rise in the surface of the desert, Mayolo stretched his hand before him, pointed to a slope nearly two miles away, and shouted, "Ndamess" (Camels). I gazed carefully in the direction indicated, and saw nothing which appeared to me like camels; but I could see what appeared to me to be hundreds of small huts, covering the desert as far as the eye could see. But whether huts or camels, it made little difference. People must be there, and those people must be the Rendile. We pushed on, and by eleven o'clock had reached a dried watercourse covered with dhum palms. A little digging with the hands, and water was found.

There I left most of my men, and taking with me the two Wanderobbo, Karscho, and the Masai interpreter, pushed on, momentarily expecting to fall in with the natives. Soon we reached a long, low hill. What little verdure had once grown upon it had been eaten off; the ground was marked with countless camel tracks, and we saw the footprints of men. We almost broke into a run with excitement, and soon came to another dried watercourse shrouded in palms. We had hardly entered upon its bed, when we saw before us a sight which gladdened our eyes, but at the same time made us apprehensively place ourselves in a posture of defence. Not 200 yards away, on the bed of the stream, there was a gathering of natives, 300 or 400 in number, armed with spears, bows, and

arrows. Behind them was a countless herd of camels, their tawny hides forming a distinct background to the picture presented by the crowd of dark-skinned natives.

At first our appearance struck the natives dumb with astonishment, but the silence soon gave way to an ever-growing shout. Arrows were strung in bows, spears were clutched tightly, and, after a moment's hesitation, they advanced, at first slowly, and later at a quick run, We dropped upon our knees in the bed of the stream, and placed our rifles to our shoulders. I turned to the Masai interpreter, and said: "Send forward Mayolo and the other Wanderobbo, to assure these people we come in peace." Instinctively Mayolo understood the command, and with a nod, he threw his bow to the ground, and ran forward, shouting: "Serian! Serian!" Peace! Peace!). The savages halted, and eyed us fiercely for a moment. Mayolo turned to me and said, "Njo gumbao" (Give me tobacco). I handed him my pouch, and with that in his hand he again ran forward, greeted the natives in a friendly manner, and distributed a pinch here and a pinch there. Many of them seemed to know Mayolo, but they did not appear to be filled with pleasure at seeing him again; nevertheless, he at length persuaded six or eight of the warriors to come to us and talk.

By this time my face and arms were so tanned by exposure to the sun that I resembled a negro more than a white man; so my appearance did not seem to excite much curiosity in the minds of these people. They pointed to my trousers, however, and asked Mayolo if we were Borana; thus indicating that the Borana

wear trousers of some sort. He said, no; that we were lashomba (traders). At that word the faces of the natives assumed a more pleasant expression; they turned to their following, and shouted some words to them, which Mayolo translated as instructions to the people to drive the camels to the villages, and inform their chiefs that strangers had come to visit them. All the time my eyes were busy in carefully noting the peculiarities of the natives before us.

They were a tall, thin race, reddish brown in colour, with soft, straight, and closely cropped hair, features almost Caucasian in their regularity, and fierce blue eyes. They were clad in well-tanned robes of goat or sheep skin, which they threw gracefully over their shoulders. They were armed with short spears, or well-made bows of a shape very different from those I had heretofore seen in East Africa, the ends being curved outward, as in the Asiatic bow, and their arrows were not tipped with poison. The language they used while speaking with one another was different from any I had yet heard; but in addressing Mayolo they one and all spoke the Masai tongue.

My Somali were fascinated with the sight, and whispered to me: "These are like our people; they must be Mohammedans. Is it not written, that none but the followers of Mohammed shall possess camels?" Mayolo's face beamed with pleasure, and he continued repeating: "Rendile! Rendile! I am a good man. I have taken the European to the Rendile; he will now let me depart in peace, with a large present."

After a short parley, I persuaded three or four of the warriors to accompany me to the spot where I had

left my men. Before leaving these men, I had instructed them to make a camp; and when I arrived at the place, I found they had thrown up a small thorn zeriba about thirty feet in diameter near the bed of the dried watercourse. I presented the natives with some beads, and told them that this was but a small portion of my caravan, that the rest would join me in two or three days, and that meanwhile I would like them to take my greetings to their chiefs, and ask them to see me on the morrow. Their one cry was, "Gumbao" (Tobacco). Luckily we had taken with us several loads of this when leaving Daitcho; so we were able to satisfy their craving. They soon left, with assurances that some of their chiefs would come on the morrow.

It was then imperative that Lieutenant von Höhnel and the rest of the caravan should join me as promptly as possible, but I knew he would find it difficult in bringing all the loads to this point; so I decided to retain but four of the men, and send the rest back to him to assist in the transport of the loads. Mayolo pressed me to allow him to return. He said it was madness to remain where we were with but four or five people; that the Rendile were bad and treacherous; that he had lived among them for years, and that he knew they would murder us, if we remained where we were. I told him, however, that I was a great medicine-man, and that the Rendile would not dare to touch me; but, fearing lest he should escape, I took pains to tie him up in the camp. As the moon was full, I knew the men would reach Seran next morning; and I hoped that, before the following day had elapsed, we should once more be together.

The next morning Baraka, my tent-boy, called me, and said the chiefs of the Rendile were waiting to receive me. I threw a white sheet over my pajamas, and, slipping my feet into my sandals, told Baraka to bring along my camp-chair. Together we went out to join the chiefs. I found a party of thirty old men seated in the sand of the river-bed; behind them lounged 100 warriors, armed exclusively with spears. I took my seat, and spent a few moments in making a leisurely survey of the people whom I had come so far to see, and from whom I expected so much. The Masai interpreter, Hassan, pointed out the three principal chiefs, Lokomogul, Lyserege, and Lomoro. They were seated a little in advance of the other old men, and one and all were clad in rough woollen cloth, similar to that worn by the Galla we had seen near Hameye, on the Tana.

The eldest of the three was Lokomogul. He was of large frame, rather stout, and about eighty years of age. His hair was snowy white, as was also his short and well-trimmed beard. His complexion was light-brown, and his blue eyes appeared mild and intelligent. His head was splendidly shaped. Around his forehead he wore a band consisting of several folds of white cloth.

Lomoro's features were much more prominent. His nose was quite Roman, his face clean-shaven, and but for his colour he resembled a sturdy American farmer. He wore a positively quizzical expression. His thin lips were tightly pressed together, but turned up at the corners, and seemingly ready to part in a pleasant smile.

Lyserege was the youngest of the three — perhaps not more than thirty-six years of age, well developed physically, and possessing the same regular features as the others; but his eyes were fiercer in expression, and his lips gave the impression of cruelty and sensuality. His name in the language of the Masai means "Blood," and he looked as if he would be unhappy unless wading through it.

The survey concluded, I opened conversation by waving my hand, and saying, "Serian." The three chiefs replied, as with one voice, "Serian." My knowledge of the Masai language was unfortunately so limited that I was unable to converse directly with the chiefs, and was forced to depend entirely upon Hassan, my Masai interpreter, to reveal my thoughts to the Rendile, and explain to me their desires. Hassan was the most willing creature in the world; but, although he understood my Swahili perfectly, his stupid mind was unable to grasp any but the simplest ideas; so that he was almost more hindrance than assistance as a means of intercommunication.

I asked them if they were, indeed, Rendile. They nodded. They asked my tribe, and seemed incredulous when told that I had come from a great distance, and across vast seas to see them. They had never heard of Europeans, but said that Somali traders from Barawa had visited them, and told them of the sea.

The country of the Barawa tribe is on the coast, a short distance north of Kismayu.

I pulled up the sleeve of my shirt, and exhibited my untanned arm. They were much surprised at the sight, and seemed to believe Hassan when he told them I

was a great laibon (medicine-man). They asked eagerly about the countries through which we had passed, and seemed relieved when I told them all was peace. Again and again, they made me repeat that assurance, and tell them that I had seen no signs of the Masai, of whom they seemed in great dread. I told them that I had come to them for the purpose of trade, that in a few days my caravan, laden with all sorts of good things, would reach me, and that I hoped to exchange some of my goods for camels, horses, and donkeys. They said they would willingly trade with me, and asked if I had cloth.

One circumstance struck them as very peculiar, and that was that we dared to travel in the night. They said they were brave people, and were one and all warriors; but that they never for a moment dared to venture from their camp after dark. They said I must indeed be a great medicine-man, if willing to venture upon the road at night, and run the risk of being killed by a rhinoceros, or eaten by lions.

They asked for a present, and I told them they should receive one upon the arrival of my caravan. They said they wished to make me a present, and asked what I wanted. I replied that the European judged of his friends by the size of their gifts, and hoped they would bring me horses, camels, and donkeys. They acquiesced. Then the conversation languished, and the chiefs, apparently overcome by their exertions, yawned in my face several times; so I bade them farewell, shook hands, and expressed the hope that I should see them on the morrow.

The following morning Lieutenant von Höhnel

turned up with all the men; and we all at once set to work building a strong zeriba. Only a few Rendile visited us during the day, and they were principally young men. They seemed as friendly as possible, and said they wanted to trade. They brought some curious wicker jars, and several gallons of camel's milk. This had a very smoky taste, but was not unpalatable.

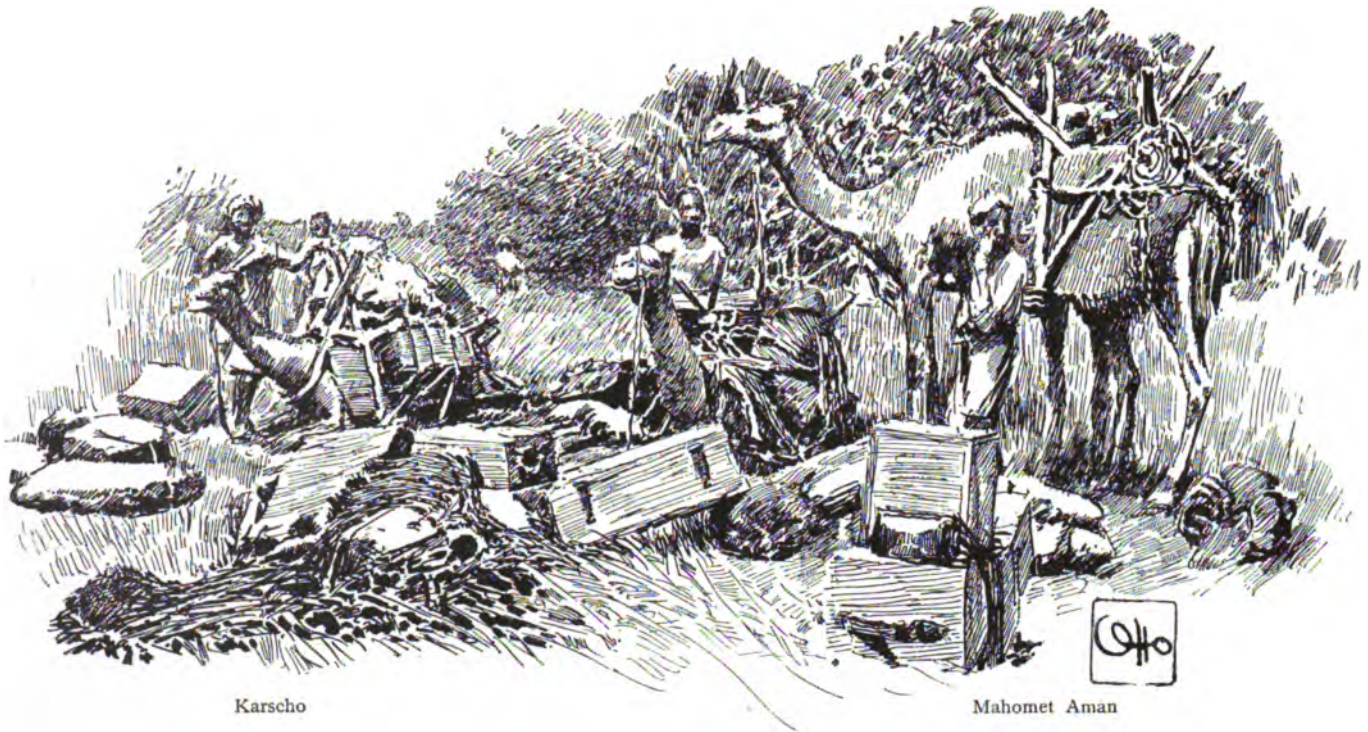
The Rendile possess but few ornaments. The chiefs wore upon the upper arm rudely carved ivory armlets, and Lokomogul had a large porcelain bead, as large as a pigeon's egg, strung from his neck. The young men wore about their necks rings of wire, and upon the first joint of the thumb several rings of the same material. Each of these rings, they said, signified a man slain in battle. The warriors rarely carried shields; a few, however, had them. These were curious in shape, and utterly unlike those carried by the Masai. Some were made of woven twigs; others of oryx hide. They were not more than three feet high, and eighteen inches wide at both top and bottom. In the centre they were much narrower; and on the rear at the centre there was a small loop of hide, which was grasped by the hand.

Nearly all the warriors painted their faces with a white clay, which lent ferocity to their appearance. They all wore their hair cut short, and I was much struck by the fact that it appeared perfectly straight and of fine texture.

During the conversation which I had had with the Rendile chiefs on the previous day, I had told them of the camel tracks we had seen in the desert; and they at once sent forty warriors in the direction indi-

cated to recover them. Shortly after we finished building our zeriba, we heard wild shouts, and at once I called my men to arms. The shouts drew nearer, and presently we saw a band of forty Rendile warriors leading five camels which they had tied together. These they had recovered after a bloodless battle with the dthombon. Upon nearing our camp, they left the camels in the shade of the trees, the leader of the war party drew his men into line, and they indulged in a war dance. He then gave them a long address; but as he harangued them in the Rendile tongue, we were unable to understand it. However, our Somali said that many of the words used were of their language; so we were able to gather the general import of the address. He began his address by shouting "Oromo" several times. I heard this word with interest, for it is a word in use among all the Galla to describe their race. The Galla invariably call themselves Oromo. The word "galla" in their language, as well as in that of the Somali, means camel. As the Galla at one time possessed many camels, the Somali gave them that name.

After shouting the word "Oromo" several times in a sing-song fashion, they proceeded to recount the deeds of daring they had performed in the rescue of the five camels. The scene was apparently for our benefit, and in order to impress us with the warlike disposition of the Rendile. When the speech was concluded, the warriors broke ranks, ran forward, and eagerly shook hands with my men, using the word "Nageyr" as a sign of welcome: this is a Galla word of greeting.



UNLOADING OF CAMELS

We were much puzzled to determine the race of the Rendile. According to my Somali, their language was somewhat akin to Somali; but they also used many Galla words. In colour they were lighter than most Somali, and then, how could we account for the blue eyes?

KARSCHO

All of the men were mutilated in an extraordinary manner — their navels had been cut out, leaving a small round hole. All Rendile have this marking; and with but one exception, so far as I know, it is confined to that tribe. This exception is the people who inhabit the country lying to the north of Lake Stephanie, called Marlé. The Marlé are very probably an offshoot of the Rendile, who became tired of wandering, and so settled down. With the Rendile we found several people who said they were Marlé. They appeared in every way similar to the Rendile, but said that some of their customs differed; for example, they eschewed all flesh but that of sheep. We repeatedly asked them if they were not in some way related to the Somali; but the idea seemed to anger them. They shook their heads vigorously, and said: "The Somali are our enemies."

"Then are you not related to the Galla, Arussi Galla, or the Borana?" (the latter a tribe supposed to live in the neighbourhood of the Juba River).

"No; we are not in any way kith or kin of those people. Formerly we had trading relations with them; but for many years past we have been at war."

"Who are you, then?"

"We are Rendile; there are no people like us. We are the great Rendile tribe."

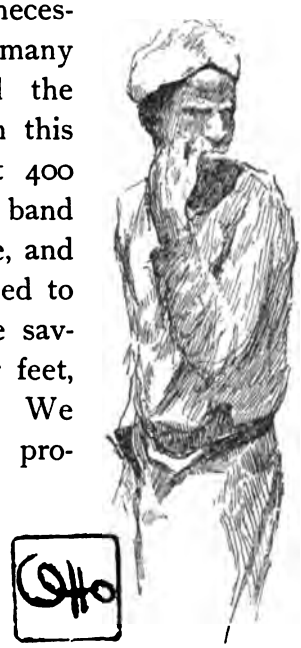
Despite many further questions designed to ascertain something further in connection with their history, this was all we were ever able to elicit from them.

The following day we received another visit from the three chiefs. Instead of the horses, camels, and donkeys I had expected them to bring as gifts, they satisfied themselves with presenting us two very large fat-tailed sheep. In anticipation of a much larger gift, we had laid out what was in truth a magnificent present for the chiefs; and despite our disappointment, and the meagreness and lack of generosity they had shown, we decided to present it as originally planned. We gave them each a red flannel blanket, several shawls, knives, coils of wire, and many pounds of bright-coloured beads, besides several yards of the heaviest American drill, called on the east coast of Africa "marduf." They examined it closely, and said that many years before a band of traders from Barawa had brought them some just like it.

After they had received their gifts, they said that trade would begin on the morrow; but that we must first make blood-brothers with them, and after that

they would prefer us to move our camp, as the place was too distant for such august personages as themselves to have to walk.

They went away, and in the afternoon returned to make blood-brotherhood. They told us there were two methods of performing this ceremony: one by means of a stone, and the other necessitating the painting of our faces many colours. Naturally we preferred the stone rites. The three chiefs on this occasion were attended by about 400 warriors; so I arranged my little band in as formidable array as possible, and fired two volleys. The noise seemed to have an irritating effect upon the savages; they at once rose to their feet, shouted, and shook their fists. We soon calmed them, however, and proceeded to business.



MAHOMET AMAN

Lokomogul, on behalf of his people, and I, on behalf of my own, each seized in our right hands a round stone. Upon the stones we liberally expectorated. Each then passed his stone to his following, who did likewise. We then exchanged stones; and each, holding the stone in his right hand, with his left dug a small hole in the soil, meanwhile uttering words of supposed magic import. In these holes we finally placed the stones, and covered them with sand. We then grasped hands, and assured each other that we were the best friends possible. After this I took

forty of my men, and accompanied the chiefs to the place where they wished us to make a camp. It was two miles farther along the bed of the stream in which our first camp was pitched; in a few hours my forty men had built there a strong zeriba.

On our way to the new zeriba we were approached by a band of 100 Samburu, or Berkenedji. They exactly resembled Masai warriors, wore their hair in the same style of tonsure, and were armed in identical manner. They were very anxious to exchange donkeys for our cattle. They had lain in wait for us on the road; for, as they said, when once we had reached our new camp, they would be kept away by the Rendile, and not allowed to exchange with us. As we hoped to exchange our cattle for camels and horses, we refused to trade with them.

Shortly after we reached our new camp, and established ourselves therein, the three chiefs, accompanied by from 600 to 800 warriors, appeared. They all wished to enter our zeriba at once. This we gently but firmly refused to permit. We provided boxes for the three chiefs, and they sat down. After the exchange of small gifts (they gave milk, and we gave tobacco), they said they were then ready to begin trade, and asked what we wished to buy. We said, camels. Lokomogul shouted to his men, and an old camel, apparently suffering from a number of diseases, was led to the edge of the zeriba. Lokomogul in a long speech extolled the merits of this animal, and, among other things, said it was the best camel they had. We told him that as he valued this animal so highly, we thought it a pity to deprive

him of it; that, in fact, we preferred younger and stronger animals, even though lacking in the historical interest attached to this one. Lokomogul eyed us sharply, exchanged glances with his two fellow-chiefs, and said: "If you wish to buy any camels, you must buy this one first."

It then dawned upon Lieutenant von Höhnel and me that we had formed too high hopes of the Rendile, and that the matter of trade with them was likely to be productive of difficulty and perhaps strife.

We having refused to purchase that camel, Lokomogul refused to take any further part in the proceedings. Lomoro, however, said he had two young camels, the flower of his flock; but that he did not wish to bring them near our zeriba, and for some reason or other had left them a few hundred yards away. We went out to see them; and my Somali burst into laughter at sight of them, and said they were undersized runts, and unable to bear burdens. They were about the size of a horse. We again shook our heads. Lomoro shook his head, stamped his feet, and asked what sort of people we were; it seemed impossible to please us. We asked if such were the only camels they had to sell. They replied: "Yes; the Rendile do not sell their camels."

After further conversation, they said they were ready to begin trade in donkeys. The price they asked was ridiculous; they wished sixty yards of heavy American sheeting for each animal. They measured cloth in the same manner as all other people in East Africa; that is, from the elbows to the tips of the fingers — and a dwarf is never selected as

a measuring-stick. Eight such measurements usually make about four yards. It was needless to explain to them that we considered this price perfectly ludicrous. On the coast a donkey can be purchased for ten doty (forty yards) of drill, where drill was easily procured, and where the owner of the donkey had been to the expense of bringing his beast. Among the entire tribe of these savages there was perhaps not twenty yards of cloth; yet they wished us to give them half as much again as was asked at the coast.

We then refused to trade. In order to impress them we produced the red blankets, thinking we should thereby excite their cupidity. We also spread out before them some Scotch plaid shawls. The appearance of the latter they greeted with derisive shouts, and Lomoro took one of them in his hand, waved it above his head, and attracted to it the attention of the assembled warriors outside the zeriba. It seemed to madden them as a red rag does a bull. After some questioning, we learned that the Rendile loathed any colour but white — a most curious instance! for all negroes are notoriously fond of bright colours.

We had spent more than an hour in fruitless endeavour to arrive at some sort of trade with these people. Each moment the assembled warriors outside our camp grew more impatient; and soon the air rang with savage shouts. I thought they were about to attack us; and so I quietly went about among my men, and told them to load their rifles, and place two extra cartridges in their hands. The shouts grew louder and louder; when suddenly the Somali came to us,

and said they could understand sufficient of what the Rendile were saying, to gather that they were preparing to fall upon us.

Both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had been so much irritated by the unreasonable behaviour of these people, that we would have almost welcomed a struggle, as a relief to our feelings. It flashed across my mind that we should never be in a better position to attack them than at that time. We were in a strong zeriba, water near at hand, and plentiful food and ammunition supplies. Seated in front of us were, as far as we could learn, the three greatest chiefs of the Rendile, entirely at our mercy. We did not wish to begin a struggle; but if one arrow had flown, or a spear been cast through the zeriba, we should at once have entered into the spirit which prompted the action. Three well-directed volleys fired through the thorns of our zeriba would have laid many of the warriors low, and dispersed the remainder; then we could have retained the three chiefs as hostages, and forced the Rendile to trade on satisfactory terms.

The shouting continued. The three chiefs sat quiet, and eyed us narrowly, doubtless seeking for some indication of fear. At length I told them that we had made blood-brothers with the Rendile, and in consequence we were loath to treat them in any but the most friendly manner; but that in our country we were not accustomed to such shouts and cries as then filled the air, and we were compelled to construe them as signs of hostility; also, that unless quiet was at once restored, the Rendile would discover in short order what manner of men we were.

At these words, the chiefs exchanged glances; then arose to their feet, and commanded their followers to be still. In a moment silence reigned, as perfect as the bedlam of the previous moment. The chiefs then again seated themselves, and Lomoro asked us why, if we had come to them for the purpose of trade, we did not trade with them; they were quite willing, and in fact anxious, to sell us what we desired, but we seemed obstinate and ill-disposed toward them.

Throughout the entire transaction Lomoro exhibited the most intelligence and diplomacy. Lokomogul, although he seemed to possess great influence over the people, did not show nearly the same degree of attention; and Lyserege, his cupidity aroused by the sight of our trading-goods, had from the first desired to possess them by force. I took Lomoro to my tent, and with Hassan, the interpreter, endeavoured to have a quiet and reasonable talk with him. I asked him if he had previously had dealings with Arab and Zanzibari caravans. He said: Yes; on one occasion a caravan came to them and behaved badly; and so they fell upon it, destroyed the men, and took their goods. And he added that on three or four occasions they had been visited by small bodies of traders, principally Barawa, who had brought with them some marduf. I asked him whether or not he really wished to trade with us. He replied that for his part he would be only too happy to do so; but that he found great difficulty in restraining his young men from attacking us. He suggested that we should distribute a large present among the warriors. This I naturally declined to do. He then asked for another present for himself and the

two other chiefs. I refused this also. He then said: "Well, I leave you to your fate," and turning on his heel, stalked out of the tent and the zeriba. He was shortly followed by Lokomogul and Lyserege.

After the chiefs left, we were able to purchase ten donkeys by giving extraordinary prices in cloth and beads for them; still, the price was less than was first asked. To acquire these ten donkeys required more

SCENE IN CAMP

than half the trading-goods which we had considered sufficient to purchase fifty or seventy-five camels.

The following day the chiefs did not visit us, and but few of the natives appeared. We asked to be taken to their villages, but they refused, saying that strangers were never permitted to visit the villages of the Rendile. During the afternoon, one of the natives appeared, mounted upon a horse. The horse looked for all the world like one of our western ponies. I examined the bit and saddle with great curiosity. The former was rudely fashioned of iron,

and was very severe; it resembled a Spanish bit. The saddle was made of light wood covered with soft folds of sheepskin; so that it was comfortable. It was attached to the horse by means of a cinch girth run through rings and knotted. The stirrups consisted of rings just large enough to admit the great toe. The saddle was held in place by a breastplate and breeching, as well as by the girth. The reins consisted of bits of untanned hide. The horseman was armed with a spear quite ten feet in length.

I was told that the Rendile possessed about 500 horses. These they had purchased from the Barawa, whose tribe was said to be possessed of thousands of horses, which they used in battle and also for the purpose of hunting giraffe and antelope, which are the only game eaten by the Rendile.

During our stay in the neighbourhood of these people I saw but one woman. She was clad as follows. About her hips there depended a short kilt, consisting of what resembled rope-ends, and from her shoulders fell a voluminous cloak of well-tanned sheepskin. The Rendile tanned their hides very successfully, and one of these bore a remarkable resemblance to *peau de suede.* The woman's hair was most carefully arranged. It was gathered on the top of her head in the shape of a crest of an ancient Greek helmet, and was held in this position by means of pins and grease.

In the afternoon we were able to gather an idea of the numbers of the Rendile flocks and herds. Just before sundown a herd of camels passed our camp, and we counted 4000. These were said to belong to

a single village, and that not the richest of the Rendile villages. There were said to be twenty villages; so that one might say the Rendile possessed, in round numbers, 80,000 camels. In former days they had possessed many cattle, but these had been very much reduced in number by plagues, so that their herds, at the time of our visit, consisted of but 1000. Of donkeys, they were said to possess thousands upon thousands, and it was reported that their flocks of sheep and goats were countless.

From conversations with these people, we gathered that there must be 20,000 Rendile, not counting the many thousand Samburu and Berkenedji living with them. It was said that when the Rendile were camped in one long line, it took six hours' hard marching to pass from one end of the line to the other.

Their huts were said to be made of camel saddles similar to those used by the Somali. They had been encamped two months at Kome, where we found them; but, as the pasturage was now nearly exhausted, they were on the point of moving. They said they wandered from Marlé, to the north of Lake Stephanie, as far south as the northern extremity of the Leikipia plateau. In former years they had encamped near Marsabit and the northern end of the General Matthews range; but five years previously they had suffered defeat at the hands of the Turcana, who robbed them of thousands of camels, and killed many of their tribe. Many years ago they inhabited the plain to the south of Lorian called Kirrimar; but owing to the repeated raids of the Somali from Kismayu and the

neighbouring towns on the coast, they had left it. They said that within the preceding year they had been attacked by a body of Somali, some hundreds of whom were armed with rifles; they had beaten them off, however, with great loss. They expressed hearty contempt for the rifles used by the Somali; which must have been muzzle-loaders charged with a poor quality of powder, and most probably with too small a charge. The Rendile said their shields were sufficient to turn the bullets. They had heard of our victory over the Wamsara, and expressed great surprise thereat; for they reckoned the Wamsara to be as formidable as the Masai, and the latter, in the old days, had always been able to rout the Somali in battle.

The chief medicine-man of the tribe was called Lesegetetti; he was not a native of the Rendile, but a Masai. His sway dated from the defeat of the Rendile at the hands of the Turcana. Up to that time their chief medicine-man was a Rendile, named Laogoum; but as his magic had been unable to ward off the attacks of the Turcana, his influence since that day had waned, and Lesegetetti was considered the most powerful medicine-man of the tribe.

We waited at Kome another day, hoping there would be more trade; but few natives came to us, and they only to beg tobacco. One was an intelligent young fellow, and by means of presents we got him to sit down and tell us all he knew about his people and their customs. All our questions were answered with satisfactory readiness; but as we never entered into intimate relations with the Rendile, I am unable

to vouch for the truth of the following items of his conversation; and in fact, from my knowledge of negro character, I would suggest that they be received with more or less caution.

The Rendile believe that God first made two people (Rendile), a man and a woman, and two camels; and that from these pairs sprang the race of the Rendile and their camel herds. The original home of the Rendile was Naudo (meaning, in the Masai tongue, "a high place"), situated somewhere in the neighbourhood of Lysamis; that is, the country lying between the General Matthews range and Lake Rudolph, which from time immemorial has been inhabited by the Rendile.

All males are circumcised in the ordinary Arab fashion, and their navels are cut away entirely, leaving a small round hole. This cutting away of the navel is done when the child is about three years of age; while circumcision is delayed until the age of puberty. When the males get their second set of teeth, the two lower front teeth are cut out. Only one other East African tribe is said to practise the same mutilations; these are the Marlé, living to the north of Lake Stephanie, in all probability a kindred race.

Polygamy is in vogue, the number of wives being limited only by the man's ability to support them. The marriage ceremony is wholly a matter of business; but, according to my informant, is a more or less complicated affair, requiring time for its completion. When a young woman finds favour in the eyes of a young man, he must first pay court to her father, and ingratiate himself by a present of seven female

goats and three camels. If the father accepts the gift, the deal goes on; if he refuses, the business is at an end. If the present is accepted, the girl's two lower front teeth are cut out, and the business is concluded by the father of the bride receiving ten additional camels from the family of the young man.

The funeral ceremony is as follows. The corpse is shaved, and then buried in a deep hole in a sitting posture; the hole is then filled with stones, which are piled several feet above the ground into a sort of cairn; afterward a spear is fixed in an upright position in the centre. This completed, the near relatives of the deceased kill a camel, and invite their friends to a feast. The whole village goes into mourning, and during the period of mourning they either take off their ornaments or hide them with skins.

Only male relatives of the deceased share in the distribution of his herds. At the end of one month the heir of the dead man ingratiates himself with his immediate relatives by presenting them with goats, sheep, or camels, as the case may be, and as his means may warrant.

Primogeniture is in vogue, but it is customary for the younger brothers of the heir to receive substantial presents. The heir assumes the care of his mother and sisters. In return for the care he bestows upon his sisters, all goods paid for them upon marriage go to him.

The Samburu, or Berkenedji, were originally deadly enemies of the Rendile; but since their defeat at Leikipia by the Masai many years ago, and the subsequent destruction of their flocks by the plague, they

had been forced into semi-serfdom to the Rendile—watching their flocks, and performing other menial services for them. In return for this they were protected in their persons and possessions. These people in no way changed their customs after joining the Rendile, and their customs are distinctly different from those of the Rendile. For example, they do not bury the dead, but throw them out to the hyenas; and they scorn the use of a bow and arrow until old age has deprived them of sufficient strength to use a spear.

Among the Rendile adultery is not punished; but in the case of unmarried girls unchastity meets with severe retribution, for the sole and simple reason that the market value of the girl to her parents has been decreased. A slip from the path of chastity by a young girl invariably results in her being driven out from her home; and she is either forced to join the Samburu, or Berkenedji, or the Wanderobbo, or she is sold as a slave.

Murder is punished by confiscation of property; and the relatives of the murdered man are at liberty to revenge themselves upon the person of the murderer.

Theft is punished by a fine three times the value of the stolen goods.

All questions of this kind are adjudicated by the older men of the village in which the offence was committed.

The chief food of the Rendile is milk, meat, blood, and dhum-palm fruit. Upon slaying an animal, the blood is at once drunk by the males, who think it makes them not only brave and courageous, but

healthy. I fancy they do it for the sake of the salt in the blood. Giraffe and antelope are hunted on horseback, and are the only game eaten.

Their shields are made of the hides of animals, or of wicker work. The iron work on their spears, knives, etc., is done for the most part by the smiths in their villages; but they prefer to purchase these articles from the neighbouring tribes, as the work of their own smiths is not of the best.

Over each village a chief presides in the councils of peace as well as of war. His office is elective, not hereditary. A man of wealth and position is rarely elected to the office of chief. Popularity, gift of language, and skill in war are the three prime requisites; but after a man has once been made chief he soon becomes rich; for he levies a tax upon the flocks and herds of his village, until his property at least equals that of any other member of the small community.

The number of strings of beads around a man's neck indicates the number of men he has slain in battle. The chief of the village gives the warrior a goat and a quantity of milk for each slain enemy.

My informant also told me that for the preceding five or six years the relations of the Rendile and the Borana had been strained. The Rendile appeared greatly to dread the Borana, who in their opinion were the most powerful tribe in their neighbourhood.

The Borana people are said to be separated into two divisions, the larger of which is called Rrapp. The Rrapp, despite the recent plague, still had a great number of cattle. They were reigned over by a chief named Kalo, and have many horses; but at the same

time they cultivate the soil to some degree. Both the Borana and the Rrapp wear short breeches made of coarse Galla cloth.

From Kome to Borana the road is good only during the rainy season; in dry weather it is impassable by reason of the lack of water en route. A journey of one month from Kome would be required to reach these people. We therefore have fixed their whereabouts in the neighbourhood of the Juba River.

GUASO NYIRO RIVER, NEAR WHERE WE FOUND RENDILE

Neither Lieutenant von Höhnel nor I was able to come to any satisfactory conclusion as to the origin of the Rendile, or as to the African family to which their tribe belonged. In the matter of appearance, their prevailing light colour, straight hair, blue eyes, and the custom of cutting out the navel led us to conclude that they were closely connected with neither the Somali nor the Galla. Lieutenant von Höhnel had visited Harrar, and had there seen many Abyssinians, whose appearance, he said, was very different from that of the Rendile. The language of the Ren-

dile, although according to our Somali somewhat similar to theirs, was in so many ways perfectly distinct from it, that we concluded the similarities had been the result more of intercommunication between these peoples in former years than of derivation of the Rendile tongue from the Somali. They also used many Galla phrases, and the fact that on several occasions we had heard the chiefs address their followers as Oromo, led us to believe that they were in some way connected with the Galla tribe. But the insistence with which all the Rendile with whom we talked repudiated the suggestion, forced us to give up that theory.

It was easy to explain their familiarity with the Masai tongue, as that was the language of the Samburu, or Berkenedji, for centuries closely connected with the Rendile, to whom many of them for years had been in a state of servitude, while many of their females had borne children to the Rendile. They used the word "Ngai" to express the idea of the Deity alone. This is a Masai word, used by the Masai not only to express the idea of the Deity, but also as an exclamation of surprise and wonder. A watch, a successful shot made with a rifle, an ornament of great beauty, or anything which excited their admiration, called forth this exclamation. The Rendile had some idea of a deity, a much clearer one, as far as we could learn, than that possessed by the Masai, or any other East African race that had not come into contact with Christians and Mohammedans.

The weapons of this people, and their implements, as well as their method of life, were in every respect

similar to those of nomadic, pastoral people, such as the Galla and Somali, who inhabit East Africa.

Their government, to a certain extent, was oligarchical. Each village was presided over by its chief, whose decisions were not final, and were influenced in great degree by the other rich and prominent men of his village. Each village was distinct in policy, and might act for itself quite independently of any or all the others — might even separate entirely from the rest of the tribe, if it so willed. They remained united, not as the result of mutual affection, but as a measure of safety. For the immediately preceding twenty or thirty years (and for how many more we were unable to ascertain) they had been the victims of raids from the Borana and Rrapp on the north, the Somali on the east, and the Turcana and Masai on the south, whenever the movements of the Rendile presented a fair opportunity; and the strength of unity, at least, was a binding tie among them.

The position of the medicine-men, Lesegetetti and Laogoum, seemed similar to that of the chiefs. These medicine-men were the means of communication with the Deity, and it was through them and their arts that a knowledge of the future came; but the fact that these medicine-men were known to be not infallible (evidenced by the defeat the Rendile sustained at the hands of the Turcana, while acting under advice given by Laogoum) tempered their power.

The most powerful village of the Rendile was that presided over by Lokomogul. For the twenty years past it had not suffered from depredations. This was supposed to be due to the fact that the medicine-man,

whoever he might happen at different periods to be, had always been privileged to make his home with Lokomogul. There appeared to be great rivalry between the villages, and the three chiefs with whom we had dealings were excessively jealous of one another. After receiving their presents they came singly both to Lieutenant von Höhnel and to me, and each said that, as his village was the greatest and most powerful, he was the most influential chief, and hence a greater present should be tendered him than the others.

Owing to the fact that all our intercourse with them was through an interpreter, who spoke the Masai language, the native tongue neither of the Rendile nor of our interpreter, and the further fact that in speaking with our interpreter we were forced to use the Swahili, it was difficult for us in the short time we were in communication with these people to gather really satisfactory information from them.

During a visit from these three chiefs, Lokomogul gave us a shrewd glance, and asked why, if we were such great people, we travelled without our wives; they knew of but one tribe willing to undergo the hardships of life without the companionship of the other sex, and that tribe was the lowest of the low — they were outcast robbers and criminals of other tribes — they were the dthombons. This question was a poser. We at once felt the difficulty, indeed the impossibility, of explaining to these untutored savages the fact that we were able to exist so long without the society of ladies; but we knew silence should be a last resort in dealing with Africans. Some reply is always absolutely necessary; so, under the spur of necessity, we said that

we had left our women a few weeks' journey back on the road, as they had become greatly fatigued by the long distances we had travelled. Lokomogul then said that the women of his tribe never tired. Do what we could later, we were never able to recover the loss of prestige attached to the fact that our caravan was confined in its personnel strictly to the male sex.

Not being able to penetrate the mystery surrounding the origin of these people, we were forced to content ourselves with the fact that we had discovered them. It remains for some future traveller attended with better fortune to lift this veil. Suffice it here to say, that both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I feel firmly convinced that, when at some future time a well qualified and equipped traveller visits these people, he will find them worthy of his attention. To us, at least, they seemed the most original and interesting of all the strange and different peoples met in East Africa. We think there can be little doubt that hundreds of years ago they came from the far north. Perhaps in some way they are allied to that mysterious people called the Shepherd Kings, who thousands of years ago inhabited Egypt.

During our stay with the Rendile, our guide, Mayolo, had daily, and in fact almost hourly, pressed us to flee from the neighbourhood. He said that for many years he had lived with the Rendile, and assured us that they were capable of any degree of treachery. He said that their treatment of us had not been such as they were accustomed to accord friends; but, on the contrary, showed that they looked upon us not only with distrust, but with positive dis-

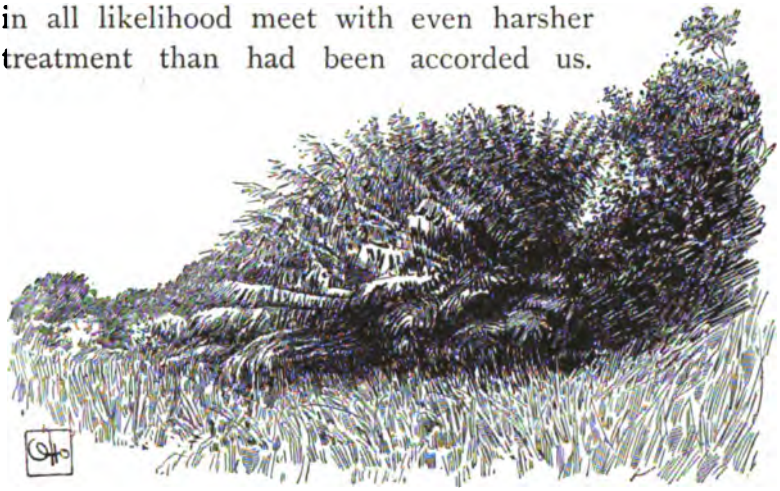
favour. He said that he expected them to attack us almost any day; and that not a night passed but he went to rest with the thought that he might never waken.

The members of our caravan did not seem convinced of the friendship of the Rendile; instead of songs and laughter over their food and about their camp-fire at night, perfect silence reigned, and conversation was only in whispers. This was the conduct of the porters and Soudanese. The Somali, however, had at every opportunity urged the advisability of immediate attack upon the Rendile. They said that a battle would be hard, but that they were convinced we should succeed, and that then all trouble would be at an end. We should then possess camels and horses in great numbers, and be able to travel like gentlemen.

On the occasion when the 4000 camels passed near our camp, cupidity gleamed from the eyes of the Somali, and when the last animal passed from sight, they shook their heads and sighed. The temptation to take advantage of the vast herds and flocks of the Rendile was, I may freely confess, a great one. Their treatment of us had been anything but kindly. They had accepted our gifts and offer of friendship, it is true; but in return for these they had given us little but unfriendly treatment. They were absolutely unwilling to trade, and both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I felt that further efforts toward that end would be useless.

On the other hand, we could not permit ourselves to fall upon these people, even though the issue of the present situation would be of most doubtful character, until they had done something more than to

cheat our expectations. We had food in plenty, and we felt that the sacrifice of many lives for the sake of beasts of burden alone was unwarranted. We realized, nevertheless, that withdrawal from the neighbourhood would imply to the Rendile that we stood in fear of them; and with that idea in their minds the next European who visited their country would in all likelihood meet with even harsher treatment than had been accorded us.



TYPE OF LANDSCAPE

With people of a warlike nature, such as the Rendile, the advance of civilization must always be attended with more or less bloodshed. Their isolation, their great numbers and consequent confidence, render them not only averse to friendly overtures, but prone to turn their power into a means of easy profit by attacking their visitors.

No African tribe I have yet met preferred trade to war. Plunder is with them the only means of transacting exchange, until by severe lessons they are taught that the people with whom they are brought into

contact are able to take care of themselves, but at the same time are willing to make fair bargains. It has been the experience of almost all African travellers, that commercial intercourse between the European and the savage is impossible, until, by force of arms, the former has convinced the natives of his superiority.

At the very inception of our enterprise, while in Europe, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had laid our plans, and counted upon meeting the Rendile, from whom we had convinced ourselves that we should be able to procure animals sufficient for the porterage of our goods. From the coast up to the point of meeting with the Rendile, notwithstanding most untiring efforts, we had been unable to provide ourselves with enough donkeys. The donkeys we took from the coast were all dead, and we were on the frontier of a new country, with a caravan amply equipped, as far as supplies went, for a journey of eighteen months, and yet unable to move a step for the lack of beasts of burden.

On Lieutenant von Höhnel's former journey he had seen, while passing through the country of the Turcana, thousands of donkeys and several hundred camels. The Turcana inhabited the country to the southwest of Lake Rudolph, at a considerable distance from the point at which we then were. Not only distance intervened, but we knew from our experience in this land that we should meet with great difficulty in our search for water. Notwithstanding this, we decided to turn our steps in that direction. By the young Rendile who gave us the information concerning the customs of his people, we sent word to the chiefs that on the following day we should take our departure.

CHAPTER VIII

THE road to Turcana lay via Seran and Lolokwi. In fact, this was the only portion of the country with which we were acquainted; but we hoped to be able, upon again reaching our friends, the Wanderobbo, to procure fresh guides, who would be competent to lead us to the other purchasing-ground for beasts of burden. At early dawn on the morning of July 8, we left our camp in the Rendile country, and reached Seran at three in the afternoon of the same day.

We received no response from our message to the chiefs of the Rendile; and, in fact, from their unfriendly behaviour during the last few days of our stay in that country, we hardly expected any. Nevertheless, we did not like to leave their country without giving them notice, lest they should construe our march into something in the nature of a retreat.

Upon reaching Seran, I made a short detour of the surrounding country, and killed three zebra and an oryx beisa. I also wounded a rhinoceros, but the latter we were unable to get.

About five o'clock of the day of our arrival at Seran, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I were seated at the door of our tent, almost entirely undressed, owing to the heat of the day, and taking tea, when some of our men, who had gone to a pool of water 300 yards distant

from our camp, to wash some of the donkey saddles, suddenly appeared, breathless from running, and said that a large war party of Rendile was approaching the camp. With all despatch, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I attired ourselves, and ran forward with twenty men. Upon reaching the brow of a low hill, we saw before us three horsemen armed with long spears, and almost concealed in a thick growth of dhum palms. In their rear we could discern more horsemen, many camels, and a large body of foot warriors. We halted.

Between our position and the palms, which served to conceal the Rendile force, there stretched a little plain, and over that plain the three horsemen cantered slowly to and fro. Upon seeing us, they shouted to their companions behind, amidst the trees, and then cried to us: "Serian!" (Peace). Knowing that Lieutenant von Höhnel and the men with him, who were the best shots in the caravan, would be perfectly able to cover my advance, I went forward, accompanied by two of the Somali and a Masai interpreter, to talk to the three mounted Rendile.

They permitted me to approach to within fifty yards, but at first no nearer. When I reached that distance, they waved their hands for me to keep off, and when I advanced, they would retreat. Finally, after shouting, "Serian!" I inquired their purpose in coming. They replied that they were a hunting-party of the Rendile in search of giraffe, and said that the camels they had brought with them were for the purpose of carrying back the meat of such animals as they slew. They did not attempt, however, to explain the presence of the large body of foot warriors, some 200 in number.

The men who had been washing the donkey saddles said they had not noticed the approach of the Rendile, until they were almost upon them; and that from the movements of these people they did not for a moment think they had come on a peaceful mission. I shared their opinion. The two Somali who were with me grinned with excitement and glee, and said: "Now, master, Allah has delivered these people with horses and camels into our hands. Now let us seize them. They are enemies, and they belong to us. We know that the white man does not wage war for the sake of plunder; but let us, the Somali, go with a few men we will select, and in a few moments you will have horses to ride, and camels to carry your goods"

The temptation to yield was, I must admit, next to irresistible; but as the people concealed among the trees made no overt attack upon us, and as the horsemen continued to shout in the most eager manner, "Serian! Serian!" I could not permit myself to indulge in the pleasure of an attack.

The three horsemen were men whom we had noticed as followers of Lokomogul. They said that their chief very much regretted we had left his country without permitting him to say farewell to us; and that they had come out of their way while on the giraffe hunt to bear us this message. One of them eagerly pointed over his shoulder, and said rapidly, "Rhinoceros! Rhinoceros!" This at first conveyed nothing to our minds; but upon following them to a distance, we found stretched on the ground the rhinoceros I had wounded. The sight of this animal

lying dead upon the ground without apparent wound in his body was undoubtedly what changed their intentions from war to peace. Upon examination, we found that they had time and again plunged their spears into the body of the animal, to test whether he was dead or sleeping. When I pointed out the hole made by my bullet, they evinced every indication of surprise.

Finally, after many protestations on our part, we managed to persuade the three horsemen to dismount; but not until I had taken from the soil a stone, and spat upon it. This seemed to convince them of my friendly intention, and the older man of the three did likewise. After this exchange of pledges of brotherly love, they seemed much more at ease. I endeavoured to get them to visit my camp, but this they seemed extremely loath to do. After urging them to take a message to their chiefs, to the effect that I would wait for them at Seran, if they had anything to say to me, I was forced to be content to see them rejoin their men, and start on the return trip to Rendile.

To watch their movements I sent some of my men, who returned after dark, and said that the party never for a moment turned from their course, but marched with all rapidity towards their home. My spies reported that there were some thirty horsemen in the party, and that all of them were fully armed. I suppose that the young man we had asked to apprise Lokomogul of our departure neglected to do so until after we had set out; when, finding we had left, some of the more courageous decided not to

permit such a prize as we appeared to be to slip through their hands, and so set out for the purpose of attacking us.

Looking back at this abortive effort on the part of the Rendile, I must admit that it is only with feelings of regret that I remember having slain the rhinoceros, and thus given their warriors an inkling of the real power of our rifles. If they had not seen the rhinoceros, I think it highly probable they would have attacked us, and that would have given us every right to profit by their temerity.

We had left at Lolokwi in the camp of the Wanderobbo all the donkey saddles and housing of those animals which had died prior to our departure. These were most difficult to replace, and so I decided to send for them, while we waited at Seran in the hope of a visit, hostile or otherwise, from the Rendile. I sent to bring these saddles, Mohamadi, the headman of the Swahili, and ten men. Bearing in mind the slowness of a Zanzibari when left to himself, I sent with them Achmet Dualla, one of the Somali, who was perfectly trustworthy, and who I knew would not loiter upon the way. During their absence, Lieutenant von Höhnel with Mayolo, the guide, went to a point about eighteen miles to the northwest of Seran, called Lengaya, in order to map the country, and, if possible, discover some new route to the Turcana. He returned in thirty-six hours and reported that from the appearance of the country and the assurances of Mayolo, the guide, the track between Lengaya and Mount Nyiro was absolutely devoid of water, and therefore at that season impassable for the caravan.

Much to our disgust, the Rendile did not reappear during our stay at this place.

The following day Achmet Dualla returned with but three of the party who had accompanied him to bring back the donkey saddles. The three men had been sufficient to bring back the empty saddles, and it is well that they were; for Achmet reported that,

NATIVE BRIDGE—A CHASM IN THE GUASO NYIRO RIVER

upon reaching Lolokwi, Mohamadi with the other six men had made off in the night. This news was all but pleasant. We knew they would have little difficulty in reaching the coast, for the distance between Lolokwi and the ford on the Guaso Nyiro, where we had deposited the five days' food supply, was short enough to be covered in a day; and after supplying themselves there they would be able to reach the coast at Mombasa, or, by following the Tana, at Lamoo.

During our stay with the Rendile I had served out to my men forty rounds of ammunition. As the deserters were expert shots, they would be able to supply themselves with game on the way, and after reaching Hameye they could intimidate the Pokomo. At Hameye, providing themselves with canoes, they could easily float down-stream to the coast. With the donkey saddles I had also left the two ivory tusks taken from the elephant shot by Lieutenant von Höhnel. These were worth about $150; and as they were taken by these men, they would supply them with means after reaching the coast to return to Zanzibar.

Our visit to the Rendile, except for the purpose of discovery, and the interest which they had excited, was anything but satisfactory. From the appearance of these people, and the fact that they possessed horses, our men had acquired a great dread of them, and this undoubtedly increased the Zanzibari's willingness to desert. However, I did not give up all hope of catching Mohamadi. Knowing the Zanzibari character, I thought he would go straight to Daitcho, inform George that he and his six men were the sole survivors of our party, and endeavour to induce George and the rest of the caravan to return to the coast. Bearing this in mind, it seemed not only advisable, but necessary, to return at once to Daitcho, not only to relieve the mind of George, should Mohamadi have told him some plausible story, but also in the hope of capturing the deserters. Accordingly Lieutenant von Höhnel set out the following day for Lolokwi, where he was to wait until I returned, which I pro-

posed doing in fifteen days. During this time Lieutenant von Höhnel would be able, we hoped, to procure guides. Upon my return from Daitcho with an increased supply of food, and men to take the place of the deserters, we hoped to push on to the Turcana in search of donkeys.

By reference to the map the reader can form some conception of the circuitous route we were forced to take on our march from Daitcho to Kome, where we found the Rendile. In an unknown country it is impossible to follow a straight or direct road, when one's path lies through a waterless desert.

Upon my setting out from Seran, Lieutenant von Höhnel gave me the direction I should pursue, by compass, and told me that, if I followed his course, and marched at the rate of three miles per hour, I should reach before dark our old Christmas camping-place on the Guaso Nyiro. Bearing these instructions in mind, I reached the Guaso Nyiro immediately opposite this camp after a ten hours' march. My men were lightly laden, and the direction in which we marched seemed to lend wings to their feet; for our backs were then turned upon the Rendile, and they were facing the coast.

In crossing the river we experienced some difficulty, as it was still in flood; but, once across, we again stepped out briskly, and by two in the afternoon we reached Ngombe crater.

At 1.30 P.M., July 19, we reached Daitcho, having accomplished the distance from Seran in three and one-half days; or, allowing for the detours we had been compelled to make on account of the condition

of the road, we had covered seventy-five miles in that time. When we formerly set out from Daitcho, it required more than twenty days to reach Seran; but upon the return journey, being more familiar with the road, we had been able to cover the distance between these two points in three and one-half days.

I found all working satisfactorily at Daitcho. George had the men in good condition, and, in order to prevent idleness and its customary result in mischief, had kept them constantly employed. A party of twenty was engaged in making rope for camel and donkey saddles, or the binding of loads. This rope was made by beating out a fibrous plant, carefully drying it, and then rubbing it into strips, which were eventually plaited into an excellent rope. Others were employed in making large straw baskets in which to store flour. One, a Manyema, was busily engaged in weaving a straw cloth used by the tribe to which he belonged for clothing. To do this work he had been forced to make a loom; and though his progress was slow, the work kept his thoughts busy, thereby preventing them from reverting to the pleasures of the coast. The rest of the men were engaged from morning until night in pounding dried cassava into flour. The entire caravan looked fat and well.

During our absence George had done considerable shooting, and had fed all the men he had with him, either upon the meat which he procured, or with the grain he had been able to purchase from the natives of Daitcho in exchange for his surplus meat. The natives are so rarely permitted to indulge their craving for flesh, that they gladly exchanged flour, beans,

or anything they had, for a few pounds of it. Owing to the friendly relations which George had maintained with them, and doubtless also to the plentiful supply of meat which they had procured from him, the Daitcho had behaved in the most friendly manner; and after my arrival I held a levee of the principal men of the tribe, when I met many people who had not theretofore come to our camp.

The day after my arrival was spent in ease which the men who had accompanied me from Seran appreciated as much as I did. They were allowed as much food as they could eat, and of as great variety as the markets of Daitcho afforded. Their campfires seemed never to go out. At all times they were thoroughly filled, and they revelled in the greatest pleasure a Zanzibari is capable of experiencing — a gorged stomach.

During my stay at Daitcho the men who had remained behind with George performed their daily labours but indifferently well. Their minds were not upon their work, and all their thoughts were centred upon the moment when the drum should sound, and they should be released from their tasks, to gather around the men who had accompanied me, and from them hear marvellous tales of what had befallen them.

Most of their tales I never heard, but from a few snatches which reached my ears I gathered the impression that Munchausen would have produced a much more interesting work had he been a native of Zanzibar. To impart an idea of the boundless genius of the Zanzibari in the field of imagination,

I will relate one of the stories current in our camp at Daitcho within a day after our arrival. It was *à propos* of the Rendile. The Rendile were said to be, one and all, mounted upon coal-black steeds, clad in garments of the finest texture, and armed with Arab scimitars, upon the blades of which verses from the Koran were inscribed. They were also said to possess thousands of slaves. And the authors of this tale assured their hearers that it was simply owing to my ability in magic that they had escaped from the clutches of the Rendile. At first this story was received with a measure of incredulity; but constant repetition of even the most improbable lie is sufficient to stamp it as truth in the minds of these simple negroes.

George's stay at Daitcho had been free from any unusual or surprising occurrences, except those customarily attendant upon the sojourn of a white man in Africa. However, one of his experiences may be worthy of mention. Our camp had become so infested with fleas that he was unable to sleep in the zeriba at night; and so had acquired the habit of placing his bed without the palisade, taking care, however, to build a rousing fire near him to frighten away beasts of prey. I had left with him one of the puppies we had raised upon our journey; the other two we had taken along with us. It was the wont of this puppy to sleep at the foot of George's bed. Upon one occasion, while George was sleeping without the palisade, a loud yelp from the pup awakened him. Leaping from his bed, he saw, by the light of the dying fire, a large hyena bearing his guardian

away in its mouth. The daring of a hungry hyena is proverbial; so this adventure was not particularly surprising, especially when it is borne in mind that the natives of the Jombeni range leave their dead unburied, thereby increasing the temerity of the hyena in the presence of man.

Shortly after reaching the Rendile, I had received from Lomoro, the chief, a present of a small, shock-haired dog, of a species said to be owned in great numbers by the Rendile. I left this animal with George to replace the puppy stolen by the hyena. This creature, however, remained steadfast to the nomadic instincts imbued by the roving habits of the Rendile; and, after growing strong enough to walk, one fine day took himself off, never to return.

George had heard no rumours whatever of the runaways; so it seemed clear to me that Mohamadi and his party had made their way by the shortest route to the coast; however, he had the men who had deserted from us on the second day after Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had left Daitcho on our journey to the Rendile. These men had voluntarily returned to the camp at Daitcho, and said they were tired of marching and preferred camp life. This they considered sufficient warranty for their desertion.

During our stay in Daitcho, one event of some little interest occurred. About two o'clock one morning the men on guard at one of the gates discharged their rifles, and upon running out we succeeded in capturing two natives. According to our pickets, these two men had endeavoured to steal past them, and enter the zeriba. They were armed after the

most approved manner of thugs. About the person and in the hands of each were six effective slung-shots, consisting of heavy stones bound to a leathern thong. Doubtless their purpose was robbery, and it was entirely owing to the watchfulness of our pickets that their capture was the only result of their visit.

Of course, they denied all evil intention; but on the following day, after calling up the headmen of the Daitcho, we discovered that they were not members of that tribe, but, undoubtedly, were Embe. The

MEN PLAYING CARDS IN CAMP

headmen assured us that the presence of these men in the Daitcho country at that time of night was proof, to them at least, that they had not come on a mission of benevolence. We stripped them of their weapons, and sent them back as a warning to their people.

On Monday, July 24, I set out, accompanied by eighteen porters, Karscho, my gun-bearer, and my two tent-boys, to rejoin Lieutenant von Höhnel at Lolokwi. On parting at Seran, I had promised to rejoin him there in fifteen days; and as I had, when setting out from Daitcho, seven days still remaining,

I felt confident that by brisk marching I would be able to fulfil my promise. There was a marked difference in the marching ability of the men who had been with us to the Rendile, and of those who had remained at Daitcho. The latter suffered excessively from thirst, although, for the first day and a half, we were never more than one hour without crossing a stream of some sort. Their feet were sore, and they evinced signs of fatigue after a short march.

On the morning of July 26, two days from Daitcho, we set out early, knowing that we had a long, waterless march between us and the Ngombe crater. I cautioned my men to be sparing in the use of the water in their bottles; and, not contenting myself with this, I halted at the end of each hour, and examined the quantity in the bottle of each man. I offered rewards for the men who would arrive at camp with a drop or two in their bottles, and promised punishment to those who should exhaust the three litres before reaching camp. These deterrents proved of no avail. Two hours after we had set out, the new recruits from Daitcho had exhausted every drop in their bottles; while those who had been with me to the Rendile had, by that time, not touched their water at all. It was pitiful to hear the foolish creatures who had exhausted their supply, not only begging, but offering to purchase a draught from the bottles of their wiser companions.

By 2 P.M. two of my men were nearly dead with thirst; they were quite out of their minds, and raved continually. Their loads were taken away, and given to two men I had brought with me and permitted to go

unladen in anticipation of such an emergency. Curiously enough, although they had, for the moment, become mad by reason of their thirst, their ravings bore no reference to water. They shouted, laughed, cracked jokes, and staggered along with pleasant faces; but their wild and staring eyes, their uncertain steps, and the rambling manner of their talk gave positive evidence of their condition. To these two men I served out all the water I carried for myself, as I had by this time become accustomed to march for many hours without liquid refreshment. I also distributed among the people a few sticks of sugar-cane, which I was conveying to Lieutenant von Höhnel as a present from the Daitcho. Although the men seemed perfectly aware that I was denying myself, to a certain extent, in giving them these things, they evinced no sign of gratitude; but, after the nature of their kind, accepted what I gave them in a greedy manner, and meanwhile commented on the small quantity each received.

We continued the march, and by 6 P.M. reached the native trail leading from the Jombeni range to the Ngombe crater, when I halted to allow the caravan to close up. To induce them to move in more vigorous fashion, I had pressed on with all speed, accompanied by my two tent-boys. As soon as I was able to discern the figures of my men approaching me along the side of the hill, I again set out, knowing that, after they reached the native trail, they would have no difficulty in arriving at the Ngombe crater.

Shortly after sunset I had a rather disagreeable experience. I was striding along in the centre of the

path, whistling, and my two tent-boys were engaged in eager conversation about twenty feet to my left and rear, when suddenly I heard Baraka shout, "Yallah bwana mkubwa!" (For the love of God, master). As he shouted, I felt a sharp blow on my left side just over the pocket of my coat, and leaping quickly to one side, I ran on for two or three paces. Upon turning around, I saw a snake rising out of the path which I had just left, with its head fully three feet from the ground. Its fierce eyes shone in the light of the setting sun, and its neck was swollen out until it appeared to have the breadth of two hands. As I gazed, it slowly and noiselessly sank to the earth and disappeared from the path. I did not pursue it, principally for the reason that a shot fired after sunset was understood by my caravan to mean a signal of distress; and that would have resulted in my men throwing down their loads and running forward to meet me, thus delaying our arrival at the water.

My escape from such a disagreeable death was most fortunate. Had it not been for the fact that I carried in the left-side pocket of my coat two strongly bound note-books, the fangs of the serpent would undoubtedly have penetrated to my flesh, and judging from its size (the fact that it was able to raise its head a sufficient height to strike my pocket, proved its entire length could have been little short of six feet) death would have been practically instantaneous. Upon examination, I found that the fangs had penetrated quite through one of the books, and nearly through the outer covering of the other. It is strange how accustomed one becomes to disagreeable surprises

after a stay of some months in Africa; and to this fact I attribute the indifference with which I treated the affair. My mind was filled with the necessity of reaching water, and sending back succour to the men who had gone out of their heads for the want of it; so, after a few exclamations of relief, and a hearty laugh over the adventure, I pressed on with my boys to our goal.

Two hours after we reached our old camp on the side of the crater, all my men turned up except the two who were out of their minds, and one of their fellows who had remained behind to watch over them.

On the trail to the crater I had noticed footprints; consequently I expected to meet natives. I knew that not only the Embe visited that place for the purpose of getting the sulphate of magnesium, but also all the other tribes of the Jombeni range, and there was a degree of likelihood that we should meet a party of our old friends, the Wamsara.

Immediately upon the arrival of my men, we entered the chasm which led to the interior of the crater. The moon was sufficiently high to light us on our way, and I shall not soon forget the weird effect produced by its light, as we slowly and with difficulty wended our way over the stony bottom of the rift in the crater, whose walls rose high on both sides, and by their jagged outlines gave the effect of some mediæval ruin. When suddenly we reached the end of the rift, and the deep extent of the vast crater was exposed to view, illumined to its utmost bounds by the rays of the moon, the effect was almost

supernatural. The circular sides of the interior cast no shadow, so that the bottom of the hollow stood out in all the perfection of its form. In the centre of the hollow gleamed, white and startling, the deposit of sulphate of magnesium.

Owing to the depth of the crater, and the bright moonlight, we were unable to distinguish the fires, which we knew would be burning if natives were encamped there. Such is the distance of the crater from the last village of the Embe on the Jombeni range, that the natives visiting this spot are forced to spend the night in its hollow bottom. Not only do the natives imagine this crater to be inhabited by spirits of the most dreadful type, but long and painful experience had taught them that the spot we had chosen for our camp, namely, the outer side of the crater, near the entrance, was infested with lions. For that reason they invariably passed the night at the bottom of the crater, where, for the purpose of safety, they had build a strong thorn zeriba.

Upon reaching the edge of the crater, I sent Karscho, my gun-bearer, with all the men (except those who had remained behind with the two sufferers from thirst, and my two tent-boys) to the bottom, to get water. I told them to advance as noiselessly as possible, and procure their water, without arousing the natives, should they find any there; but if they should find natives in great number, who in any way proved hostile, they were to take what cover they could secure behind the rocks on the side of the crater opposite the entrance. If attacked, they were to fire upon the natives, who thereupon would flee up the other side, in my direction, and endeavour

to pass through the only means of egress, which I, with my Winchester, was perfectly capable of holding.

After my men left me, I experienced a feeling of intensest loneliness, and my mind filled with a variety of anxious thoughts: first, for the men we had been forced to leave behind, who were so keenly suffering from thirst; next, of the possibility that my people, who had gone in search of water, might fall into the hands of enemies; then, of my personal safety, for I knew the spot was frequented by lions. My nerves were stretched to the utmost tension. I sat down, placed my back against the steep surface of a rock, and alternately gazed into the dark shadows which surrounded me, and the vast amphitheatre stretched at my feet.

I sat thus occupied for perhaps a quarter of an hour, when I heard the well-known grumble of a lion in search of prey. It is only in a menagerie that the "king of beasts" expresses his hunger by means of roars. When in a state of nature, where the gratification of appetite is more dependent upon the degree of silence and skill with which prey is approached, the lion exercises greater self-control, but, fortunately, at no time sufficient to conceal his whereabouts. Instead of roars, he then gives vent to full-lunged, guttural sighs, which are emitted, not in rapid succession, but with sufficient pause between each to render their beginnings and endings remarkably distinct and effective.

The noise of the footsteps of my men, as they descended the stony path leading to the bottom of the crater, satisfied, while it lasted, whatever curiosity my sense of hearing aroused. But, when I could no longer distinguish the noise of falling stones, and the groans

and exclamations of the men, as they painfully made their descent, the presence of this other and far more ominous sound impressed itself with peculiar suddenness upon my mind. Although I both instinctively and instantaneously knew its import, I could scarce credit my ears, until frequent repetition and increase in volume of the sound convinced me that the lion (for such it was) was approaching nearer and nearer.

The shadows, which filled the rift in the side of the crater through which I had come, prevented me from distinguishing anything in that direction; and so, with all senses keenly alert, I turned my eyes to the surface lit by the moonlight. I even looked into the hollow of the crater stretched far below, where I could momentarily distinguish gleams of light reflected back from the shining sides of the water-bottles carried by my men, who by that time were making their way across the bottom.

The peculiar formation of the place rendered it difficult to fix the position of a sound with any degree of accuracy, but eventually I discovered that the lion was approaching me from above; and the rattle of slipping and falling stones soon led me to decide upon the direction from which to expect his coming. For a moment, I thought of firing a shot into the air to frighten him; but I at once realized that such a shot would be construed by my men in the crater as a signal; and, in addition, would not only arouse the natives below, but interfere with the prompt procurement of water. But I was unable to remain quiet; so I seized stones from the ground at my feet, and hurled them vigorously in the direction from which I heard the lion

coming. The grumbling noise ceased; and encouraged by this, I continued to throw stones in the same direction, occasionally giving vent to a low-toned but vigorous shout. This game I continued until my arm was tired and my voice hoarse. No further sound came to me. At length I could distinguish the voices of my men, as they clambered up the side of the crater. When they had approached within hailing distance, I told them of the presence of the lion; and they at once began to shout, and beat their water-bottles, which probably had the desired effect, for we heard no more of his feline majesty.

My men reported that they had found about seventy natives at the bottom of the crater, and that these, upon discovering their presence, had evinced every sign of terror; but upon learning who my men were, had assured them that they were Embe and our friends, and had presented my people with sugar-cane and yams.

It was nearly one o'clock in the morning before the men who were suffering from thirst reached camp, and their thirst was not quenched until the two had drunk nine litres of this disagreeable water. They reached camp with recovered senses, but worn out and very feeble. Notwithstanding the fact that natives were in the immediate neighbourhood, we were so fatigued by the labours of the day that we went to sleep after starting camp-fires, without so much as detailing a single picket.

The march was not resumed until late the following day, in order to give the sufferers from thirst an opportunity to recover fully. While we were waiting,

a party of 100 natives appeared, mostly young and well-armed men. They had come from the mountains, and were provided with bags in which to take back sulphate of magnesium. Upon seeing us, they halted, and sent forward a few of their number to assure us of their good intentions with respect to our caravan. They said they were Embe, but this was not the case, as the only language they spoke, even among themselves, was Masai; which proved them to have come from the Janjy country, in which many Masai have settled of recent years, since their cattle were destroyed by the plague.

After having exchanged greetings with us, the old men, who appeared to be the leaders of the expedition, advanced to the edge of the crater, and began to implore the protection of the spirit dwelling therein, raising their arms high in the air. While engaged in this prayer, the old men seemed very fervent; but their younger followers paid little attention to the vicarious supplication, for during the prayer they chatted among themselves, and occasionally with some of my men.

We reached the Guaso Nyiro at the place where we had left the loads of food on the former trip, and a search in the hiding-place revealed a fact we had suspected. Mohamadi had removed most of the flour, and what he did not take with him he had scattered on the ground. After crossing the Guaso Nyiro I found game plentiful; and was much interested in watching a lioness stalking a small herd of water-buck. She was 400 yards distant from me, but I could distinctly make out her movements with the aid of my field-

glasses. She trotted quietly along within forty or fifty paces of the herd, which was quietly feeding up-wind, and seemed unconscious of the proximity of the lioness. I, in my turn, stalked her carefully, but her senses were sufficiently alert to warn her of my approach, and she made off before I could get within 300 yards.

As we neared Lolokwi, the caravan was charged by a rhinoceros. One shot from my Winchester turned him, and another, reaching his heart, laid him low. I left some of the men to cut up the meat, and pushed on, in order to meet Lieutenant von Höhnel before dark. I arrived at Lolokwi, where I met Lieutenant von Höhnel, on the evening of July 30, at eight o'clock —just fifteen days from the time we had parted.

After he had reached Lolokwi, Lieutenant von Höhnel had made great efforts to secure guides; but his difficulties were increased by the fact that the Wanderobbo we had found there on our former visit had migrated. After days of search on the desert, he managed to fall in with some Wanderobbo, from among whom he procured guides, who promised to take us to their people at a place called Sayer, situated at the base of the Loroghi range, and about three days' march distant. The disease which had destroyed our donkeys seemed by this time to have run its course, and we had twelve of these animals in the very best condition.

The day after our arrival at Lolokwi I was prostrated with fever, but owing to the small quantity of water there I was unable to make a stay, and was compelled to push on. After two days of tiring march-

ing we reached the Guaso Nyiro at a point where it flows from the Leikipia plateau. There I rested two days, and nursed my fever, while Lieutenant von Höhnel and most of the men pushed on to Sayer. While I was encamped on the banks of the river, a party of Wanderobbo appeared on the opposite bank and begged for food; but as they were unwilling to cross the river for it, they received none. They said that they were and had for many days been starving; and that they had with them plenty of ivory, which they were anxious to exchange for beans and flour. They told me that there was a large force of Masai settled at a place called Kythere, who were possessed of vast flocks of goats and sheep, and many donkeys.

On Tuesday, August 8, still suffering from fever, I was borne in a hammock to Sayer, where I found Lieutenant von Höhnel and the rest of my men. The camp was surrounded by more than fifty Wanderobbo, drawn thither by the fact that on the previous day Lieutenant von Höhnel had killed two fine elephants, the tusks of the one weighing eighty-four and eighty pounds, and of the other, fifty and fifty-eight pounds. The Wanderobbo were absolutely starving, and had not Lieutenant von Höhnel succeeded in killing these beasts, many of them would certainly have died. The country was literally alive with elephants; but these natives, fearing to spear them, trusted entirely to their traps, which the sagacity of the elephant frequently enabled him to avoid.

These traps were made by placing across one of the elephant paths a rope which was attached to a weighted spear hung high overhead from the branch of a tree.

The rope, upon contact with the elephant's leg, breaks, and down comes the spear. This is not often fatal. The spear is thickly smeared with poison, and is so hung that, when it drops, it will strike the elephant

SCENE ON THE GUASO NYIRO RIVER

just behind the shoulders. All the natives of East Africa who use poisoned arrows or spears in the pursuit of game, do not for a moment hesitate to eat the flesh of the animals thus poisoned; they are careful, however, to avoid that portion of the flesh immediately surrounding the wound.

Our camp at Sayer was pitched in a beautiful spot, a little valley nestled between high and rugged hills. Through this valley there flowed a cold, sparkling stream, called Sayer, which rose on the Leikipia plateau, and emptied into the desert between mountains of the General Matthews range. On the banks of this stream we pitched our camp. The air was cool and bracing; in fact, in the early morning it very much reminded me of the cold air of the highlands of Scotland.

Under the influence of this change of climate I rapidly recovered, and after a two days' stay at Sayer I was quite myself again. While I was in a convalescent state, Lieutenant von Höhnel went out daily in search of elephants, but was not favoured with any luck. The bush in this part of the country is so thick that elephants, large though they be, are very difficult to find.

One day the chief of the Wanderobbo tribe in the neighbourhood of Sayer came with his followers to see us. They gave us some delicious honey and a small tusk of ivory; then begged us for medicine to enable them to kill game. We took many photographs of these people; but they were among the number which turned out badly. They told us they had ivory to sell, and they hoped we would buy it. It was impossible to explain to them that I had no use for ivory, as all the traders they had previously met had shown their desire to get it; so I was not much surprised one day to find ten Wanderobbo approaching my camp, each bearing upon his shoulder a tusk. I gave them some tobacco, and told them I should be very glad to buy ivory, but that I had no means of transporting it,

as all my men were needed to carry food. They said: "Buy the ivory, and leave it with us, and when you return, or send a man with some token to these parts, we will deliver it to him." My Masai interpreters, who had traded with the Wanderobbo, said that, strange though it might seem, the Wanderobbo never broke their promises to traders; and if they sold a tusk to a man, they would keep it for him until he returned for it or sent some one with a recognized token. In former times the Wanderobbo used to sell ivory to traders in exchange for beads, wire, and cloth, which they in turn exchanged with the Masai for cattle, goats, and sheep; but since the plague had destroyed the flocks of the Masai, and dispersed the people, the Wanderobbo, in place of beads, wire, and cloth, demanded sheep, goats, flour, and beans.

The trading is carried on in this peculiar manner: Upon the arrival of a caravan at a Wanderobbo village, presents are showered upon the natives, and the question is then asked: "Have you ivory?" The natives usually tell the truth, and state whether or not they have ivory; but sometimes they conceal the fact, as they are often indebted to the traders, and keep the tusks for them until they return. The ivory, unless very small, is not taken to their villages, but is buried where the elephant fell. If the native asks for a present, before he will show the whereabouts of the ivory, it is an indication that the tusks are large; in which case he gets a gift of wire, beads, or food, both before and after bringing the ivory. When the presents have been given (among which tobacco is a *sine qua non*), then, and not until then, trade begins.

The Wanderobbo were particularly anxious to get donkeys, as they used these animals to carry the meat slain by their young men to the villages. Two or three of the more energetic younger members of the village asked me to give them special medicine that would enable them to kill elephants; and to humour them I mixed a noxious potion of milk, Worcestershire sauce, mustard, and salt. The peculiarity of the flavour of this mixture seemed to satisfy them of its efficacy, and smilingly they departed on their way.

Daily we asked the Wanderobbo for guides to the north; but they implored that before leaving them we should kill elephants, and supply their women and children with food; which done, they promised to supply us with guides well acquainted with the road. With this end in view, Lieutenant von Höhnel, with five men, set out in one direction, while I, taking twelve, went in another.

For the first two hours of our march from the camp at Sayer our road lay through rugged and steep hills, clad with thorn bush; but at length we reached the wide valley stretching between the Loroghi range on one side and the General Matthews range on the other. On our left at a distance of five miles was Loroghi. Here its face was abrupt and wooded, with its top towering 10,000 feet above the sea. On our right stood the peaks of the General Matthews range, — Gerguess, Lasuran, Malon, and Merkeben, — some of them 13,000 feet high. They stretched in a long and unbroken line to the north, and ended in a blue point which my guides informed me was Mount Nyiro.

The distance from Sayer to Nyiro could be traversed in six days. Knowing, as I did, that Nyiro lay within sight at Lake Rudolph, and that the Turcana with their camels and donkeys lived in the immediate neighbourhood of that lake, it was with feelings of impatience that I realized that we were not on our march in that direction, but were wasting valuable time in order to satisfy the hunger of the Wanderobbo, before being able to induce them to provide us with guides.

At 5 P.M. I reached a village of the Wanderobbo called Bugoi from a stream of that name, which flows from the Loroghi range past the village. At first sight this village was similar to any encampment in East Africa. It was surrounded by a strong thorn zeriba, and around the inner side of the enclosure were erected small grass huts. But it differed from others that we had heretofore seen. It was not surrounded by plantations; there were no storehouses for food; no flocks or herds pastured near it, and animal existence was represented by a group of small and emaciated donkeys, possibly eighteen in number, which fed in a listless manner upon the scant herbage which the plain afforded. Upon our arrival at the village, although they had been notified of our coming, no reception was accorded us. We were allowed to pitch our camp in their immediate neighbourhood, send for water, cut wood, and make all preparations for the night, ere a single visitor betrayed by his presence any interest in our actions.

The first man who emerged from the village, and came to my tent, was perhaps fifty years of age, ema-

ciated to a startling degree, his flesh clinging with grim tenacity to his bones, and his movements halting and weak. He assisted himself with a long staff. Upon reaching my tent, he seated himself upon the ground, crossed his hands over his stomach, and with an appealing look hoarsely muttered the words, "Njo njirr" (Give me meat). Some of my men were engaged in cooking strips of giraffe meat, and bits of the hide of that animal were lying about the camp drying, to be made into sandals. I told my men to give him some of their food, which they did. He seized it like a vulture, and, raw as it was, he voraciously devoured it. Having begged in vain for more of the raw meat, he turned to the bits of partly dried hide, and begged piteously for them. Throughout this scene my ears were assailed with the wailing cries coming from a neighbouring zeriba, and the sounds of hammering. Upon asking what these sounds meant, I was told by my visitor that they were caused by the breaking up of dried bones; while the cries came from the starving people begging for their share of the feast. Our guest told us that with the exception of two or three fortunate hunters, who had succeeded in killing a small wart hog, none of the members of the village (numbering 100 souls) had tasted food for ten days. Startling though his statement seemed, his appearance seemed to warrant it.

At length the old man returned to his people; and as soon as it became known that he had succeeded in obtaining food, the entire village came out and surrounded my camp. The inhabitants consisted of people ranging from fifty years of age down to babies

of a few months. With the exception of four or five youths, the entire community seemed mere bags of skin and bones. Their voices were hoarse, their eyes sunken far within their sockets, and their lips tightly drawn over their teeth; but even in that emaciated condition they seemed to enjoy the pleasures of conversation, and exchanged remarks and jokes upon the appearance of myself and my men.

The headman of the village, called "Leguinan" (a Masai word, meaning leader), came to me, and after cheerfully expectorating in my face (an act which the Masai, Wanderobbo, and kindred tribes consider the best testimony of their deep admiration and friendship), proceeded to inform me of the starving condition of his people, and prayed that I would lend my powerful aid in supplying them with food. This meant elephant, for the flesh of the elephant is the favourite and staple food of these people. They will eat anything which they can procure; but they prefer the elephant, because it has more flesh on it, and the killing of one of these beasts means tons of meat. I told them I had come to them for the purpose of providing them with food, and hoped that on the morrow they would guide me to a place where I would find many elephants; but this proposition did not seem to meet the views of the Leguinan of the Wanderobbo. He noticed that we had a good supply of food for our men; and before setting out upon a journey, for the purpose of finding what possibly we might not get, he thought it much better that he and his tribe should be furnished with food from our stores. He said that he had made bad medicine for

the last two or three days, and that he had divined from his medicine that the elephants would be wary in the extreme, so that all efforts to kill them would meet with ill success. A long and patient talk ensued (I being the contributor of most of the patience); and this resulted in a promise that the Leguinan and the more active of his tribe would set out with me shortly after midnight for the purpose of finding elephant. He said his medicine had told him that we should find none; but if I told him that my medicine would produce these beasts, he was willing to undergo what appeared to him unnecessary exertion. Neither my men nor myself got much sleep that night. The starving natives spent the entire night in songs and prayers for our success on the morrow. The hammering sounds continued several hours after sunset, and when they finally ceased, I realized that even the last bone in the camp was gone, and that it rested with me and my fortune in hunting to keep these poor people from death by starvation.

The next day, Thursday, August 17, I awoke at four o'clock, and found standing in front of my tent a band of Wanderobbo, who had been there for some time, waiting to act as guides on the elephant hunt. Most of them were youths. All of them were armed with bows and arrows, and each carried an elephant spear, which they called "Bonati." This spear is six feet in length, thick at either end, and narrowed where grasped by the hand. In one end is bored a hole, into which is fitted an arrow two feet long, as thick as one's thumb, and with a head two inches broad. Their method of killing elephants is to creep

cautiously up to the beast, and drive a spear into its loin. A quick twist separates the spear from the arrow, and they make off as fast and silently as possible. In all cases the arrows are poisoned; and if they are well introduced into the animal's body, the elephant does not go far. The Wanderobbo are much afraid of elephants; but, despite this fact, hunger drives them to approach within striking distance of these animals, and their lives depend upon the agility and silence of their retreat after striking. I had in all about thirty guides accompanying me, each bearing in his hand a torch. The torch was for the purpose of taking the chill off the air, and warming their bodies. They were clad in short cloaks similar to those worn by the warriors on the Jombeni range; and excepting this cloak and their sandals, they were naked.

I took five of my men, and set out with the guides towards Loroghi. Our path lay among stunted thorn bushes; and as it was lighted by only the torches of the Wanderobbo guides and the stars, progress was extremely slow. Just at sunrise we reached a delightful spring, where I halted, and sent back two of my men to the people I had left at the Wanderobbo village, with instructions for them to come on to this point and make camp. Having done this, we continued the march for three hours more. My guides were perfectly silent; and, spurred on by hunger, their patience appeared to be put to extreme tension by the slow, steady rate at which I advanced. At length we reached a small gneiss hill, which I climbed, and from its top scanned the sur-

rounding country, in the hope of seeing an elephant. My guides took no interest whatever in this action, and refused to climb the hill. Upon my return they asked me whether I had seen elephants. I said, "No." "Have you heard elephants?" I said, "No." "Come," said they, "let us waste no more time; we have heard them, and there is a large herd not far from us." I bore in mind the fact that the Leguinan had assured me the day before that his medicine had told him we should not find elephants; and

SOME OF MY MEN WITH IVORY

I felt that as I had assured him that my medicine was sufficient to produce these animals, it would be somewhat impolitic to set off in the direction indicated by these guides. So I refused to do so, and returned to the vantage point at the top of the hill.

There can be no doubt that, though civilization can accentuate certain more or less artificial sensations, it does not increase the faculties of sight, hearing, and smell. Upon my return to the top of the hill, I took with me the Leguinan, and asked him in what direction he had heard the elephants. He indicated by pointing. With my field-glasses I was un-

able to distinguish anything in the direction he pointed, and so told him. He seemed much disappointed, and by his actions appeared to lose a degree of his faith in my power as a medicine-man. I satisfied myself by telling him that we should undoubtedly find elephants on that day. I told him we would go where he indicated, and if we did not find any there, we certainly should find them elsewhere during the day. This seemed to please him, and we all set out. Before doing so, the natives removed their sandals and cloaks, and those armed with bows laid them aside. Their right hands grasped their elephant spears, while in their left they carried an extra elephant arrow. Two of the men, supposed to be the best hunters of the tribe, preceded me, and we advanced silently and swiftly toward the bushes, where these people assured me they had both heard and seen elephants. After going on for an hour and a half, we entered the bush, and there saw fresh signs of elephants. Then we stopped.

The country for some miles from the base of the Loroghi range is covered with dense scrub, thorns, and bush, which is intersected by elephant trails running in all directions. These paths are wide under foot, and the marching is not bad; but at a height of three feet from the ground the bushes reach over and meet, thus making progress in an upright position impossible; one must creep along almost on one's knees. The naked savages pass silently, and with sufficient rapidity, but I, with my thick boots and canvas coat, could not move without noise and difficulty. Owing to the dense growth of bushes, it was impos-

sible to see more than twenty or thirty feet from where one stood, in any direction but skyward; so the natives appeared to be guided more by sound than sight.

Elephants break the bushes when feeding, occasionally trumpeting softly through their trunks, thereby making a sound similar to the loud purr of a cat; so that a hunter possessed of a keen sense of hearing can fix the position of the brute by sound, and need not depend upon sight. Unfortunately my sense of hearing is none too acute; so I depended entirely upon the two natives, who preceded me, to show me the whereabouts of the elephant. After informing me of the position of the brutes, and satisfying themselves that I knew of their whereabouts, most of the Wanderobbo halted, and I was left with my two gun-bearers and two guides. I had also taken with me Felix, the fox-terrier, and his two puppies, the latter by this time grown sufficiently to follow us on the march. As soon as we came upon the fresh signs of elephants, these three dogs had commenced to whine and evince such excitement, that I left them in charge of the Wanderobbo who remained behind, and pushed on without them. We moved on steadily for half an hour, when my guides suddenly stopped, their eyes blazing with suppressed excitement, and pointed to a small opening fifty feet away. There in the opening I saw a good-sized elephant. When satisfied that I had seen the elephant, my guides silently and swiftly disappeared. It was standing broadside on, and all but its head and ears and the highest portion of its back was concealed by the thick growth. I was armed

with a .577. I took careful aim at the outer edge of the huge ear of the beast, and discharged my rifle. As soon as the smoke cleared sufficiently to permit me to get another sight, I fired the second barrel. The sound of the report had scarcely died away, when a dreadful crashing and trumpeting was heard, and straight at me through the bush came — I knew not what. I turned for another rifle, but both gun-bearers had fled, and I was alone with an empty rifle. No, not alone; for Felix, the fox-terrier, had by some means escaped from the men who held him, and there stood by my side, his ears pricked to attention, and his tail trembling with excitement. All this occurred in a few seconds, and I had scarcely realized my helpless condition, when I saw five elephants rushing at me, and not more than fifteen feet distant. I leaped to one side, and in so doing pierced my arm and shoulder with some thorns, which gave me such pain that I stopped, and expected that in a second I should be trampled under foot. What was my surprise at this moment to see Felix, fired with ardour for the chase, dash straight at the foremost elephant, and, leaping upon him, bite vigorously at some portion of his body, all the while barking in his most vigorous manner. The brutes at once halted, and with a scream of fright turned sharply to the right, and — I was saved. I had two extra cartridges in my pocket; but, as I had expected to seize a freshly loaded rifle, I had not at first attempted to place them in my weapon. Now that I had time for thought, I slipped one in, and got a shot at the head of the rear elephant, as it disappeared in the bush, not six feet from me. I do not

think sixty seconds elapsed between my first and third shots. Had Felix not rushed at the elephants, I think I am truthful in saying that I should have been crushed to death. After a few moments, and some vigorous shouting on my part, the two gun-bearers turned up, full of excuses, which I accepted, having no alternative.

After a short search I found that my two shots had proved effective, — a large female elephant was lying on its side, though not yet dead. As we approached it, it endeavoured to rise, and reached for us with its trunk. As a precautionary measure, and also to end its misery, I seized a Mannlicher, which one of my gun-bearers carried, and discharged it point-blank at the forehead of the elephant. Its life fled.

It is supposed that a shot at the forehead of an elephant cannot be attended with decisive results. Many men have told me that even a shot from an eight-bore rifle has proved inadequate to stop the rush of an elephant, when made at its forehead. However, I have met an English gentleman, Mr. Frank Cooper, who had killed an elephant in Africa with a .50 Winchester, shooting the animal through the forehead; and the force of the bullet was sufficient not only to penetrate the vast quantity of bone which defends the elephant's brain in front, but after passing through this bone and the brain, it shattered the rear wall of the brain-pan.

It took more than an hour to reassemble my scattered men and the natives. According to their own story, the Wanderobbo ran at least a mile upon

hearing the first shot. My Masai interpreter told me he did not move, but added that on the next occasion he would; for while standing at the edge of the elephant path, he suddenly became aware that a herd of elephants was approaching him at a tremendous rate of speed. He at once threw himself into the sharp thorn-bush on the side of the path, braving the pain it inflicted rather than the onslaught of the beasts. He managed to get perhaps three feet from the path into the thick thorns, by the time the leading elephant arrived at the place where he was standing. There the elephant stopped, and began to search for him with its trunk; and finally, having satisfied itself of his whereabouts, reached for him. He had his sandals in his hand; and being unable to move on account of the thorns, as the trunk of the elephant neared him, he instinctively held out the sandals, which were promptly seized. The sandals seemed to satisfy the curiosity of the beast; for having taken them with its trunk, it dashed them to the ground, and trampled upon them. Then with a loud trumpeting of rage it passed down the path, followed by its fellows, leaving Hassan (the interpreter) greatly terrified, and offering thanks to Allah for his escape.

When the natives found I had killed a large elephant, their joy knew no bounds. They one and all dashed at it, and plunged their spears into its lifeless carcass. They sang and danced upon it, and in every possible manner testified their joy. After these mirthful capers, the Leguinan of the Wanderobbo said to me that one elephant was not sufficient for

the wants of his people, and he wished I would set out at once and kill more; so I took five of their number, and again went into the bush. We had not been five minutes away from the spot where I had just slain the elephant, and from which we could hear shouts and all sorts of human noises, when I was surprised to hear loud trumpeting not thirty feet away from me. At the sound my five guides left me, and I whispered to my gun-bearers that they must stand by me.

We cautiously peered through the bush, and I could see the outlines of an enormous male elephant, armed with beautiful tusks, and standing broadside to me, with his trunk raised high in the air, as if trying to find us. I aimed directly at his shoulder, and fired; then, waiting until the smoke cleared, I fired my second barrel. Again the dreadful trumpeting and cracking of bush. I could see nothing, but I hastened to throw myself out of the path, and my example was speedily followed by my gun-bearers. We had scarcely done so, when seven elephants passed within one foot of our prostrate forms. This was hot work, and I began to think the game was not worth the candle. Owing to the dense bush, I could not see more than one beast at a time, but there always seemed to be nearly six or seven. As soon as I fired, they dashed rapidly down-wind, and, as one goes up-wind to get elephants, I was always directly in their path. The range is so close that there is not time to reload; and even if one does reload, the brutes are upon one ere aim can be taken and a shot fired. It is most dangerous work, but exhilarating.

When the elephants passed by, I went on, and found plenty of blood, but no elephant. We searched about in the bush, and finding no further signs I decided to go farther and try again. My guides returned in a moment, and were much disappointed at learning that there was no meat for them; but upon my assurance of more success another time, we again set out —always, of course, up-wind. After a lapse of about twenty minutes, we reached a place where the bush was more open; and there I suddenly came upon a herd of six elephants, standing in a line and placidly feeding. I wished to kill the largest of the six, and, in order to get a good shot at him, it was necessary for me to make a slight change in my position. As I was doing so, the entire herd became conscious of my proximity, and charged down-wind, but fortunately in single file. I had time to leap to one side, and fire, but at such close range that the barrel of my rifle touched the hide of the animal I shot at. There was no apparent result; so, being tired out with the work of the day, I returned to the first elephant we had killed, and, taking the tusks, returned to camp, which I reached after dark. The next morning after dawn all the men of the Wanderobbo village who were able to walk, together with seventeen donkeys, passed our camp on their way to get the meat. The donkeys carried curious saddles. They consisted of a net like a snowshoe, made of strips of skin stretched on an oval frame, one for each side. These were held in place by straps, and between them was piled the meat.

I followed them to the elephant, which by this time

had been entirely cut up by the natives who accompanied me on the previous day. They had built huge fires, and worked the entire night. The Wanderobbo eat all parts of the elephant except the skull — the skin, bones, sinews, intestines, and all. The natives had found another elephant dead, probably the one I last fired at; so I had succeeded in getting two of the four I had attempted to kill. The second elephant had but small tusks.

Upon reaching the place where the Wanderobbo had piled the meat taken from the carcasses of the elephants, the women gave vent to pæans of joy, and, like hyenas, seized bits of the raw meat, which they devoured with avidity. I took some guides, and again went in search of elephants, but found none; and returned to camp thoroughly tired out. From these three days' constant marching my feet were very sore; so I spent forty-eight hours in rest.

From our camp at Sayer we had taken but sufficient food to last two days; so I was now forced to subsist entirely upon bits of elephant heart, which I found to be quite a delicacy, when roasted upon the end of a sharp stick. All other parts of the elephant I have tried, and all but this portion I found unpalatable; but the heart is a fine morsel, and reminded me somewhat of a mince pie.

On the evening of the second day of my rest, the Leguinan of the Wanderobbo village appeared with some of his followers, and said that on the following day he would take me to a place near by, full of elephants, which were not nearly so difficult to shoot as those we had last taken. He frankly told me

that his people never for a moment thought of venturing into the place where they had cheerfully taken me a few days before. They said that, owing to the thorns, their retreat had been almost impossible; but at the place where they were about to take me there were very few thorns, and the cover was so thick that one might approach quite close to the elephants without being discovered. My experiences in elephant hunting had not been such as to render me very confident of my ability either to kill or to escape those I had not wounded; so with anything but a light heart, I agreed to set out in search of further game. These poor people seemed so much in need of meat that I could not resist their importunate entreaties for assistance in procuring it.

One of the men who came with the Leguinan said that he had been shooting with Lieutenant von Höhnel two days before, and that Lieutenant von Höhnel had had a very narrow escape. The story of the event was as follows: he had shot a fine cow elephant three times in the head, and it dropped. He advanced toward it, and when he was quite close, the elephant, with a scream, arose and charged. He presented his rifle, which the elephant seized, and broke to pieces, Lieutenant von Höhnel escaping by a miracle. The infuriated beast then seized and destroyed two of the water-bottles, which the frightened porters had dropped. The elephant, having satisfied itself with this revenge, made off.

At the time I heard the story, I doubted its truth, but the narrator swore to its credibility.

On Sunday, August 20, I set out with five Wan-

derobbo. We marched one hour; then I called a halt, as our guides said their brethren were en route to Bugoi from their village. In half an hour they appeared, and then we all entered the bush together. This place was called Bugoi, and is situated upon the banks of the stream which eventually flows past the Wanderobbo village. Close to the borders of the stream the valley was quite clear of bush; elsewhere there was a dense growth, but, happily, free from thorns. This place is the favourite hunting-ground of the Wanderobbo. The thick cover enables

DONKEYS CROSSING DRY RIVER-BED

them to get close to their quarry, while the absence of thorns makes flight painless and easy. Where I hunted a few days before, it is deemed by the natives too dangerous for any but the most expert; but of this fact the natives thoughtfully did not apprise me until after I had been there.

We walked to a small savannah, and then sat down to watch for signs. Soon, with the aid of my glasses, I saw a fine bull about 1000 yards away. He was in the midst of a dense growth, and the wind was very shifty and treacherous, so that I felt uncertain how to approach him. Upon telling the

Leguinan that I had seen an elephant, he stood and prayed to Ngai that the day's operations might be crowned with success. A few of his followers joined him in prayer; but most of them tried their spears on imaginary tuskers, thrusting them into the air and recovering bravely. The prayer finished, I went forward with fifteen men, while the rest disappeared in the bush. At the end of an hour, I came in sight of a good-sized bull, standing upon the steep edge of the slope of Loroghi.

There was a valley about 500 yards in width between my position and that of the elephant, and, the wind being so shifty and uncertain, I felt that approach in his direction would be attended with unsatisfactory results. I knew the Mannlicher would carry 500 yards with accuracy, and, as the elephant was in full view, standing with his back towards me, I got a very fair shot. The bullet struck him, for he sharply turned in our direction, raised his trunk, and then quickly lowered it to the ground; which signified that he had become aware of our position, and was prepared to charge.

I have never seen an elephant charge with its trunk in the air. If the trunk is poised in the air, it indicates that the animal is not quite certain of the whereabouts of its tormentors; but when satisfied of the direction in which it must go, the trunk is lowered, and the charge follows.

As this bull lowered his head, I gave him a shot in the forehead, which knocked him down. He rose again, and charged straight at us. I had great hopes of getting him, and endeavoured to induce the natives

to remain quiet until he should again come in sight; for, as he had disappeared in the intervening valley, I could not catch another glimpse of him until he had reached a point almost upon us. But the eagerness of the natives was so great that they were unable to control themselves. Upon seeing him approach, they set up a cry as to which portion of him each of them should get. This frightened the elephant, and he turned off, and did not reappear. I went after him, and saw more elephants at a great distance; but was unable to get near them, as the other Wanderobbo were yelling all about us in the bush, and they succeeded in making all the animals take to flight.

I was able with the aid of my glasses to see and count eighty elephants in view at one time. I do not know whether the elephant is disappearing with great rapidity from other parts of the world; but I think I am safe in asserting that it will be many years before they are driven from the shelter of the bush near Loroghi.

Before leaving camp in the morning, I had instructed my men to move it to the neighbourhood of the Bugoi stream. Just before sunset I found them encamped near a village of the Wanderobbo, who had moved farther up-stream, in the hope of being nearer the elephants they felt confident I should kill. On my way to the village I heard that some of the Wanderobbo had succeeded in killing two elephants. When this fact was announced to their women, they set up a scream of joy, and danced about with delight. The Wanderobbo who live upon elephant meat have no fixed abode, but rear habitations in any place where

they are likely to find elephants, and move from one place to another, as the wanderings of the herd of elephants may dictate.

Up to this time I had met three types of Wanderobbo: (1) Those that lived near the plains, and subsisted upon antelopes, zebras, and giraffes; (2) those that hid upon the sides or tops of mountains, and lived upon honey and such game as they caught in their traps; (3) those at Bugoi, who had no beehives, and lived entirely upon the flesh of elephants, which they sometimes entrapped, but oftener succeeded in slaying with their spears.

The Wanderobbo, as a race, are a low type of natives. The true Wanderobbo has nothing to commend him; but, owing to the fact that some Masai and Berkenedji have mixed with them, a cross has been produced, which is much more vigorous and better developed physically than the pure strain of Wanderobbo. Whom the Wanderobbo sprang from will probably never be definitely known; but much evidence points to the opinion that they were the original inhabitants of what is now called Masai Land. As the Masai increased in numbers, and extended the sphere of their influence, they slew or drove to the mountain tops all the former possessors of the soil. From the fact that the Wanderobbo prefer starvation to cultivation, one might suppose they were a pastoral people, and unaccustomed to tilling the soil.

All of them with whom I came in contact spoke the Masai language; but it was stated by my Masai interpreters that the Wanderobbo had a language of their own, which they used among themselves. This

I cannot vouch for. Love of freedom and laziness are the only apparent inducements which cause the Wanderobbo to lead their precarious life. They impressed me as being more like wild animals than men. Restraint of the slightest nature they could not brook; and although they readily admitted the advantages accruing from cultivation of the soil, they flatly refused to have anything to do with such work, notwithstanding the fact that I offered them hoes and seeds, and told them how to plant and cultivate.

Later, during my journey, two of these people attached themselves to my caravan, and from them I gathered some idea of their mode of life. In the rainy season, when the bees make no honey, and the able-bodied men are unable, on account of the moisture, to use their bows with effect, they have but one means left for supporting life. This is, for some one to climb a tree, or ascend some high hill, and there watch for vultures. When they see these birds circling about and finally descending to the earth, word is sent to the village, and all sally forth in search of food. They will eat anything in the shape of meat, be its state of putrefaction what it may; and I was told that they frequently battled with hyenas and vultures for the remains of the carcass of some beast, slain by a lion or other animal, long after an ordinary human being would be willing to approach within 100 yards of it.

From the Masai who had settled among the Wanderobbo I gathered the following information concerning the dispersal of the Masai, after the plague had destroyed their flocks and herds. When the

cattle began to die, those villages which first suffered from this cause banded and raided their more fortunate neighbours. Thus there sprung up an internecine war, which destroyed nearly all the warriors inhabiting the country of the Masai north of Kilimanjiro. According to my informants, there were but two bands of Masai at that time in all this territory. One of these two bands, by far the larger, occupied a place called Kinangop, lying to the north of Lake Naiwasha. This division of the Masai was called the Leburego. They had proved most successful in the wars following upon the death of the cattle, and at this time they had sufficient sheep and goats to support life.

Another party of Masai, occupying three villages, and numbering perhaps 4000 in all, settled with the Kythere people, who inhabited a portion of the country lying between the Jombeni range and Mount Kenya. The latter, besides having sheep and goats, sustained life by small cultivation of the soil, and were fast becoming merged in the people whom they joined. However, they retained their racial characteristic of ferocity to such an extent that traders dared not visit them. With these Masai at Kythere were two bands of Wanderobbo, who were very successful elephant-hunters. From the fact that they had no opportunity of disposing of their ivory to traders, they were at this time supposed to have vast stores of ivory in their possession, and likely to prove a prize to the first visiting caravan.

Besides these two large bands of Masai, numbers of women and little children, who had survived the

famine, joined the people on the Jombeni range (notably the Wamsara and Janjy), and some had merged themselves with the inhabitants of Kikuyu and Ukambani. I was struck by the fact that the vast plains of the Leikipia plateau were deserted by all but a few bands of Wanderobbo, who wandered over them in search of game. Owing to the good pasturage afforded by this country, it seems probable to me that when the Rendile learn that it is uninhabited, they may be tempted to move thither with their camels; for the place they occupied at this time was a mere desert in comparison with the Leikipia plateau.

From the Wanderobbo whom I had seen I gathered by a rough estimate that the total number of their tribe inhabiting the country between the headwaters of the Mackenzie River and the Lorian Swamp and the Loroghi range could not exceed 500.

From the reports of travellers who had visited the Masai before the dispersal of that tribe, various estimates of the total number of Masai had been made, some stating, as the result of their information, that there were at least 2,000,000. I very much doubt if, even when they were most numerous, the total number of Masai ever exceeded 200,000 to 300,000; and these figures do not seem to me a low estimate. Now that the British occupy the Uganda, and a railway is in course of construction between that country and the coast, which passes through Masai Land, and will undoubtedly prove a great check upon the marauding instincts of these people, I think it likely that not many years will pass before they lose their present characteristics and are forced to settle down

and cultivate the soil, like the other and less interesting natives inhabiting East Africa.

The day following my last hunt at Bugoi I returned to Sayer. Lieutenant von Höhnel had already returned from an unsuccessful shooting expedition. The adventure related to me by one of the natives I found to have this shadow of foundation. Lieutenant von Höhnel had seen one large cow elephant, and had shot her twice in the head with a Mannlicher; but each time he aimed at her she moved her head so that he was unable to reach the brain. Having received two shots, the elephant charged directly at Lieutenant von Höhnel, who was attended by five men. These men scattered in all directions, one of them dropping his tin water-bottle, while the elephant, after stepping upon it, and trying to destroy it, passed on, and disappeared in the bush.

Although Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had at this place killed four elephants, we had not thoroughly satisfied the hunger of the poor Wanderobbo; so we decided to take one more trip, and, if possible, kill sufficient game to satisfy their wants for at least a short time; after which we were to set out for the north.

During my absence Lieutenant von Höhnel had discovered the source of the Sayer River to be a small lake called Lilley, situated on the top of the Leikipia plateau.

CHAPTER IX

On August 23, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I, with twenty-five men and six donkeys, went to the top of the Loroghi range, called by the natives Subugo (forest). The Leikipia plateau stretches in a southwesterly direction as far as the eye can see, and is covered with high, waving grass, dotted at intervals with bushes. This place seemed to afford perfect pasturage for cattle, sheep, and goats, and I have no doubt that, at some day, owing to the healthy climate consequent upon its high altitude, it will be used for that purpose by Europeans. Even in the heat of the day the air on the Leikipia plateau is cool, while at night the thermometer falls to forty-three Fahrenheit.

Upon reaching the Leikipia plateau we camped, and the following morning set out for Subugo. In the early hours the forest seemed all but inviting. As we neared it, we saw many indications of the presence of elephants and rhinoceroses; hence we felt confident of laying in a good supply of meat.

At 11 A.M. we reached a place where the forest became interesting in appearance, the trees being for the most part what are termed in this country Morio. This is a tree which very much resembles a holly bush, and from its sap the natives procure

some of their poison. Among other trees growing here, there was an excellent variety of cedar, growing very straight, with trunks sufficiently thick to have planks sawn therefrom.

About noon we heard a rhinoceros charging up-wind at us, but it did not reach the caravan. The cover was so thick that we did not see the animal until it was quite upon us. Although this rhinoceros did no damage, the fact that it charged so near us caused Lieutenant von Höhnel to seize his rifle and carry it himself, contrary to his usual custom of entrusting the weapon to his gun-bearer. Five minutes later we came upon fresh elephant tracks; the ground was strewn with small branches, from which the bark had been stripped, and in the soil were many marks of ponderous feet. This discovery added caution to our movements, and we pressed on as rapidly and noiselessly as possible. A few moments passed, when suddenly I heard upon my left the snort of another rhinoceros. I looked sharply in the direction from which the sound came, and saw one of these animals coming through the bush. It was not coming directly at me, but appeared to turn off toward the rear of the caravan, so I did not fire, being loath to disturb the elephants which we knew to be near. Thinking the beast had passed harmlessly, I continued on my way. Soon my attention was arrested by loud shouts from the rear, and fierce barks from Felix and his two puppies. I stopped a moment and looked back, but could see nothing, owing to the thick bush. In an instant, however, I heard the snorts of the rhinoceros coming in my direction. Presently there emerged

from the bush my tent-boy, Sururu, and one of the Wanderobbo guides, their eyes starting out of their heads, while they were running as hard as they could, and endeavoured to dodge behind trees. In a second the rhinoceros dashed past me, but so quick was its rush by and disappearance in the bush that I had not time to shoot it. Irritated by the noise and trouble it caused, as well as its near proximity, I plunged into the bush after it. As I sighted it, standing about twenty feet away under a cedar tree, I heard my name called in loud and anxious tones by Karscho, my gun-bearer. He said: "Turn back, master; Lieutenant von Höhnel is killed." I at once turned back and followed Karscho, who led me to a spot under a tree about fifty yards away, where lay the apparently lifeless body of my friend and companion.

Upon hearing the rhinoceros approach, Lieutenant von Höhnel, who, had he not had his rifle in his hand, would have contented himself by dodging it, faced the rush. He saw it approaching him, and waited before firing until the brute presented a fair mark; but as the animal approached, the men with him became nervous and ran across his line of fire, which prevented him from shooting. Being unable to shoot, on account of the men, and the beast having arrived at close quarters, he attempted to step aside and hide behind a tree; but was unable to do so, for he found this point of vantage already taken by two or three of the men.

Even when he discovered that he was unable to obtain shelter, Lieutenant von Höhnel hesitated to fire, fearing that he would alarm the elephants of which we were in search. He had already had much experience

with rhinoceroses, and being accustomed to their mad rush, was perfectly cool when charged by one. To this coolness and temerity his accident was undoubtedly due. Even when the rhinoceros was upon him, he trusted to his agility, and hoped to leap to one side and avoid the rush of the animal; but he then noticed that the thick bush would prevent such action; so he quickly changed his mind, and decided to fire. In raising his gun to his shoulder, it caught in the branch of a tree, and at that moment the nose of the rhinoc-

IN TROUBLE WITH OUR DONKEYS

eros struck him in the stomach, and bore him to the earth. Having thrown him down, the beast trampled upon him, and struck him once with its nose and once with its horn.

Fortunately the horn was short, but it was long enough to make a ghastly wound in Lieutenant von Höhnel's thigh, and chip off a bit of the thigh-bone. While he was lying under the beast, the men who accompanied him seemed prostrated to such a degree that they were unable to shoot. One man, however, Herella, a Soudanese, who, upon the approach of the rhinoceros, had nimbly climbed a cedar tree, shouted

from the coigne of vantage where he was safely ensconced, "Dereb! Dereb!" (Shoot! Shoot!); but the man to whom he shouted was apparently unwilling to divert the attention of the rhinoceros to himself, and so neglected to take advantage of the opportunity.

Almost as soon as Lieutenant von Höhnel was knocked down, Felix and the two other fox terriers ferociously attacked the rhinoceros, and by their barks and the vigour of their attack finally succeeded in diverting the attention of the animal toward themselves; thereby, without doubt, saving Lieutenant von Höhnel's life. The rhinoceros, by that time thoroughly aroused, having left Lieutenant von Höhnel, charged the men behind the trees; and catching sight of poor Sururu, who had had a prior and painful experience with these animals, thundered in his direction, but he managed to elude it. Fortunately the beast did not succeed in doing further damage; but it is a matter of the deepest regret to me that it escaped with its life, and is now doubtless lying in wait for some other unfortunate traveller.

Upon reaching Lieutenant von Höhnel, I found him still conscious; in fact, he assured me that he was able to walk. In that he was mistaken. We carried him to a soft spot under a tree, stripped him of his clothing, and attended to his wounds as well as our slight means and skill would permit. I told my men to take their cloths and make a hammock. This, for a moment, they actually refused to do. Probably they were yet dazed by the recent occurrence, and thereby deprived of that mite of reason which in their calm moments they possess.

The reader can well imagine my feelings upon realizing the extent of the injuries sustained by Lieutenant von Höhnel. Not only were we hundreds of miles from the coast and a doctor, but most of our store of medicine was at Daitcho, and what we had with us was barely sufficient for a few days' treatment of his wound. My skill in surgery was very meagre; and although Lieutenant von Höhnel (despite the acute pain he was suffering) was able to direct in what manner I should bind and dress the wound, I was overcome with a sense of my impotence, and felt that it was the irony of fate that my friend's life should in great measure depend upon my unskilled treatment of his wound. Of course, nothing remained but to remove Lieutenant von Höhnel as quickly as possible back to Daitcho. I feared the wound would prove fatal, but he bore up so wonderfully, that it seemed well worth trying to get him to the coast.

That night we camped within a stone's throw of where we had camped the preceding night — but under what changed conditions! When we left this spot in the morning, our men had left their camp-fires burning (contrary to orders). Fanned by the breeze, these started a prairie fire, and for thousands of yards around the spot the earth was black and charred. Far across the desert a wall of flames could be seen dancing in the twilight. It was on this charred ground near the Sayer River that we pitched our camp that night. Everything was done to make Lieutenant von Höhnel as comfortable as possible; but with our rude equipment his sufferings were but little allayed by the care and attention we bestowed.

The next day we reached our camp at Sayer. There we were forced to wait several days, as Lieutenant von Höhnel suffered too much from his wound to be moved. During our stay at this place I sent Karscho and some Soudanese daily in search of game, and their skill with the rifle kept us supplied with fresh meat.

My feelings of grief at Lieutenant von Höhnel's accident were accentuated by the fact that I was perfectly aware that from that time the expedition would be unable to profit from his skilled assistance; also, by the further fact, that it would require months to transport him to the coast. Notwithstanding this immense drawback, I decided not to forego my plans of continuing the expedition; and with that purpose in view when we set out from Daitcho, I left six of my men behind in charge of a store of flour and trading-goods. These men received instructions to wait five months, unless otherwise ordered. By the end of that time I hoped to be able to profit by the presence of this food station in that wilderness. A few light showers of rain had fallen, and the Wanderobbo had assured us that in this high country the Guaso Nyiro was apt to rise at very short notice; so we decided to cross it at once, while it was shallow, lest we should be delayed by a rise in the river.

We left our camp on September 1, and reached Daitcho on September 18. Reviewing in my mind this march from Sayer to Daitcho, I can conjure up nothing but a nightmare of continuous horror and anxiety. The anxiety was occasioned by the sufferings of my friend; the horror was caused by the fact that during this entire march, from Sayer until we

reached Daitcho, all the rhinoceroses in East Africa seemed to have clustered about our pathway, and to have religiously devoted all their attentions and energies to charging us as frequently as possible.

On this journey we marched in the following order. In front, at a distance of 100 yards, I with Karscho my gun-bearer cleared the road of these beasts; then came two Soudanese, who were good shots; then the porters. Following these, and bringing up the rear, borne upon the shoulders of four men, lying in a litter, and surrounded by a body-guard of six of the best shots in the caravan, who had orders, in case a rhinoceros charged, never to desert their master, came Lieutenant von Höhnel.

The country over which our path near the Guaso Nyiro lay was close to the stream, and varied in character from small, grassy savannahs covered with tall acacia to vast stretches of thorny bush. For some reason the rhinoceroses had left the plains, and gathered near the banks of the river. From the time we left Sayer until we arrived at Daitcho, I saw more than 100 rhinoceroses. Though not more than twenty-five charged the caravan, the proximity of the others kept my nerves upon a continued stretch. Often, despite my care and watchfulness, I would pass by one of these brutes, which would reserve its charge until the appearance of Lieutenant von Höhnel and his litter. I would be made aware that something had happened by hearing a fusilade of shots, and looking back would see my men throwing down their loads and running in all directions.

One of these charges proved fatal. It was in the

early morning; the sun had just appeared above the horizon, and our path lay through a small opening in the bush, perhaps ten acres in extent. We were in need of meat, and seeing a giraffe in front I fired a shot at it from my Winchester. The report awoke two rhinoceroses taking a morning nap, not fifty feet to the left of the caravan, and in close proximity to the porters. In a moment loud cries of "Faro! Faro!" (Rhinoceros!) were heard; and looking back I saw my men scattering in all directions, but no rhinoceros. Soon from among the mass of my men I saw one of their number shot up into the air to the height of twenty feet, and presently there emerged from the crowd a rhinoceros with horn lowered to the earth. He first viciously charged a large wooden packing-case, which lay in his path; and having smashed that he tossed to one side a tusk of ivory weighing eighty-six pounds. These, however, were but diversions, his latent intent being to overtake two of my fattest porters, who were running, yelling, perspiring, and puffing in front of the infuriated beast. Owing to the massing of my men I was unable to shoot until these two fleeing negroes had passed within a few feet of me, and the rhinoceros was almost upon them. I gave him a shot from my Winchester; it seemed to have no effect but to cause him to make a perceptible gain upon my men. His horn appeared to be within a few inches of them, when a second and more fortunate shot from my rifle broke his fore leg, and brought him to the ground. He fell just three paces from where I stood. Not knowing where I had struck him, and seeing him fall, I thought he was dead; but when I

approached him, he rose on his hind legs, and supported himself with his head, madly snorting all the while. Seeing he could not move, I left him, and ran back to see what had happened in the rear of the caravan. The men in charge of Lieutenant von Höhnel's litter reported that the other rhinoceros had passed within a few feet of them, being diverted from them by one of the porters the rhinoceros had elected to pursue, but luckily did not overtake.

The poor fellow who had been tossed into the air received a hideous wound in the buttocks, and as he lit upon his head when he fell to the earth, the hard soil had broken away his entire scalp. He lived but twenty-six hours after this mishap.

A propos of this man's death, I will relate an incident which shows the weak degree of affection the Zanzibari exhibit even toward near relatives. The wounded man, a Manyema (a cannibal tribe on the Congo), was a slave of Tippoo Tib, and had joined my force at Zanzibar with two of his brothers, also slaves. I naturally concluded that his brothers would take more interest in his welfare than would other porters; so I instructed them to make a hammock, and carry him between them, slung from a pole. After a few hours of this work, they said it was far better to let their brother die than fatigue them with carrying him. They added that it was absolutely God's order that he should die, and they were greatly annoyed by the trouble their brother caused them on the march.

On another occasion, while passing through a very thick bush, a rhinoceros appeared from behind a

large ant-hill, within ten feet of where I stood, and charged directly at me. At the time, I did not have my rifle in my hands, and so I satisfied myself by jumping to one side, and allowing the animal to pass on. He charged straight at the portion of the caravan just behind me. In a moment I had seized my rifle, and sent shot after shot into his receding form. As he neared the porters, they, having heard my shots and being on their guard, received him with a volley from their carbines. This, however, did not turn him; he charged on and on, until finally slain by Lieutenant von Höhnel's body-guard, within ten feet of his litter.

By this time, owing to the frequency and results of these rhinoceros charges, the men were completely demoralized. At the crack of a twig or the cry of a bird they would throw down their loads, and clamber with agility into a bush. On several occasions the porters detailed to bear Lieutenant von Höhnel, allowed his litter to fall to the ground in their eagerness to escape. At night, our camp was filled with murmurs; the men said a "shaitan" (devil) was evidently following the caravan, and would not be appeased, until every one of us had been killed. I could hear them say to one another that the presence of a dying man like Lieutenant von Höhnel in a caravan would certainly incur disaster; it was much better to stop until he died; and then, perhaps, all trouble would cease.

One night we were encamped near the river, and all of us, with the exception of the two Soudanese on guard, were sound asleep. Suddenly from the

opposite bank of the river (at that point wide and shallow) the fierce snort of a rhinoceros was heard, and soon my camp was a scene of the wildest confusion: men, crying to their far-off mothers for help, stumbled over one another in their frantic efforts to get behind or up trees. Although I had my rifle in hand, I was unable to shoot. through fear of winging some of my scampering porters. The rhinoceros did not charge through and at once leave the camp; not he; stamping on one of the camp-fires seemed to amuse him. Having satisfied his curiosity, or whatever else prompted him to pay us this nocturnal visit, he moved on with a snort, and disappeared in the bush.

Not only did the country seem to abound with rhinoceroses, but lions also claimed the place as their habitat. The latter, however, gave us no trouble, much to my disappointment, as I had longed to get a fair shot at one.

On one occasion I saw three very large and beautifully maned lions stalk into a growth of bush about 200 yards from where I stood, but I was unwilling to stop the caravan in order to pursue them. On another occasion we were encamped upon a perfectly bare spot (fifty or sixty acres in extent), and the ground, covered with sulphate of magnesium, gleamed white in the starlight. I was sitting up in a chair one night while at this camp, watching Lieutenant von Höhnel, who at the time seemed very low and suffering a great deal, when I heard one of the Soudanese night-watch fluently blaspheming in Arabic. I shouted to him, and inquired the cause of his strange oaths;

and he replied, "Assad" (Lion). I leaped to my feet and ran toward him, just in time to see a lion cantering off into the darkness. The Soudanese said that for an hour or so he had heard the deep breathing of one of these beasts, but for some time was unable to find the whereabouts of the animal, till at length in the darkness he distinguished the flaring eyes of the lion turned towards him, at a distance of fifty or sixty feet. Not knowing I was awake, nor wishing to disturb the camp, he contented himself with hurling stones and curses at the animal; and these, together with the sound of my voice and feet, as I ran toward the watch, were sufficient to frighten the lion away.

One of the few amusing occurrences which happened to relieve the dreary monotony of the continued nervous strain to which I was during this time subjected, was the following. Early one morning I came upon a fine water-buck standing fifty or sixty yards from the river, and not many more from me. We sighted one another simultaneously, and the animal broke for the neighbouring bush — not, however, before he had received a shot in the hip from my rifle. At once Felix and the two puppies bounded after him in full cry. The bush was so thick that I could not see them, but I could hear their shrill barks, and the cracking of the bush, as the water-buck dashed through it. Presently he came straight at me, his horns lying along his back, and the three dogs at his heels. The sight was so interesting, that I stayed my hand. On he dashed, and plunged into the river, where the dogs followed him. The Guaso Nyiro at that point was

narrow, and in consequence the current was very strong. The antelope crossed to the other bank, and then stood at bay, endeavouring to strike the dogs with his fore feet and horns. He cut two of them slightly, but this in no degree abated their ardour; so, fearing the dogs might get injured, I at length despatched him with a shot in the brain.

It was only in the early morning or late afternoon that the dogs proved of any service in hunting. While the sun was blazing hot, all their energies seemed expended in keeping up with the caravan; and even if a rhinoceros was killed within a few yards of them, they took no interest in the event. But when the air was cool, they were most useful in chasing game of any sort. On one occasion just after sunrise they caught sight of a rhinoceros standing at a distance of 200 yards from our path, and were after him at full speed, barking vigorously, and snapping at his legs. The beast knew not what to do, in order to escape his little tormentors, and so kept turning round and round. At length Felix managed to seize one of his ears, to which he clung tenaciously. The rhinoceros then began a series of rapid revolutions for the purpose of shaking off the dog, but Felix held on like grim death; although at times by the swift motions of the rhinoceros his body was swung at right angles from perpendicular. As the attention of the beast was monopolized by the dogs, I was able to approach as close as I wished, and I despatched him with a shot in the heart. The only animal which filled my dogs with timidity was the lion. If we crossed the track of one of these beasts, the little dogs would

run to me, drooping their tails, and evincing every indication of terror.

Once we had a little adventure with a group of dog-faced baboons. We first heard them barking, and finally came in sight of them, running along for all the world like school children on a holiday. The young ones were playing together, carefully watched by their elders, who preserved the most staid demeanour. Upon catching sight of them, the dogs rushed at the band in a furious manner. The young ones fled, but two or three old gentlemen with bushy whiskers and benignant eyes seated themselves upon their hams, and gazed unruffled at the enemy. The dogs dashed on, but their barks became less determined, and their steps more cautious as they neared, and realized the dignity of the animals they were to attack. These made no sign, but calmly awaited their charge. Having reached a point within fifteen feet of them, the courage of the dogs seemed to ooze rapidly from them. Frightened perhaps by the steady and philosophic stare with which the apes regarded them, they turned tail, and with crestfallen manner retreated to the caravan.

While marching along the Guaso Nyiro River, and at a point near the ford, we fell in with a party of 100 Wanderobbo, who were encamped on the opposite bank. Among them we were pleased to find our old friend, Mayolo. He was fat, healthy, delighted to see us, and a father. His wife had presented him with a bouncing boy, and the presents we had given him permitted him to assume a position of great importance in his village. He said that after he had left Lieu-

tenant von Höhnel at Seran, having no food or water, he wandered five whole days, until at length he fell in with his people. While on his journey, he had found water in holes; but food he had none, with the exception of a few berries which he picked from bushes on the desert.

At this point we rested one day, and there I watched a party of Wanderobbo hunters preparing to set out in search of meat. They had with them two donkeys, one of which they had painted with white stripes, in order to have it resemble a zebra. To the head of the other donkey they had affixed a pair of oryx horns, as a decoy for oryx beisa, in case they fell in with any. Before starting, all the hunters took a dip in the river, and then smeared their wet bodies with mud and sand, in order to give themselves as much as possible the colour of the earth. They must be excellent hunters. I learned from my experiences that the game in that part of the country was very shy, owing to the continued hunting of the Wanderobbo; yet, notwithstanding this shyness of game, they were able to get close enough to an antelope to kill it with one of their small arrows.

We had but one other event before reaching Daitcho of sufficient interest to relate. After marching a long distance, we had camped near one of the small affluents of the Mackenzie River. As darkness had set in before we reached camp, we were unable to build a zeriba of any sort, and for the first half-hour or so all the men were busied gathering wood for fires. Just as the fires were made, and Lieutenant von Höhnel's tent was pitched, two lions began to roar

near the camp; so near that we could easily hear the deep breath they would take after each roar. There was a little moonlight, but not sufficient to disclose their whereabouts. My men were very anxious to procure water from the stream, but seemed loath to set out in quest of it. We waited at least half an hour, but although the lions did not seem to approach any nearer, they continued their magnificent roarings. I think they had just finished

AT THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE MACKENZIE

a hearty meal, and so did not care whether they warned us of their proximity or not. At length, seeing that they were unlikely to leave us that night, I got the men together, and told them to take sticks and beat their water-bottles loudly, as they went to the stream. They demurred, and said they preferred to do without water that night. After a little persuasion they set out, at first in a hesitating manner, all of them beating their water-bottles vigorously, and giving vent to half-hearted yells; but as they advanced, the chorus swelled sufficiently to drown the

roars of the lions. They succeeded in getting their water and returning to camp without mishap. On their return, the cook shouted to them: "Watu wapum bavu! Ugopa nini? [Foolish men! What are you afraid of?] Have you not already had sufficient proof of the white man's medicine? These lions may roar as long as they will, but their feet are tied by the magic of master." As the men had succeeded in getting their water without ill result, they freely assented to the cook's remarks, and shouts of "Mganga!" (Medicine-man!) rang through the camp.

The following day was the 18th of September, and at four in the afternoon we succeeded in reaching Daitcho. It was with a feeling of relief that I caught sight of the Stars and Stripes waving over our camp. Many times during the journey from Sayer I had despaired of the ability of Lieutenant von Höhnel to bear up until we reached Daitcho. During the entire journey his sufferings were very acute, and they had not been lessened in any degree by the rough manner in which we were forced to transport him, nor by the poor quality of food he had been forced to eat. Now, however, that we had reached Daitcho, where we had medicines in plenty, and where he could be nursed with greater care, I hoped for his recovery; and, indeed, I indulged for a few days the pleasing thought that he would recover sufficiently to continue with me on the journey. But this was not to be. Although for the first few days after reaching Daitcho he seemed to quickly recover his strength, a relapse set in, and it was made

perfectly clear to all of us that, if his life was to be saved, he must be taken with all speed to some place where he could receive the treatment of a physician. The nearest one lived at a mission station called Kibwezi, more that 200 miles distant; so we decided that Lieutenant von Höhnel should be carried thither with all possible despatch.

During our absence from Daitcho, George had continued to maintain the friendliest relations with the natives. He had learned by experience that the key to their friendship was an ample supply of meat; and, being an excellent shot, he had spent at least three days of each week on shooting-expeditions in the vicinity of the camp. Although provided with a .577 express, he used for every species of game a Mannlicher; and judging from the variety and quantity of game he succeeded in killing, one is tempted to come to the conclusion that the Mannlicher can achieve more satisfactory results than any other rifle. His bag had consisted of giraffe, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, lion, and several varieties of antelope — animals both thick and thin skinned, large and small, timorous and aggressive. Three of his adventures are worthy of mention.

One morning just before dawn he was walking along the banks of the Ura River, which at that point were clad with a thick growth of a stunted mimosa. He was in advance of his followers, and marching carelessly through the bush, when he was startled by a rhinoceros emerging from the river, about forty feet distant and on his right. In the bright light of midday the rhinoceros cannot see

without difficulty; but in the early dawn, late afternoon, or night, his sight is very keen. Upon seeing George, this particular beast made for him.

A Mannlicher contains in its magazine five cartridges. George discharged two without checking the onrush of the rhinoceros, and the animal was almost upon him, ere a shot in the spine, just over its rear horn, brought it to the ground at his feet, lifeless. This animal had just fallen, when George's attention was attracted by the sounds of crashing bush on his left, and through the leafless growth he could see another rhinoceros, charging straight at him, about forty feet away. He had not time to place more cartridges in the magazine, but was fortunate enough to kill the beast with a second and the last shot in his rifle. From the place where he stood, when the animal charged him, and from which he had not moved, he was able, by stooping down, to place his hands upon the heads of both the rhinoceroses; so close had they come to him before death checked their rush.

I know of no double-barrelled rifle which has such a record to its credit.

On another occasion, George had just killed two antelopes, and reduced the number of cartridges in his rifle to two, when his little party was charged by a female rhinoceros, followed by its yearling offspring. Two shots brought down the mother, and emptied the rifle; when the parent's death seemed to fire the baby rhinoceros with a desire for vengeance. It made straight at George. A yearling rhinoceros is not much larger than a Shetland pony, and of but little greater weight. Its nose is armed with but one horn, and

that not three inches long. This is the forward one; the rear horn does not appear until the animal is several years old. Owing to the size of this animal, George treated its rush with more or less contempt, and made no effort to get out of its way, until it had nearly reached him. He then leaped to one side — so did the little rhinoceros. Finding it pertinacious, and determined to reach him, George took to his heels. For ten minutes he sprinted up and down, and dodged, as best he could, the determined charge of the orphaned rhinoceros. During this diversion George's followers indulged in the heartiest and most unsympathetic laughter at his expense; and although he continued to shout lustily for a gun, none was brought. At length, when he was panting for want of breath, and momentarily expecting to be knocked down by the little avenger, one of the men slipped a rifle into his hand, with which he quickly brought down his pursuer.

Another of his adventures resulted in the death of a fine male lion; it was during the excursion upon which he succeeded in killing the two rhinoceroses at close quarters. The time was early morning, and he was suddenly startled by seeing within a few feet of him a lion and a lioness. They were standing and facing him, but did not seem aggressively inclined. He quickly brought the Mannlicher to his shoulder, shot the male through the body, and it fell. The lioness bounded off; George after it. He hunted some time, but could find no traces of it. Upon returning to the spot where lay the lion he had shot, he found all his men safely ensconced in trees, at the

foot of which the king of beasts stalked about, growling and sweeping his tail. A second shot deprived the animal of life. George's men told him that, for a moment or so after receiving the first shot, the animal remained on the ground, apparently lifeless. Suddenly they saw him rise to his feet; and, acting upon this hint, they ascended the trees.

Examination disclosed the fact that the first bullet had penetrated the entire length of the animal's body, but had failed to reach its heart; the second shot successfully performed this mission. The paws of the lion were as full of thorns as the back of a porcupine of quills; which perhaps explains the fact that, with the exception of a bunch of dried grass, its stomach was entirely empty. The thorns in the lion's feet probably rendered it painful and difficult to hunt game; hence the empty condition of its stomach.

Upon my arrival at Daitcho, I was much surprised at not finding Hamidi returned from the coast with the new men, donkeys, and stores I had ordered. He was many weeks overdue. Knowing that his experience in African travel would enable him to reach the coast and return without difficulty, particularly as the country through which his path lay was not dangerous, I began to suspect that in some way he had played me false; and made up my mind to face the future without other means than those I had at hand.

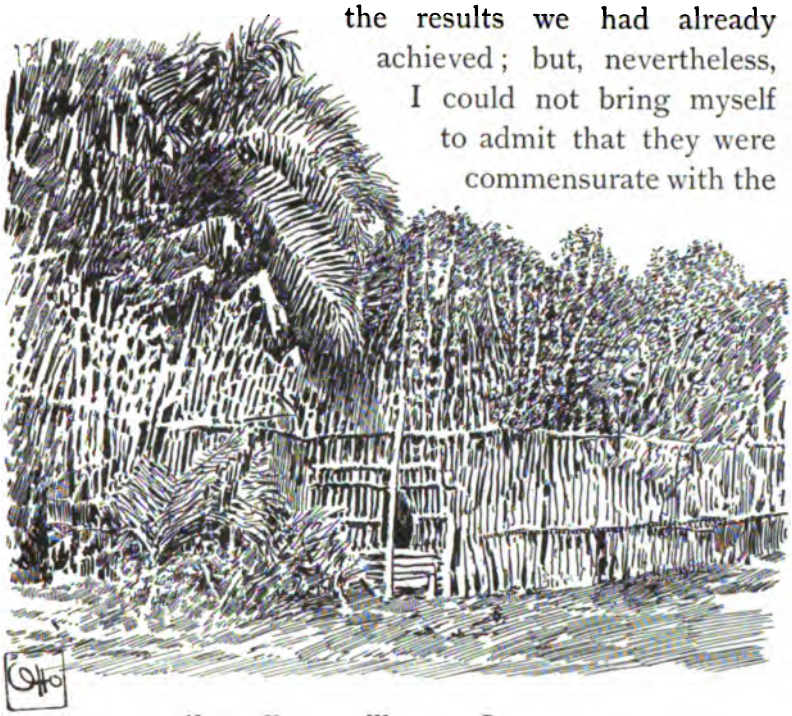
As before stated, Lieutenant von Höhnel's alarming condition necessitated his transport to a place where he could receive the skilled attention of a phy-

sician. It was impossible to trust him to the care of negroes while he was in his helpless condition; so I sent George to accompany him as far as the mission station at Kibwezi. A journey from Daitcho to Kibwezi would require at least a period of six weeks' duration, and that time I proposed to spend in resting from my labours and in a study of the Masai language.

For the quick transportation of Lieutenant von Höhnel twenty-five men were needed. To this number I decided to add eighteen porters, who, from sickness and other causes, had proved unfit for further travel in the interior. Should George succeed in bringing back the twenty-five able-bodied men from Kibwezi, I should then have at my disposal 112 thoroughly hardened, more or less disciplined, and experienced men; a force which I deemed sufficient for a prolongation of my journey into the interior. With Lieutenant von Höhnel I went over the plans, and we both came to the conclusion that it would be possible for me, if attended by good fortune, to reach either Kismayu (proceeding to that point via Reschatt and the Juba River) or, under specially favourable circumstances, the Red Sea at Berbera. Deprived of the skilled assistance of Lieutenant von Höhnel, the difficulties would be greatly enhanced, and the scientific results of such a journey would be small in the extreme; nevertheless, I could not for a moment permit myself to consider the expedition as ended.

The difficulties and disappointments, which up to this time had dogged our footsteps at every turn,

served more as a spur to increased effort, than as an inducement to "throw up the sponge." Our expedition had been carefully planned, and its preparations had been made with such care and forethought as Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had been able to bestow upon the subject. Far from unsatisfactory were the results we had already achieved; but, nevertheless, I could not bring myself to admit that they were commensurate with the



NATIVE VILLAGE. WALL AND GATEWAY.

idea which had induced us to undertake the journey, or with the pains and suffering we had undergone in their accomplishment.

When Lieutenant von Höhnel was first wounded, it required four men to carry him, but at this time he was so wasted by his sufferings that two were sufficient to bear him as quickly as the rate of cara-

van marching required. We made for him a capital swinging hammock from the midribs of a palm, which grew on the banks of the stream near Daitcho. These we split into lathe-like strips, and wove together with rope, and then we stiffened this by cross-pieces. This hammock was suspended from a pole which was carried on the shoulders of two men.

Before Lieutenant von Höhnel's departure a trading-caravan arrived from the coast, bringing news of the death of Seyd Ali, who had been the reigning Sultan of Zanzibar at the time our caravan set out. This news seemed to excite much interest among my men; they gathered in groups, and I could overhear them discussing the probabilities of the successor attempting to free the Sultanate of Zanzibar from British influence. One and all they seemed to think the time had come when the natives of Zanzibar should rise, and, throwing off the European yoke, make Arab influence paramount along the coast. Had I been a stranger in Africa, it might have seemed odd to me that these men, for the most part slaves, should feel that their interests were in far greater degree with their masters than on the side of the British, who were ostensibly their friends and anxious to free them from servitude; but I had associated sufficiently with these people to feel that their sympathies were firmly attached to Arab rule. They were willing to accept any benefits which the European might bestow upon them, but not for a moment did they wish to adopt European habits and customs. For most of them Arab rule meant a condition of servitude; at the same time it also meant a condition of affairs

with which they were familiar and perfectly reconciled.

I had frequently questioned my men whether they preferred being freemen or slaves. The younger members of the caravan, fascinated perhaps by the novelty of the idea, preferred freedom; but when the question was asked the older men, they shrugged their shoulders, and said: "It is much better to have

CAMP SCENE AT DAITCHO

our interests looked after by an Arab, who has influence with the government, than for us stupid people to endeavour to manage our own affairs. Why, when we are slaves, and get ill or in trouble, our master feeds us, or gives us what assistance he can; but if we were free, we should have to look after ourselves, and it would depend entirely upon our own efforts whether we died or lived. No; Allah made the Arabs to be our masters; we like them and their customs. Sometimes they beat us; sometimes we

are poor; but at least we never starve. Their religion is our religion. We like the *Mzumgu* (European), but his ways are strange; and when we work for him, we must really work hard, in order to earn our pay. The European works and is energetic; and he expects us to do our share. On the contrary, the Arab is a gentleman; he never works, is as lazy in his habits as we are, and consequently is more easily satisfied with what we do."

Doubtless the above statements will strike Europeans unacquainted with African character as being, to say the least, extraordinary; but, in the opinion of the negro himself, I fear the treatment of the African question has been undertaken with too little regard for the opinions and preferences of the very people whose condition all efforts of those interested in the movement are professedly intended to ameliorate. I doubt if there could be found upon the whole east coast of Africa a single negro, who in his heart is conscientiously opposed to slavery, as it exists there. Undoubtedly this state of affairs is lamentable, and the consensus of civilized opinion seems to demand a change. Europeans for centuries have been unaccustomed to slavery; but even when in a condition of servitude, all their feelings and energies rose in an effort to cast off the yoke. This does not appear to be the case of the negroes of East Africa, at least of those with whom I have personally come in contact, and who had no inducement to give me false information.

At seven o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, September 27, I bade farewell to my friend, Lieuten-

ant von Höhnel. As can well be imagined, our parting was not a very cheerful one, for I felt anxiety as to the probability of his reaching Europe alive. On the other hand, he was depressed at the thought of leaving me alone and unassisted, to consummate our joint plans. After his departure I had with me sixty Zanzibari, the Soudanese, and three Somali. I sent Karscho with seven men to a food station I had made at Sayer, for the purpose of informing the men I had left there not to expect me until at least three months had elapsed. In returning, Karscho was to bring back with him some loads of brass wire I had left there, with which I expected at this time to purchase donkeys at Daitcho.

When George left with Lieutenant von Höhnel's party, I instructed him to purchase what trading-goods he could at the mission station. Although I had almost given up hope of again seeing Hamidi, still there was the ever-present possibility of his turning up with fresh men, donkeys, and goods. So I faced future events with a mind more or less calm, filled with the hope that I should be permitted to continue pushing my plans of exploration and discovery.

On this day I was visited by my old friend, Bykender. He had notified me of his intended visit, and I had prepared five or six quarts of honey wine, with which to regale him during his stay. During our absence from Daitcho, Motio had remained in camp with George, and upon the arrival of Bykender, I deputed Motio to share with me the duties of host, at least as far as imbibing the honey wine was con-

cerned. These two savages appeared to enjoy themselves hugely. Long ere they finished the potions I had prepared for them, they were hilarious in the extreme; pledges of heartiest friendship were exchanged between them; and just before taking his departure, Bykender lifted his voice in a tuneless chant, which Motio translated for me, as vows of the most fervent devotion to the European. I suppose his friendship had been much kindled by the intoxicating drink of which he had partaken; but if "in vino veritas" has any truth whatever, Bykender's words proved that he was more than satisfied with the treatment he and his people had received from us. I felt convinced that if we had done nothing else in the country, we had at least opened the door to European influence, and that the next white visitor, whoever he might be, would receive nothing at the hands of these people but good treatment.

Not wishing to exhaust the store of flour we had laid in for our further journey, I set out one day to the Tana River for the purpose of hippopotamus shooting, in order to get food for my men in exchange for the meat. On the way I killed several water-buck, and was greatly assisted in getting them by the dogs, Felix and one of his puppies, the other puppy having gone with Lieutenant von Höhnel to the coast.

While en route to the Tana, I met a party of 300 Wakamba on their way to the Wanderobbo, for the purpose of trading and hunting for ivory. It seems that most of the men of the Wakamba, when harvest is over, and their presence is no longer needed on

the plantations, form parties, and set off into the desert; where, if they do not succeed in getting ivory, they at least support themselves without reducing the store of grain they have laid up at home. On leaving their country, each man takes with him in a bag, which he carries upon his back, forty or fifty pounds of millet flour. This small supply is sufficient, when eked out by the game they shoot, to support them for several months. They do not con-

SOUDANESE GUARD AT GATE

fine themselves to hunting and legitimate trade, but if at any time they fall in with a party weaker than themselves, possessed of wealth in any form, they plunder it.

These Wakamba are wonderful travellers. I have met some who stated that they had penetrated as far north as Reschatt, and others who boasted of having raided the Turcana. I think that, should a European establish himself among them, he might under their escort succeed in exploring a vast area of country in a most satisfactory manner. Of course, it would be

necessary for such a European to settle among these people for many years, and in a great degree to adopt their customs. Their thorough knowledge of the country to the north, and their willingness and ability to undergo fatigue and privation, render them the best possible escort.

With bow and arrow they are excellent shots; so it would not be necessary to arm them with rifles. Though they are averse to carrying loads for others than themselves, they are capable of marching at an astonishing rate of speed with thirty or forty pounds upon their backs. Most of them have at one time or another visited the coast for the purpose of selling their ivory; many of them are acquainted with Swahili, and all of them realize the power of the European. I feel sure that at some time in the near future, after the British become better acquainted with the capabilities of this tribe, they will make use of its members as troops; for there is no race in East Africa like them for undergoing privations, for fighting, and at the same time bearing upon their backs sufficient food for a forty or fifty days' march.

At 11 A.M., September 30, I reached the Tana. I cautiously went in advance of my men, and saw the heads of about thirty hippopotamuses above the surface of the stream. I sought shelter behind a log and blazed away at them, hitting in all five. When hippopotamuses are startled by a shot, they invariably duck their heads beneath the surface of the water, and there remain for a long time; some times half an hour will elapse before they reappear. When they rise to the surface, they give a loud snort, and if

they are really frightened, they take a quick breath and again submerge themselves. This makes the shooting of these animals very difficult.

After I had hit five of them, I went with my men to a point four miles down-stream to a shallow spot, where I knew the current would soon drift their bodies. On the way we were close to the bank, when a large hippopotamus reared his head above the water, not twenty feet from where I stood. I was fortunate enough to hit him just between the eyes; when, contrary to the usual custom of these animals, instead of disappearing below the surface, he came snorting toward us on the bank. My men scattered, and I was just able to lay him low with a shot by the time he had arrived within a few feet of me. This was the only time I was ever charged by a hippopotamus. In their native element, they do not lack ferocity; but upon land they are usually very timid. As a rule, these animals do not venture out of the water until after sunset, and they return almost invariably to it before sunrise. Upon two or three occasions I have come across them in the middle of the day, feeding in shady spots, but never more than a few yards from the water.

It was some hours before the bodies of the hippopotamuses I had slain reappeared on the surface. When they did, all my men were kept busy cutting up the meat and drying it over the fires. That night our camp was visited by many hyenas, who howled in dreary chorus within a few feet of us. At this place for the first and only time I heard a hyena laugh. There is no doubt about it, the animal makes

a sound more resembling a laugh than anything else; but it is far from mirthful.

While returning from the hippopotamus hunt to Daitcho, I lost my little fox-terrier, Felix. The day was hot, and we were marching briskly along the banks of the Ura River. Fearing he would one day be caught by a crocodile, I was always careful to keep my eye upon him when near a stream; but on this occasion, overcome by heat and thirst, he paid no heed to my voice, but dashed on ahead, until he reached a small game path leading to the river. An almost human cry, a loud splash, and Felix — there was no more Felix. The crocodile was probably lying in wait at the foot of the game path, hoping to catch some unwary antelope that should come down to quench its thirst, and Felix had unwittingly rushed into its jaws.

Nearly every day of my stay at Daitcho I gave the men rifle practice, and in a short time, with the exception of one or two, they became excellent rifle shots at distances ranging from 100 to 200 yards. As they became adept in the use of their weapons, their characters appeared to undergo change, their bearing became more martial, and they seemed to be imbued with fresh spirit.

One day I received a message from Bykender, that the natives of his village were about to hold a dance, and he wished me to come and see it; my presence would not only please the natives, but would enhance his influence over them. The dance was held at a spot about thirty minutes' walk from my camp. The pleasant sound of male voices in song guided me to a

DAITCHO DANCING

little clearing in the thick bush, and I there found gathered together some 500 natives of all ages and both sexes. I was welcomed with smiles, and room was made for me under a spreading tree, about ten feet from the nearest dancers.

The dance was simple in its movement, consisting of a sharp rise upon the toes, the heels returning with a dull thud to the earth; the shock of which was diminished by bending the knees, and inclining the upper part of the body forward. The dancers were ranged in three double circles (one within the other), each circle consisting of pairs of youths and maidens. They faced their partners, each placing hands upon the shoulders of the other. In the middle stood the master of ceremonies, an elderly man wearing a monkey-skin headdress of vast proportions. He beat time on a huge drum, and led the songs in a high, falsetto voice. The dance began at sunrise, and lasted with but little intermission until sunset. Occasionally a dancer stepped out of the ranks to rest for a moment or two; but even at such time his sympathy with his fellows kept his legs on the move and his voice in time. Surely the movement must be most fatiguing, and doubtless is one of the causes of the fine development noticeable in Daitcho legs. The singing was continuous, but the songs changed abruptly and with frequency; still, as the Daitcho register does not comprise a great variety of notes, to a European the songs all sounded alike.

The dance is an important function, and, being a full-dress affair, it brings to view all the finery the dancers possess. The men daub themselves from

head to foot with red clay and grease; in this they are imitated by the women and girls. The men wear a waist-cloth, and the women clothe themselves from waist to knee with skins, to which a liberal coating of clay and grease is applied. All the girls wear their hair dressed into curious little balls, about the size of an ordinary marble. This effect is produced by gathering their wool into separate tufts, and then plastering each knob with clay and grease. Some of the women had veils made of iron chain covering the face from the roots of the hair to just above the eyes. The effect produced was pleasing. In all, there were about 250 men and women engaged in the dance. The air was filled with sound, dust, and the odour of the many perspiring bodies; but one's senses become blunted after a stay in Africa, and the unpleasantness passes unnoticed, if there is the least evidence of happiness or pleasure on the faces of the simple savages.

Dancing is a serious business among the Daitcho: I rarely saw a man even smile; a woman, never. All round the dancers were gathered groups of old men and women, perhaps parents of the participants in the dance. Some small children were holding a little impromptu ball of their own near at hand. Occasionally the old women, whose recollections of past joys in the dance kept them young, would give vent to their pleasant feelings and thoughts by a shrill trill. On the whole, the affair was pleasant to view, and one could not but feel cheered at the sight of so many harmless beings thus enjoying themselves.

The day following the dance rumours reached me that a party of Rendile were present among the Embe,

DAITCHO DANCING

trading with them; so, on October 7, accompanied by thirty men, I went on a visit to the Embe. I reached the camp where George had formerly stayed while trading for donkeys, but found it destroyed. However, a few hours' time was sufficient to erect five huts, thickly covered with banana leaves; which proved a welcome shelter to my few negro followers. At night it seemed intensely cold, although the thermometer never registered below 53° Fahrenheit; but, when the great heat of the day is considered, the change can be seen to be quite sufficient to impress itself unpleasantly upon the senses.

Shortly after my arrival at this point three of my men came to my camp and informed me that Hamidi had arrived from the coast with eighty men. He had brought no letters from the coast, other than those containing the accounts connected with the expedition, and had shamefully loitered upon the road. From Mombasa to Daitcho, with men bearing heavy loads, the distance can be accomplished in six weeks; Hamidi, however, had taken three months all but two days. Lieutenant von Höhnel sent word that he was getting on nicely, and felt much stronger.

The next day my old friend Liria came to see me. After an exchange of presents I told him I wished to call an assembly of the old men, as I had something to say to them. He said that at that time they were all busily engaged in their plantation work; so I was forced to postpone my interview. I had intended to induce them to get the Wamsara and other tribes inhabiting the southern part of the Jombeni range to make blood brothers with me. He told me the

report that the Rendile had visited the Embe was true; but added that it was a small party consisting entirely of old women and a few old men. They had informed the Embe of our visit to them, when told that Lieutenant von Höhnel was wounded, and had stated that he had received this wound in a battle with the Rendile, and that we had been driven out of their country with wonderful ease by that great tribe. I asked Liria whether he believed the story or not; and he replied that he did not, but most of the Embe did. It is upon such foundations that rumours are started in Africa; and, as they gain a wide credence, it is necessary from time to time for a European to take severe measures to repel onslaughts prompted by the confidence inspired by the falsehood.

I had instructed Hamidi to bring from Zanzibar as great a variety of seeds as he could obtain; by means of which I hoped to induce the natives to increase the productiveness of their rich country. For some reason or other, the cocoanuts, coffee beans, and many other varieties proved worthless. I succeeded, however, in planting papaw and a large quantity of rice, which is easily cultivated on the banks of the small streams intersecting this entire country.

The manner in which Hamidi had fulfilled the careful instructions I had given him was sorely disappointing. Instead of donkeys and twenty good men, he had brought with him eighty porters, most of whom were physically unfit for the work, and all seemed possessed of the most insubordinate and hostile spirit. These men, at least those who were fit, had for the preceding year or two been employed

upon the well-beaten path which leads from the coast to Uganda. They had been accustomed to regular marches and rests over a well-known road; and although the road from the coast to Daitcho could not in any sense be considered a difficult one, yet nevertheless, within a few hours of their arrival, they were complaining of the hardships of the march they had made, and saying that Daitcho was no place for any self-respecting porter.

THE LEADER OF THE DANCE

They had brought a variety of tales from the coast, principally highly coloured accounts of the victories achieved over the Europeans by the Arabs and outlaws in the neighbourhood of Lamoo. They said the time had at last come when the Arabs were about to reëstablish themselves in Zanzibar on a firm footing, and that messengers had come from Mecca advocating the "Jehad" (holy war) against the infidel. After hearing these stories, I called all my men together, and said that not for a moment were lies of this sort to be tolerated in my camp; that any one of my men who would take the trouble to think for a moment should know the stories were absolutely untrue; and that I, being a European, would not permit such rumours to circulate while I was there to stop them.

I afterwards learned that there had been some fighting on the coast, and in one case a European

had been killed, a Mr. Hamilton, who had been placed in charge of a body of Arab soldiery at Kismayu. His men had mutinied, and after killing their leader, had fled by sea back to Arabia. There had also been a little fighting in the neighbourhood of Witu with Fumo Omari; but although a few Europeans had been wounded in this fight, yet the issue had been successful, inasmuch as Fumo Omari had been driven out of his fastnesses, and his men scattered.

My men were fond of dwelling upon the rumours about one of the most ardent revolutionists, named Suliman Kemenya. For the past fifteen years he had caused great trouble to the European inhabitants on the coast, and had been exiled by the British authorities to Muscat. A few years before the time of our visit he had returned to Zanzibar, and was at this time engaged in gathering as large a force as possible, in order to harass the Europeans stationed in the towns of Lamoo, Malinde, and Khalifi. In the eyes of my porters this man was a great hero; and they said that, now he had returned, the Europeans would find out that the Arabs could do something besides sleep. Not only did the bearing of these men cause me disappointment, but their number was much in excess of my requirements, and the length of time they had taken in the journey from the coast had almost entirely exhausted the supply of trading-goods, which I had ordered for use on a continued journey. Moreover, few of them were armed, and such as were, had weapons different from those carried by my other men; besides, their supply of ammunition was a very small one.

DAITCHO LADIES IN FULL BALL COSTUME

A few days after my return from the Embe, Karscho returned from the food station at Sayer, and reported that the people I had left there were in a state of great dissatisfaction owing to the conduct of the Somali I had placed in charge of them; so I decided to replace these men with others, choosing for that purpose the most vigorous of the new-comers. I also took this opportunity of increasing the store of food at Sayer by sending with these men thirty loads of flour. This, when added to the food already at Sayer, would be a fortnight's supply for my entire caravan, and would enable us to set out from Daitcho once more with the men less heavily laden than could otherwise have been the case.

My days were spent in drilling the new men in the use of the rifle and in an attempt to make them more amenable to discipline. I have never seen a more lawless lot of wretches than these creatures seemed to be. In former years many of them had been engaged in fights against Europeans, particularly one little clique of twenty, who for years had followed the fortunes of Bushiri, an Arab patriot, who had endeavoured to prevent the Germans from taking that portion of East Africa which they had claimed. Many of them bore scars of the wounds received in that war, and boasted of the number of Europeans they had slain. These men by their boastings quickly became heroes in my camp.

On the 14th of October three men came to me bearing a letter from George, which contained glad tidings. On the road to Kibwezi he had fallen in with a large caravan of Zanzibari, who were on their

way to the coast after a journey of two years through the country lying to the north and west of Lake Rudolph. They had with them 35,000 pounds of ivory and 600 donkeys. George succeeded in purchasing seventy-five of these donkeys at twenty-five rupees each, giving in payment a draft on my agent at the coast.

This intelligence made my heart actually leap with joy. There then seemed to be no difficulty lying between me and the north I so longed to reach. I had men, food, and donkeys sufficient to carry the food. These high hopes, however, were destined soon to meet with the severest possible blow. From this time Fortune hid her face from me, and our luck returned to the condition which had characterized it since the outset of the expedition.

Ever since Lieutenant von Höhnel had left for the coast, I had suffered from continued attacks of fever and liver trouble. The fever never caused my temperature to rise very high, but the attacks returned daily, and my liver troubles became more and more frequent. I attribute this condition of my health to the fact that, throughout the journey to the Rendile and return, I had greatly overexerted myself, and this had its effect upon the liver, which in all probability gave rise to the fever and high temperature. Although my appetite was good, I grew thinner day by day; and I looked forward with impatience to the time when George should return, and we should be once more able to push into the healthier country lying to the north of the Guaso Nyiro. By this time our supply of goats and cattle was almost exhausted;

so I sent a party of men across the river to Ukambani, to purchase as many goats as possible from the natives of that country. While they were gone, five Zanzibari turned up at Daitcho. These men were members of the caravan from which George had purchased donkeys in Ukambani. They had left their companions at Njemps, in order that they might pick up some ivory they had left at Daitcho.

I spent many hours chatting with them about the journey they had just accomplished. They stated that under the leadership of an Arab, named Abdurachman, they had set out two years before from Mombasa 400 strong. They had journeyed via Kikuyu, and passing these people had continued their march, until they finally reached the country of the Donyiro. From there the party had crossed the country of the Reschatt, and had even passed as far north as the Buma Murlé, the people first visited by Count Teleki and Lieutenant von Höhnel on their journey. They had a little fighting on the road, having been attacked once or twice in the Buma Murlé country. They were also attacked just before leaving Donyiro on their homeward march; but on the whole had not had more fighting than usually falls to the lot of the ill-governed and irregular caravans the Arabs lead. They said there was much ivory to the north, particularly in the Donyiro country, and among people called by them Mortunye, who inhabited a part of the country two days' march beyond the Donyiro. From these the caravan had bought 12,000 pounds of ivory; and as they had never before been visited by a trading caravan, the

prices paid for the ivory were ridiculously low. As soon as the Mortunye found that the traders wished ivory, they set out in parties to kill elephants. According to the reports of these Zanzibari, the Mortunye seemed to be very clever hunters, and were so likely to kill elephants, that the Arab traders were accustomed to follow the hunters to get the tusks as fast as the beasts were slain. Six men hunt together, and use spears. The traders reported that donkeys were very cheap in Turcana.

Now that George had purchased donkeys in Ukambani, another difficulty presented itself — I had no saddles for them. Fortunately we had the skins of about forty zebras, which, however, were so stiff and hard that it appeared impossible to soften them sufficiently to make them into comfortable saddles. However, I set the men to work at them, and after two weeks' pounding with stones and rubbing with sticks, they managed to make the refractory hides into panniers of the roughest possible type.

Just before Lieutenant von Höhnel started for the coast, a party of thirty Zanzibari had come from Mombasa, who, after hearing the tales of my men about the Rendile, and the statement that the Rendile built their zeribas of ivory, had set out in that direction accompanied by a party of forty Wakamba hunters. They fell in with the Rendile one day's journey to the eastward of Chanler Falls. Immediately upon sighting the caravan, the Rendile threatened to kill them, and were only prevented and pacified by receiving a large present from the Zanzibari. The Rendile refused to trade with them, unless the heaviest sort

of American sheeting (marduf) was produced; and this the poor traders did not have in stock. Moreover, the Rendile forced them to pay enormous prices for every gourd of water they took from the streams; and finally, after exhausting all their store of goods in presents to the Rendile for the privilege of mere existence, they were driven out of the country with shouts of scorn and warnings never to return. I am somewhat curious as to the manner in which the next European will be treated by the Rendile. I think that, unless he is well equipped, and possessed of a thorough knowledge of native character, he will experience great difficulty with these people.

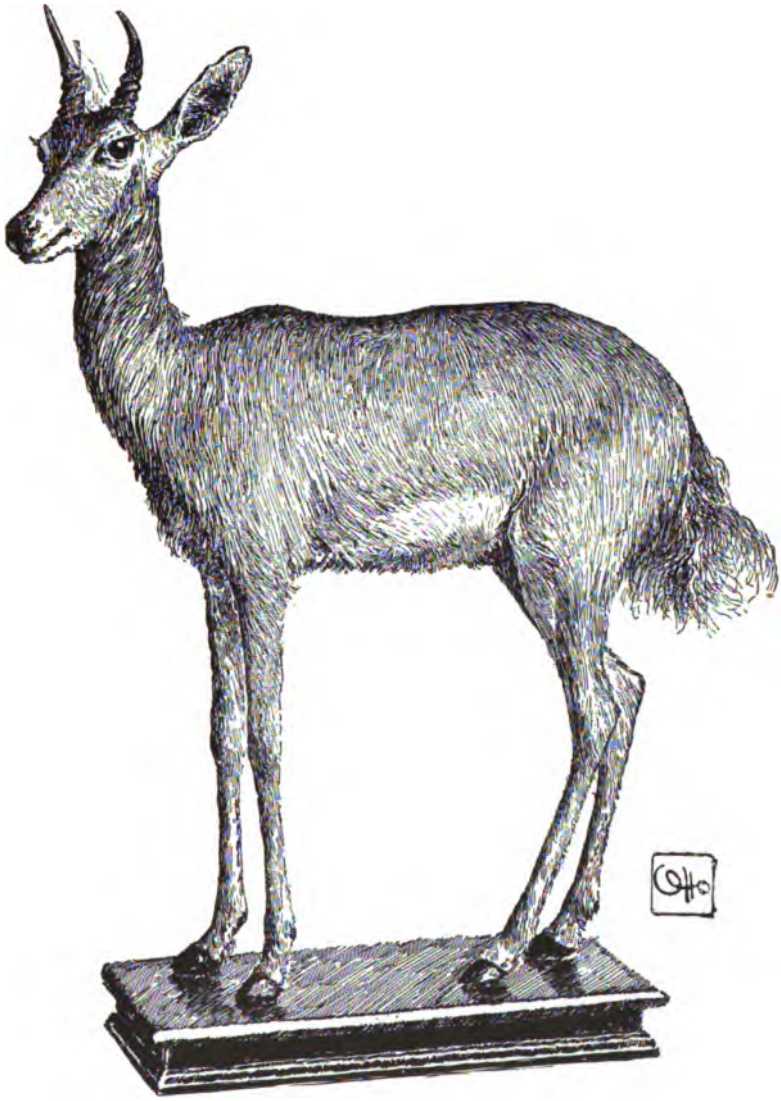
Ever since the middle of October the air was sensibly charged with moisture, and on the night of October 23 my slumbers were interrupted by the noise of a terrible downpour of rain. We had been assured by the natives that there were two rainy seasons annually in this part of the country — one, by far the heavier, in the spring, beginning in March and ending in early June; the other, as far as I could learn, commenced about the middle of November, and continued about two or three weeks. When I recalled the fact that George with twenty-five of my men and seventy-five donkeys was on the other side of the Tana River, and that another party of thirty of my men was also over there engaged in purchasing goats, my anxiety at this unexpected rainfall can readily be imagined.

Even in the dry season the Tana River is difficult to cross, but when swollen by the rains it assumes such proportions that with the means at the disposal of the leader of a caravan, passage over it is well-nigh impossi-

ble. Dr. Peters, in the book describing his journey, tells how for weeks and weeks he made attempt after attempt to cross the Tana after the rains, only to be met with disappointment and failure. My men on the other side of the Tana were provided with food and trading-goods only sufficient to last them a short time; so that, should the rains continue to fall for a considerable period, I felt sure my people would find it extremely difficult to support life. Nevertheless, nothing could be done: Lieutenant von Höhnel had to be borne to Kibwezi, and I knew that George would not loiter on the return journey. I had nothing to do but fold my hands, and fortify myself with what philosophy I had for what the Fates had in store for me.

BERI-BERI
Medicine-man and Poisoner of the Daitcho

Three days after the rains set in, the men I had sent to Ukambani returned, and reported that the river was much swollen, and that they experienced much difficulty in their passage over it. They had heard nothing of George and the men with him. To state it mildly, my position at this time was a most trying one. I was at Daitcho with 150 men and no work for them to perform; my trading-goods, sufficient for eighteen months' travel, with 150 men,



CERVICAPRA CHANLERI

were being slowly exhausted by the necessary purchase of food; and the state of my health was such that I could not go shooting, and thereby relieve in great measure this drain upon my stores. I felt as if caged in a trap, depressed with sickness, irritated by the delay, and anxious for the safety of George and his party. Finding us more anxious than ever to purchase food, the Daitcho people mercenarily attempted a rise in the prices; but after summoning Bykender, and giving him clearly to understand that we would continue to pay the prices we had been paying, no more nor less, the people gave up their attempt at extortion.

In a few days the men I had sent to replenish the store at Sayer returned. The party was composed entirely of the new-comers, and their leader reported that they had been mutinous and troublesome on the march.

During the rains three small antelopes visited the hill just above my camp, and I was able to secure one of them. I felt convinced that it was a new species; so I carefully preserved its skeleton and skin. It proved to be a species of red buck heretofore unknown, and has since been designated "Cervicapra Chanleri."

Of the party who had been sent to Ukambani to purchase goats, five deserted for no apparent reason, and of course took their rifles with them. Shortly after the return of this party and those sent to replenish the store at Sayer, all the new-comers came to me in a body, and said that they could not bear the insolence of the Somali and Soudanese. As I had

always taken pains to keep the Somali and Soudanese as separate as possible from the porters, I knew this complaint was absolutely without foundation. I suspected that it was not of their own volition that these men had come to me with this complaint, and that some member of the caravan was bent upon stirring up discontent and strife; but despite all my efforts I was unable to discover who the person was. The newcomers seemed bent upon impressing it on my mind that they held the key to the situation, which was more or less true; for they had received three months' advance pay at the coast, and as yet the three months had not expired; so that they had no particular reason for remaining with me. The delay forced upon me gave them lots of idle time for discussing and plotting their purpose, as I could not make work sufficient to occupy them all, and greater discontent seemed to spread among them day by day. The men I had sent to Sayer, upon their return complained unceasingly of the condition of the road over which they had been forced to march, and said they would rather spend their lives on the road from Mombasa to Uganda than walk five days over this lava-strewn soil.

I must say, I sympathized with them, for the road was very bad; nevertheless, I had had no hand in making it, and in walking over it I had suffered nearly as much as they. I lay awake one entire night pondering over the question presented by these men, and finally concluded they were by no means a favourable accession to my force. They were troublesome and insubordinate; five of them had already deserted, and the remainder seemed to favour a similar

course. I had but a few rifles, and I could not trust these in the hands of men who would desert; for when once the rifles were gone, we should have been helpless in the presence of a horde of savages.

By this time the men who had left the coast with me had become accustomed to hard travelling, were good shots, and at all events were not likely to desert, as each had a goodly sum of money to his credit. Should the seventy-five donkeys purchased by George at Ukambani arrive in safety, we should be able to carry sufficient food to last the caravan for many days. The greater the number of men one has in a caravan, the more difficult to provide food. Bearing this in mind, I decided to put a plain question to the new-comers; namely, whether their wish was to remain with me, or to return to the coast. I felt all the more willing to do this, as I had not instructed Hamidi to get so many men; but, on the contrary, had limited the number to twenty. Acting upon this idea, I called all the new-comers together, and in a few words told them I was dissatisfied with their behaviour, and wished to know whether or not they cared to remain with me; that if there were any of them who really cared for work, and would promise on the Koran not to desert, I would engage them. They one and all said they wished to return to the coast. I gave them half an hour to pack their clothes or change their minds. They still wished to go, although I assured them I should give them no rifles or food for their journey. "Pwani!" (Coast!) they shouted; and off they went. At their departure I experienced a feeling of great relief; for as long as

they remained with me I feared the expedition was likely to be broken up at any moment. After their departure I distributed among my old followers a large quantity of cloth. This they sorely needed, for during the rains the air strikes these poor creatures as cold and chilly.

One afternoon I was aroused from a siesta by the sound of war horns and the cries of the Daitcho warriors. They came running to my camp, and said their territory had been entered by a party of several hundred hostile natives, and they desired me to repel the invaders. I took a party of seventy-five men and followed the Daitcho. We ran four miles; but though we saw a broad trail beaten in the mud of the outlying plantations, which marked the path taken by the hostiles, we were unable to overtake them. They had probably caught sight of some of my men, and beat a hasty retreat. However, the fact that we turned out so willingly pleased the natives immensely, and upon our return they sang songs expressive of their appreciation of our act.

During the afternoon of Tuesday, November 7, a porter came to my tent, and said, "Mufta is coming, master." Now Mufta was one of the men who had followed George to Kibwezi, and, moreover, was the best swimmer in the caravan. He approached me with a sad face, and said, "Baraka is drowned." Baraka was one of my tent-boys, and being a good swimmer and an excellent walker, I had sent him in company with three men to cross the Tana and urge George to march rapidly, in case he was unaware of the swollen condition of the stream. It seemed that

George had reached the Tana on November 2, and, finding the river too much swollen to cross, and being short of food, he decided to send me a message to that effect. He called for volunteers from among the men, to swim the stream and bear me a letter. Mufta and Baraka volunteered for this work. To each was given a small glass bottle, in which was placed a letter.

The Tana, swollen by the recent rains, surged and roared between its steep and rocky banks; but, undeterred by the aspect of the stream, these two plucky fellows plunged in, and battled with the waters. They had swum half-way across, and appeared to be getting on nicely, when suddenly Baraka, who was swimming on Mufta's right, gave a loud cry, and sank from sight. He rose to the surface for a moment, screaming with pain, and then disappeared again and finally. He had undoubtedly been seized by a crocodile or a hippopotamus. Poor boy! He was one of the most faithful, efficient, and hard-working negroes I had ever seen. At the time of his death he was but twenty-three years of age. His first experience in caravan work was on the expedition of Count Teleki and Lieutenant von Höhnel, when he filled the place of donkey-boy. His next venture was upon my former journey, after which he had accompanied Mrs. French Sheldon on her journey to Taveta. I had esteemed myself most fortunate in securing him for this expedition, and up to the time of his death he had well and cheerfully performed his work. I had become attached to him, and his loss filled me with sincere regret.

I at once despatched a party of men to the river to assist George in crossing: being confined to my bed with fever and liver troubles, I was unable to go in person. Mufta reported that of the seventy-five donkeys which George had bought, fifty-five were still alive and in good condition. The men sent to the relief of George and his party took with them ropes and axes, in case it should be possible to use them in bridge-making. While in camp at Daitcho, we had made a rope 200 yards long, and about as thick as a man's wrist, for use in crossing rivers. This we made from the fibre of a plant growing in the neighbourhood. The rope was very light, and capable of withstanding great strain; and it looked almost as neat as a well-made hemp hawser.

During the evening of the day upon which these men set out, two of them returned, and reported that with the exception of one man they had not been able to ford even the Ura River, so much had it swollen. The man who crossed went on and reached the Tana, which he could not cross. He fired several shots to attract the attention of the men with George, but from the roar of the stream was unable to distinguish any sound as an answer; however, he could see the forms of men on the opposite bank. The other man said that the porter who swam the Ura, and reached the Tana, saw all the men and donkeys on a small island in mid-stream, and that they had shown by signs that it was impossible for them to either advance or retreat. If the latter story proved true, it meant that George and the men with him would die of starvation; for the island was about

100 yards from the shore, and between there rushed a mighty torrent.

I sent two of my best swimmers with letters for George, placed in tightly corked bottles, which they were to deliver at all hazards. In these letters I instructed George to fall back upon Ukambani, and if he became ill on account of the rains, to retire to the

SCENE ON THE TANA

mission station at Kibwezi. I then gave up all hope of getting out of Daitcho for months.

For a few days the rains did not descend with much violence, and I hoped they were over. During this period one of my men returned from the Tana, and reported that the river was rapidly falling, and that he expected George and his followers would soon be able to cross. About sunset on November 15 a man came running to me, while I was in bed, cry-

ing, "A man is dying." I jumped up, and followed my informant; but when I reached the spot where the man lay, I saw that he was already dead. I identified him as Wadi Farhan, who had taken some men to procure firewood. These men returned without him, and reported, that he had left them to speak to some natives a short distance away. He had apparently followed them, and dropped dead in the road. He was not cold when I reached him. His companions shouted, "Poison!" but I silenced them. I fancy his trouble was heart failure. His funeral took place, while the west was still glowing with the pearly tints of sunset. Night had already set in before the last cries of "La illaha il Allah!" proclaimed the grave to hold its own, and to be covered with stones.

It was not until November 19 that I received word from George. Hamidi had managed to get food and medicines across the river to him; and he reported that if the rains did not fall for six days, the river would lower sufficiently to enable George to cross, but that at that time it was impossible for him to do so.

During the rains the two Beloochi, Abdurachman and Gwaharam, who had set out in search of ivory, returned, bringing with them twenty-seven donkeys. We exchanged presents, and I endeavoured to purchase the donkeys from them, but without success. They had with them from 700 to 800 pounds of excellent ivory, which they had purchased from the Wanderobbo. They said that the country to the north of the Guaso Nyiro was then plentifully sup-

plied with water; and it filled me with irritation to think that I was unable to profit by this state of affairs in pushing on to Reschatt. The Beloochi said that during the rains, although the Tana is nearly always swollen to such an extent that it is unfordable, nevertheless there are periods when the rains fall less incessantly, and during such periods the river lowers, permitting caravans already stationed on the bank, and watchful for such an opportunity, to cross ere the river again rises. In order to take advantage of the chance of such a favourable condition, they set out with their men and donkeys for the banks of the river.

November 16 was ushered in by a flight of locusts, so dense as to form a cloud. The natives came to us at once, and asked for medicine to stop the plague. I told them to have patience; that their crops would not suffer; for I considered that the millet had not grown sufficiently high to sustain permanent injury, even though all above ground should be entirely eaten. However, they insisted that I should make medicine, and to that end brought a male sheep. I told them to kill and eat the sheep in company with one of my men. They at once built a fire, and slaughtered the victim; but after the meat was cooked, they refused to eat any of it there, as they said that the local deity, who lived on a hill back of our camp, would kill them at once, should they eat it in the neighbourhood of the hill. Though the natives refused to eat the sheep, my men gladly did so; and while eating it they laughed and gossiped together in such a hearty manner, that the natives

thought my medicine-making might possibly have been a joke; so they came to me in a most serious manner, and said that they wished me to make other medicine. I told them that nothing I could do would check the locusts; that they were doubtless sent from Heaven as a punishment for the prices extorted by the Daitcho from me in exchange for the goods they sold; and I added that I could in no way interfere with such punishment.

Finding me obdurate, the natives set to work to do what they could in order to check the swarming of the locusts. They seized branches of trees in their hands, and set about the plantations, furiously beating the air and waving the branches. An hour of this work fatigued them to such a degree that almost all of them lay down upon the ground, and gave vent to loud lamentations and curses; but the locusts moved not. Occasionally five or six of the more determined would rise up after a short period of rest, and return to the branch-swinging; then, having again exhausted themselves, they would sink back again into a lethargic condition. These spasmodic and abortive efforts they continued for several hours. Finally several of them came to me, and in the most heart-broken manner said that it rested with me alone whether or not they should starve to death the following year. To this they added, that they had done the best they could for me in all ways, and they knew that, if I would, I could stop this raid of locusts. From my knowledge of the natives I was certain that if I did not appear to make an attempt to stop the locusts, such action

would be construed as evidence of unfriendliness to the Daitcho; and this was the last opinion I wished them to entertain. In order to humour them, I told them to wait; and when my men had finished eating the sheep, I took the tallest and blackest one, dressed him in a long, white robe, placed a large sun-umbrella in his hand, took him to the opening in front of my camp (where at that time the locusts were falling like hail-stones), and ordered him there to dance and sing in the most vigorous manner, and at the same time spin the umbrella over his head. This seemed to satisfy the natives, and their looks and gestures testified to the strength of their feelings of joy and satisfaction.

Around and about danced the negro, his shouts echoing to the heavens, and his white umbrella seeming a halo above his head. When he exhibited signs of fatigue, I shouted to him to increase the rapidity of his motions; and, finally, when the sound of his voice had become faint and hoarse, and perspiration streamed freely from every pore, I permitted him to cease his gyrations.

Lo, hardly had he stopped, when an event occurred which filled me with surprise, and produced more than astonishment in the minds not only of the natives, but of my followers as well. For hours the locusts had swept by us in millions, and it seemed there was no end to them. As far as the eye could see to the north, nothing was in view but a cloud of these insects. However, when my unwilling dervish had ceased his efforts, the cloud of locusts stopped, as though at the word of command, hesitated a moment

in their flight, and then, as though influenced by some occult power, changed direction, and made off toward the desert.

It was with the greatest difficulty that I controlled my features: never were risibles given such great provocation as mine at that time. The Daitcho people threw their hands into the air as in an attitude of devotion, gazed at me with reverence and awe, and then expressed their gratitude by the only means in their power. They formed a long line in front of me; and, led by the elders, they all proceeded to dance, slowly at first, and all the while chanting a tuneless song. Finally, having wrought themselves to a pitch resembling religious enthusiasm, their movements became quicker and quicker; all sense of the harmony of sounds seemed to depart from them, and the ear was filled with a roaring bedlam of thanksgiving and joy.

As my luncheon hour was approaching, I sent word to them to depart, which they unwillingly did, wishing, as long as they had strength in their limbs or breath in their bodies, to testify their admiration and gratitude for the deed I had performed.

On November 19, Hamidi and his men returned from the river, bringing with them a letter from George, who was well, but reported the death of five donkeys from fly-bite; also, that to avoid further similar happenings he had sent others to a point two days' journey from the river, where there were no flies. I sent men for further news from George, and they returned, stating that the river had again risen, and that George had determined to leave the donkeys in charge of five men

at Ukambani, and join me via Hameye, at which point the Pokomo with their canoes could ferry him across the river. This would also have been a good road over which to bring the donkeys, had it not been for those little pests, the "tsetse" fly.

About this time I was informed by the natives that owing to the exceptional fall of rain it was unlikely that the Tana would prove fordable at any point for two or three months to come. It was impossible for me to waste so much time; so I sent Hamidi and some of my men to the river bank, for the purpose of searching for a fit tree from which to make a dug-out canoe.

When the rainy season had set in, Motio went away to visit his people on the mountains. At this time he returned bringing with him an old man, whom he called his father, and also a neighbour. I gave each of them a large present, and Motio bade me farewell, saying that he did not think he should ever return to me at Daitcho, as he was so rich from the presents I had given him, that he would be able to settle down among his own people during the remainder of his life. He never reappeared. I felt that my whole expedition owed this poor stricken creature a debt of gratitude for his services; and I hoped that he was permitted by his tribesmen to enjoy in peace the riches he had acquired.

Early in December the rains almost entirely ceased, yet not altogether, for occasionally a slight shower fell during the night. On December 11, having recovered somewhat from my indisposition, I went to the Tana, where I found Hamidi and his men. They had nearly

completed a capital dug-out, twenty feet in length, with a beam of three feet. Unfortunately the place where the canoe was built was unsuitable for launching it, so we were forced to carry it nearly two miles through a dense undergrowth. As it weighed nearly one thousand pounds, the difficulty of this task can be imagined when it is remembered that we had no vehicle. How-

SCENE ON THE TANA

ever, by constant application we had it ready for launching on December 15.

On the evening of that day I received the tidings that George had arrived at Daitcho, and at early dawn of the following day I set out to meet him. The story of his trials and sufferings during the rains would fill a volume. On first reaching the Tana, he had with him but four days' food supply. For more than two weeks he remained on the banks of the river, sending back small parties to purchase food

from the Wakamba villages two or three days' march distant. Almost daily he made attempts to cross the river, and upon one occasion got within fifty yards of the other bank, when owing to a shower of rain the river suddenly rose, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he and his men managed to avoid being drowned.

He at length decided to march to Hameye, and there cross the river by means of the canoes possessed by the Pokomo; but the rains had made the south bank of the Tana so soft, and the undergrowth was so thick, that he was forced to turn back. He then decided to advance up the Tana until it decreased in size, and then endeavour to cross. After four days' marching he reached a tribe called Wathaka, who inhabit both banks of the Tana at a point not more than three days' march from Daitcho. These people received him kindly, and volunteered to transport him and all his goods to the opposite bank; which they did.

The Wathaka are really extraordinary swimmers. They worked in the water in pairs. Each would put a hand on the shoulder of his partner, and their arms thus formed a resting-place for the men they were to transport across the stream. The loads of merchandise they transported in a different manner. They made it up in parcels weighing about twenty pounds each, which they placed upon their heads, and then plunged into the stream. They did not swim with the loads, but permitted themselves to be carried along with the current, which here swept in the direction of the opposite bank. Every few moments they would

rise to the surface and take a breath of air; then, sinking, would remain beneath the surface, until they had been carried by the swift current a distance of ten or fifteen yards; when they would again reappear, and repeat the operation. In this way the loads were taken across in safety.

George reported that when he left Kibwezi, Lieutenant von Höhnel was rapidly improving under the treatment of the doctor, who had assured him that although the wound would not permanently affect him, yet it would be impossible for Lieutenant von Höhnel to continue the journey in Africa, and he would have to return to Europe.

Owing to the unusual rainy season, and the attendant fly, only forty-two of the donkeys purchased by George were alive; so I decided to leave them in Ukambani, where pasturage was good, until the river had lowered sufficiently to permit their ferriage without difficulty. I decided to set out in the meantime with fifty or sixty of my men, and go to Kythere, where, the Wanderobbo told me, Masai were living who possessed many donkeys. I hoped to accomplish the journey in three weeks, and then set out once more for the north thoroughly equipped.

Since the departure of the porters Hamidi had brought with him from the coast, my men appeared to be in excellent spirits. They had little, if any, work to perform, and had enjoyed double rations of food. To enable the men to share the pleasure I experienced upon the return of George and the men I had sent with him, I distributed a large present of cloth among them.

At this time we thought our trials and tribulations were almost at an end, and hoped the New Year would find us well on our way. But, alas! within the next few hours we were to learn how impossible it is in Africa to count upon what a single day may bring forth.

COUNTRY NEAR GUASO NYIRO RIVER

CHAPTER X

At about quarter to five on the morning of December 17, I heard the voice of George at my tent, saying, "Mr. Chanler, the porters have all left camp in a body with their weapons." I leaped to my feet, seized the first gun I could lay hands on, and dashed out of the zeriba. It was quite dark, but I was able to distinguish a mass of forms standing at a distance of eighty yards. I had an instinctive feeling which prompted me to throw away my weapon, and advance toward them unarmed. It was well I did so, for I afterwards ascertained that the weapon I had seized was an empty shot-gun. I said nothing until I reached a point within ten feet of the men, and then I asked, "What is the matter?" A voice from the rear of the line said, "We are going to Hamidi, our headman, at the river." I shouted, "Return to camp at once." There was no distinct reply, but a low murmur rose from the mass of the men.

I looked behind me, and saw standing there George and Ramazan, the chief of the Soudanese. None of us three had so much as a stick in our hands.

I then asked, "Is this the plan of all of you, or are you obeying the orders of some one?" A feeble but general shout of "All" escaped them. I then said, "Wait until Hamidi comes for you; he will

return to our camp here in a day or two." Then excited cries arose, and I saw the men through fear were working themselves into a frenzy. My one idea was to keep them talking, until I could formulate some plan of action by which to circumvent their attempt at desertion. I then said, "Do you realize what you are about to do?—you are deserting the European in the desert. You will not only get no pay, but will receive the punishment meted to all deserters upon arriving at the coast. Do not be foolish; return to camp. If you have any complaints to make, return to camp, and make them."

These words were received by the men with ever-increasing shouts. The longer I stood there, the greater seemed their courage, and the less my chances of retaining them. I turned to George, and whispered a few words to him. The men seemed to guess what I was doing, and shouted one to another, "Twende-zetu" (Let us go). Occasionally, in their excitement, a gun was discharged, and the flash illumined for an instant the faces of the men in its vicinity. I could see that many of them, poor stupid creatures, had their guns pointed towards me in a trembling and half-hearted manner.

While I was talking with the men, two of my Somali and three Soudanese rushed up, and lined themselves behind me; they were in a high state of excitement, and appeared willing to assist me in every way. Had they held their peace, it is likely I should have succeeded in bringing back the would-be deserters to camp; but these faithful creatures, perhaps in order to overawe the deserters, slapped their guns with their

hands, to show they were armed, and assured me of their presence.

The light was getting stronger every moment, and all the time my eyes were scanning the features of the men, in order to distinguish which of them was acting the part of leader. I finally discovered at the end of the line Mwalim Hamis, a man who had enlisted with me as a porter, but whom I had recently raised to the position of headman. As soon as I caught sight of him, I said, "Come here, Mwalim." In a hesitating manner he advanced toward me, but stopped while yet a few yards distant. I then moved toward him, and said, "What is the meaning of all this? what are you doing?" He shrank back, and stuttered, "Don't come closer, master. Don't come closer. Don't you see I am armed?" slapping his rifle with his hand, as he made the remarks. I said, "You stupid ass; don't you see I am unarmed? What are you afraid of?" It was then that a voice from the rear of the line, which I recognized as belonging to a man who, from the first day after his enlistment with the caravan had proved a source of difficulty, asked, "Why do we stand here talking? Let us go." Then a great chorus of shouts arose, and guns were discharged in the air, some of which, perhaps inadvertently, were pointed in our direction. The drum beat, they started, and soon disappeared from sight.

The suddenness of this desertion almost stunned me; I was not in the slightest way expecting or provided for it. The men had not evinced the slightest discontent, or in any way shown a disposition to desert. I may freely admit that my first thoughts were

of vengeance, and through my brain surged the idea that with my Soudanese and Somali and daylight I should be able to kill a great number of the deserters, and perhaps turn the purpose of the others. I then remembered that these poor creatures were not acting of their own volition, but under the orders of some one not at hand.

When I left the Tana for Daitcho to join George, I had left Hamidi with ten men in charge of the canoe at the river; and it seemed probable that he was the mainspring of the desertion. I thought it would perhaps be possible to bring back these men. It appeared to me highly improbable that they would return to the coast, where they, as well as I, knew that from time immemorial deserters from European caravans had met with severe punishment upon their arrival and capture. What, then, could have been the cause of their desertion?

Upon returning to camp, the Soudanese and Somali expressed a willingness to chase and fight the deserters; but I knew that even among these men there was at least one traitor. The camp at Daitcho had two gates, and at each gate a Soudanese was stationed. It was the duty of such sentinel to allow no more than one porter to be absent from the zeriba, unless I sent a number of them out for some special purpose. A Soudanese named Birindgi was stationed at the gate by which the men had deserted, and he had taken pains not to give any warning until all the porters had passed through the gate, one by one. Even then he did not report to George or me, as he had been ordered in case of any unusual happening, but went

to one of the Somali, who in turn notified George, from whom finally I learned the state of affairs. From the time they left the zeriba until I was notified, at least four or five minutes had elapsed. Here was a case of an entire caravan, splendidly treated in every manner, throwing up sixteen months' pay and going off without food. Hamidi had not seemed to like the Somali and Soudanese; but, as I had been careful not to allow them to have anything to do with him and his men, he must have had some other reason for his action. At all events, I knew that Hamidi was a man of some property at Zanzibar, and even if he were behind the whole affair, that he would not dare to go to the coast, without endeavouring to explain his action either by coming in person or by sending a letter.

On the afternoon of the day the men deserted, my friend Gwaharam, the Beloochi, arrived from the river. He seemed in a state of great nervous excitement, and I felt for a moment as if he might have had something to do with the desertion. He had told me that he proposed, upon arriving at the coast, to fit out a large expedition to trade at Reschatt and throughout the north. These traders did not like Europeans to precede them, because the trading goods carried by the Europeans are better than those they make use of; and so the natives are loath to accept their goods in exchange for ivory or anything else; hence it seemed to me quite possible that Gwaharam had assisted in some way the breaking up of my caravan. From his manner and appearance I gathered that he at least knew something about the state of affairs at the river; but he repeatedly swore that he knew nothing. He said that

shortly after noon on that day he had heard shots fired and men shouting, and running out from his camp he saw my men passing. He asked what they were doing; and they replied, "We are going to the coast; our time has expired." He said that he had attempted to reason with them, but they had told him to mind his business. He was sure I could bring back all the men, but that there was only one way to do it, — I must write a letter to Hamidi. He said, "Don't go yourself, or let George go. The men are in a state of wild excitement, and I have had enough experience with Zanzibari, in all my years of travel in East Africa, to know that when in that state they are not in any way amenable to reason."

These words did not make much impression upon me; but I knew that if I should attempt to drive the men back with the small force at my disposal, they would always be able to say that they had been forced back against their wills; and they would take advantage of the first opportunity to desert. If I could not keep them together in a strong camp like that at Daitcho, it would be impossible to prevent desertions while on the march, as I had found by experience.

One of the men in the traders' caravan then at Daitcho was able to write Arabic; so I sent for him, and had the following letter written to Hamidi: —

"HAMIDI, — This morning, early, all the Zanzibari except seven left camp, and said they were going to you at the river. I asked them why, but could get no answer.

"I do not know if this is your work. If it is not your work, send a letter, or give it to Gwaharam,

explaining the state of affairs. If it is not your work, bring back the men; I shall forget to-day's behaviour, and all shall be as before. If, on the contrary, it is your plan to go to the coast, it is not your place to run away secretly like a slave. You are a freeman, and the headman of this expedition, and should give your reasons for going to the coast, and leaving me, a European, in the desert.

"I do not know why you go. If there is a reason for your going, why do you not tell it me? Perhaps we can arrange matters."

I then had with me in the camp seven Somali, eleven Soudanese, one Galla and one Masai interpreter (Hassan), my two tent-boys, George's tent-boy, the cook (a cousin of Hamidi), and one solitary porter. This porter was found alone in his tent, shortly after the other men had deserted. I told him jokingly that he was stupid to remain behind with me, as it was better for him at once to follow the rest of the porters. He declined to do this, saying that he did not join the expedition for fun, but for the sake of pay, which he knew he should not get if he deserted. Those remaining behind, one and all, denied that they had had the slightest knowledge of the intended desertion, and stated that the first intimation they received of it was when the men left the zeriba.

I now began to turn over in my mind everything which related to the present state of affairs, and decided that even now it was possible for me to push on and accomplish something. It was unlikely that the deserters would take with them the donkeys at Ukambani. I had twenty-six men in camp, and at

the food station in Sayer were six others. Besides, there was at that time a caravan of thirty traders at Daitcho, whom I thought it possible to induce to join my expedition upon promising them large pay. If the donkeys were not stolen, and the traders could be induced to join me, I should then have a sufficient force to reach Reschatt in the north, or, at all events, to prolong my journey, and perhaps make some interesting discoveries. I should not have felt so depressed at the desertion of these men, had I not been conscious of having treated them so well; but this was a strengthening thought, as it convinced me that it was through no ill treatment of mine that the break-up in the caravan occurred.

During the evening of the following day a messenger came from the Beloochi, and said that he had met Hamidi on the road, and that he and one of the porters (Hussein) were then sleeping near by, and would come to my camp early the following morning.

Early the next morning, Gwaharam appeared with Hamidi and the porter: they both carried rifles, which they laid aside as they approached me. Hamidi seemed very nervous, but the face of the porter wore an air of braggadocio. In answer to my question, "What is the matter?" Hamidi denied any knowledge of the affair. He said that the men reached the Tana on the afternoon of the day they left us, and were in a most excited state, and he could get nothing out of them, except that the time for which they had enlisted had expired, and that they would go no farther into an unknown country filled with savage people like the Rendile.

He added that upon reaching the river the men had threatened to bind him; but he had managed by his eloquence to persuade them to allow him to take the news to me. He said the men had all crossed the river, and were encamped on the farther bank. He made no attempt to explain matters, but in answer to further questions shook his head, and said, "Master, I know nothing."

I was firmly convinced that he was at the bottom of it, and I knew that I might easily seize and bind him; but in such case it seemed less likely that I should again see the men. They had already, according to Hamidi's statement, crossed the river, and the scent of the coast was in their nostrils. I decided that it was through Hamidi alone that I must work, if I hoped to see the men again; so I told him to go and bring the men back to camp, if possible; still, if he was unable to do that — why, never mind. My apparent indifference seemed to upset him; and he asked me what he should do in case he was unable to bring them back. I said, "If you go with them, it will prove you are part and parcel of the desertion, and the results will be upon your head. If you return to me, bringing at least some of the men, I shall know that you had nothing to do with the desertion; otherwise, I shall hold you responsible at the coast."

Upon being further questioned, he admitted that nothing I had ever done had aught to do with the desertion of the men. Upon being more closely pressed, he muttered something about the Somali; but when I urged him to speak plainly, he shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. He finally said that

he had no complaints to make, and that he would bring back the deserters. I called witnesses into my tent, and producing a copy of the Koran, made him swear an oath, which is supposed to be the most binding upon the natives of Zanzibar. It consisted in repeating the words, "Yamin Bilalhi," which roughly translated mean, "As I have faith in Allah." There is a superstition current among these people that any man breaking this oath will be struck dead shortly after; but I am quite sure many natives of Zanzibar are living in a state of perfect health after having broken this oath as many times as convenience dictated. He then repeated again and again that he was innocent of complicity in the desertion, and promised to send me word as to the result of his pleadings with the men the first thing on the following day. Finally he bade farewell and departed.

The following day two of the traders encamped at Daitcho came to me, and complained that the natives had changed their behaviour after the desertion of my men, and were then committing petty thefts, and in every way showing their contempt for the traders. I at once sent word to Bykender that I should hold him responsible for any further thefts committed in the camp of the traders, and that unless the behaviour of the Daitcho should be as good as it had previously been, I should visit him with severe punishment.

At nine o'clock on the morning of December 21, I heard four shots fired behind my zeriba, and sent at once to find the cause. Immediately Ramazan, the chief of the Soudanese, came and said, "All my people have gone away." He said that upon hear-

ing the shots he went out, and found the Soudanese standing in line with their guns pointed at him. They told him to go, or they would fire. He asked them what the matter was, and they said that they had got bad news (khabar batal), and were going away. They then fired more shots, and went off at a dead run.

I got my men together and pursued them, but to no purpose. They did not take the main road to the river, but ran among the bushes; so after having looked for them a couple of hours I returned.

I was greatly perplexed; the desertions of both porters and Soudanese were effected suddenly, and no reason assigned. If the Soudanese had intended at first to desert, why had they, three of them at least, when the porters were drawn up in the line before the zeriba, stood behind me and expressed willingness to assist me in every way? The Soudanese, too, had come all the way from Massowa, and they knew perfectly well it would be impossible for them to collect pay by any means at Zanzibar; but, on the contrary, it was more probable that the Italian consul would imprison them immediately upon their arrival at that place.

Now that the Soudanese had joined the porters, I thought it probable that we should receive a visit from the deserters in a body. Hamidi had not sent word since his final departure; but it was possible that while in camp he might have had some communication with the Soudanese; and now that my force in the zeriba was so reduced, it was quite on the cards that the deserters might return and destroy

all evidence of their desertion by putting us out of the way. About 3 P.M. on the day that the Soudanese deserted, I was seated in a straw shed I had had built outside of the zeriba, when I saw a man wearing a blue coat, such as those worn by my Soudanese, coming hurriedly towards the zeriba. He proved to be a Soudanese, named Hussein Mahomet. My first thought was to kill him. I dashed at him, seized him by the throat with my right hand, and with my left wrenched his Mannlicher from him, and cocked it. He fell upon his knees, and stammered out the word "khabar," which means news. Thank Heaven he spoke; for the tone of his voice brought me to myself, and stayed my hand. I took him inside of my shed, and then had some of the Somali called, who were conversant with Arabic.

The intelligence he gave was as follows. The preceding night I had called Mahomet Aman (the head of the Somali) to me, and told him to make ready the chains; for it was my intention, if the deserters returned, and behaved in a refractory manner, to bind the ringleaders at once. One of the Soudanese was on duty near by, and heard some of the talk. His guilty conscience (for I felt sure the Soudanese knew of the plan of the porters, if they did not assist in its consummation) made him think I was going to chain up the Soudanese. They talked over the matter during the night, but did not mention it to Ramazan; for they one and all hated him, owing to the fact that he was their chief, and had forced them to maintain a certain amount of discipline. Early the following morning, when Mahomet Aman set to

work to arrange the chains, these foolish creatures thought their time had come. They must have run like stags, for I was never able to catch sight of them. Mahomet el Hussein said that after walking about eight miles his common sense returned, and he decided to come back to me. He told his friends, and they threatened to shoot him. He said, "All right; if I die, it will be in a good cause." He then

LARGE BAOBAB TREE

placed his back to a tree, and brought his rifle to his shoulder. This determined stand on his part made his companions change their minds; for after cursing him they went away.

Just fancy the idiocy of these people; they form the wildest conclusions upon imaginary hypotheses, and then act at once without hesitating long enough to ascertain the facts! This is one of the greatest difficulties in dealing with negroes.

I called the Zanzibari traders to me, and had a long talk with them about leaving my goods in their charge, while I returned to the coast, and formed a fresh expedition. They seemed unwilling to do this; so we came to no agreement. We now had in the zeriba sixteen men in all, including George and me —a truly noble force! However, our camp was strong; and although the natives might possibly attempt to take advantage of our small numbers, I felt strong enough for defence; so I decided to wait at least until after Christmas before taking any action. The Beloochi had promised that, as soon as they reached the place where George had left the donkeys, they would send back word as to the way matters there stood, and as to what the deserters had done.

At this time our position was not one to fill me with good cheer. We were fairly safe where we were, but the expedition was utterly broken up, and there remained no thought, but how to get back to the coast; for I felt confident that the men upon their arrival there would spread tales which would reach Europe and frighten my people. I had six men at the food station at Sayer; but though I felt convinced they would have joined the mutineers, had they been present, still they had not, and consequently I could not leave them behind.

Hussein Mahomet was surprised that I neither shot him nor put him in chains for having deserted. One day he came to me without solicitation, and told me that Birindgi and Moussa had for the preceding month been very thick with the porters; and as they

had acquired a fair knowledge of Swahili, they had been able to converse with them. He, Mahomet el Hussein, knew no word of Swahili, nor had he heard of any plan of desertion they had formed. When Hamidi returned to my camp on December 19, after the desertion of my men, all the Soudanese had a talk with him. Hamidi told them that they should come to him at the river, and follow him to the coast, as General Matthews of Zanzibar had told him that if he succeeded in inducing the men to desert, he would see that they all received their pay upon reaching the coast. Hamidi told the Soudanese that he would wait five days on the bank of the river for them, and if they did not turn up in that time, he would go without them. Mahomet Osman, the Soudanese on duty at the time I spoke to the Somali about getting the chains ready, had told them that owing to the desertion of the porters I was about to place the Soudanese in chains, and make them carry loads. The day they ran away Birindgi acted as their leader on the march.

Taking all things into consideration, it looked as if Hamidi had been acting under orders received during his visit to the coast; but what possible reason the authorities at Zanzibar could have for breaking up my expedition could not appear clear to my mind. The ways of diplomacy are devious. I had read in Mr. Frank James's account of the journey he had made in Somali Land (called the Unknown Horn of Africa), how the British authorities at Aden had interfered, by spreading rumours among the people through whom he was to pass, to force his expedi-

tion to return to the coast. The authorities gave as a reason for this, that they feared ill might befall Mr. James and his party, and that the British Government might in some way be held responsible.

On Christmas Eve I sent Hassan and three of the traders to the food station at Sayer. Hassan was to bring back the six men I had left there. All the goods I had stored at Sayer I gave to the traders. As these men went without loads, I knew they could accomplish the distance to and from Sayer in ten days; but to allow for accidents, I told Hassan that I should expect him in fourteen at the latest. Christmas Day found us in surprisingly good spirits, considering our position. I killed a bullock and feasted our men. George and I had for dinner two pints of champagne, a tinned plum pudding, a good steak, and a pilau made of rice and chicken.

We now had nothing to do but await the return of the men from Sayer. I decided to set out after their arrival for the coast via Ukambani. The rains were still falling, and, had it not been for the canoe which I had built for George's assistance, my men would never have been able to cross the Tana, and so to desert. This rainy season had been a phenomenal one. It had rained with but slight intermission for six weeks; but at that time of the year the rains were supposed never to last more than three.

The day after Christmas, Gilo, my Galla interpreter, came to me with one of the Somali, and after craving forgiveness for so long concealing what he had to say, recited the following. For a month before the desertion of the men he had slept in the same

hut with Mwalim Hamis, the porter I had made headman, who acted as leader of the porters when they deserted, and went to Hamidi. He said that about 3.30 A.M. on the day when the porters deserted, Mwalim Hamis awakened him and said, "Get your things ready; we are all going to the coast. Hamidi has sent me word not to leave a single man behind." Gilo refused to go.

He swore that these words of Mwalim Hamis conveyed the first intelligence he had of the porters' plans; and he thought not more than four or five of the men had known anything of the planned desertion, until notified a few hours before they took their leave.

Gilo said that when he first heard the words from Mwalim Hamis, he thought he would come at once and tell me of the plans; but that he was afraid he would be discovered and killed by the porters.

Some of the traders came to me, and told me they knew the desertion had been planned, but that they were accustomed to such rumours about caravans, and had attached no importance to it. The traders at this time were having almost daily squabbles with the Daitcho; so I was forced to interpose to prevent trouble. Our only safety lay in maintaining the friendliest relations with the Daitcho, as they would then warn us of any proposed attack upon us, undertaken by the Embe or some other neighbouring tribe.

On January 27, Hussein Mahomet, the Soudanese, came to me, and after repeating his former statement, added that on the day of their desertion, while on the march to the river, Moussa told him that Hamidi

had sent the following orders to Mwalim Hamis, who represented Hamidi at the zeriba: that should I give orders to the Soudanese or Somali to seize the porters as they were running away, the porters were to attack the Soudanese and Somali with clubs, disarm them, bind George and me, and then take us with them to the coast. Had not the desertion been so

WAKAMBA WARRIORS

utterly unaccountable, I should not have paid much attention to these words; but as it was, I was willing to listen to anything which would throw light on the action of the porters. I knew that no Zanzibari would dare form such a plan as binding a European, without the sanction and prompting of some higher power than his own intelligence. Hamidi and the porters were perfectly well aware that no European —

and certainly neither George nor I — would have submitted for a moment to being bound by our people, and led as prisoners to the coast. Such an action had never been attempted in the history of African exploration. It was quite possible, judging from the whole series of Hamidi's actions after his return from Zanzibar, considering the method in which my instructions had been carried out there — the fact that, instead of twenty well-armed men and some donkeys, I had been furnished with a disorderly rabble of eighty unarmed and insubordinate men — that he must have received something stronger than a hint that such was the pleasure of the people in power at the coast. I was unwilling to come to such a conclusion, but reason is cogent. The reader can see that I frankly state the impressions made upon me at the time; I would gladly erase them not only from my mind, but from this record. Unfortunately this is impossible; for the events which occurred after my arrival at Zanzibar, and the treatment I there received at the hands of the local authorities, enforced the opinion that, strange though these impressions may appear, nevertheless they are very near the truth.

My one idea was to get to the coast quickly, clear up the whole matter connected with the desertion of the men, and relieve the anxiety of my friends at home. Nothing but the return of Hassan and his men from Sayer prevented immediate departure. It was with feelings of anything but pleasure, that I daily regarded my storehouses filled with sufficient food for a large caravan for many days,

and looked at the large pile of carefully packed trading-goods; all of which were of no further use to me. Setting aside the thought of the destruction of my hopes, I knew that these trading-goods and the stores of food represented an expenditure exceeding $9000 (U. S. money). In fact, I doubt whether they could have been got together and transported to Daitcho for that sum.

On January 7 I called the traders, and distributed among them many loads of my goods. It was matter of some amusement to note their reception of the articles. Their thanks were given in a most perfunctory way, and they took it for granted that my action was only just and proper. Hassan had been gone fifteen days, and to my mind (by this time suspicious of everything) it seemed probable that he did not intend to return, but had decided to cast his lot with the traders, and make use of the goods and food I had left at Sayer to trade on his own account among the Wanderobbo. Two members of the Zanzibari caravan came to me on this day, and said they wished to return to the coast; and I gladly enlisted them.

On January 8 I called Bykender, and told him to bring as many of the natives of Daitcho as he could gather together, as I wished to distribute among them several tons of food, which I had stored in my granary. Soon the place in front of the zeriba was black with people, particularly women, who brought with them bags and other receptacles for carrying away the grain. Nearly three tons of beans and flour was given out to them, and they went away, not rejoicing or apparently grateful, but more or less disap-

pointed at the small quantity which each had received. The Daitcho are most improvident, and I fancy those who had laid in a store for a rainy day could be counted on one's fingers.

I told Bykender, my friend, and Beri-Beri, one who had achieved an unenviable position through his skill as a poisoner, to come to my camp on the following day and receive a present of cloth. The next day they came, and after I had given to each of them a present, I built a great fire, and destroyed all the ammunition of small caliber. The .577 cartridges, however, I was afraid to burn, and so buried them in a deep hole, which I dug. At dawn on January 9 the rising sun was quite eclipsed by the great blaze from my pile of trading-goods — food in tins, pickles, sauces, desiccated fruits, tea, coffee, soup, broadcloth, silk, plaid shawls, hundreds of yards of American sheeting, hundreds of pounds of beads and wire, and in fact, supplies sufficient for an expedition of 100 men journeying two years in the interior of Africa. In twenty minutes the result of a large expenditure of money and months of care and forethought had ceased to be. I burned up my things, rather than distribute them among the natives, for the reason that, if the natives of Daitcho had become possessed of all of my trading-goods, no caravan poorly equipped, as the poverty of the promoters compels, would have been able to purchase food and supplies in that country for years to come. It is true, I might have exchanged my trading-goods for ivory. The natives of this mountain have a certain quantity of this valuable article, which they dole out little by little to traders. But my time

was limited, and if I had begun ivory-trading, I should undoubtedly have given enormous prices in order to expedite trade. This too would have militated against the poor traders for many years to come, by depriving them of their just profits; for if one native receives a high price for an article such as a tusk, all expect the same.

It was utterly impossible for me with the limited force at my command to carry back the trading-goods to the coast. I had endeavoured to bargain with the Zanzibari traders then at Daitcho to remain in charge of my goods, until I reached the coast, and should send back for them; but these traders were all slaves, and said their masters would not permit them to spend their time, unless I would pay them a sum almost equal in value to the trading-goods. I knew, moreover, that, if I left these slaves in charge of my goods, they would day by day melt away. Even if the men left in charge of them did not steal them, should I send an expedition for them, no native or Arab headman could be found at the coast, who would be able to resist the temptation of using the trading-goods himself. Then he would return to the coast, and state that, unfortunately, when he reached Daitcho, he had found the camp pillaged by the natives.

I had given up hope of seeing Hassan return with the men I had left at the food station at Sayer; nevertheless, I left in charge of Bykender sufficient trading-goods to enable them to reach the coast in safety and comfort should they turn up.

On this day a member of the Wakamba tribe, who had been trading with the Daitcho people, came to

me, and expressed his willingness to act as guide through his country. The addition of this man would raise our force to eighteen men, and, those of my men who bore burdens being lightly laden, I counted on long marches and reaching the coast in a month. From Daitcho to Mombasa via the mission station at Kibwezi, allowing for the fact that the road to the last-mentioned point was far from straight, the distance is at least 450 miles.

On the morning of January 10 I woke at 4.30, and set all hands to work loading the few donkeys and cattle we had. Since the desertion of the men I had been able to buy ten of these animals; and these, added to those I had brought back from the Rendile, were sufficient to carry almost all of the few supplies I had reserved for our homeward journey. By 5.45 A.M. the zeriba was surrounded by hundreds of natives, who only waited for our departure, before they plundered the camp of every stick and stone.

Before setting out, I took a long survey of this place, which had been the home for members of my caravan at different times for nine months. The zeriba had been made of mimosa posts, on which the bark had been left; these had taken root in the rich soil, and owing to the rains were then covered with a mass of verdure. As soon as our little force left the camp, and before the natives had entered it, it presented a wofully deserted appearance. The fresh green of the sprouting zeriba seemed to testify that the work of our hands was going to be more or less permanent, and that this camp might prove of service to some future traveller who might visit Daitcho. I cheered

myself with the thought that our visit to this country had not been in vain; for from the relations which we had maintained with the natives, our victory over the Wamsara, the treaty we had made with the Embe, and the kind manner in which we had treated the natives of Daitcho, I felt convinced that the next European visiting these places would meet with far less difficulty than had been our lot.

I am happy to say, such has already proved to be the case. Daitcho has been visited by a European, who not only found these people friendly, but also met with a hearty welcome from the Embe; and, accompanied by but twenty men, was enabled to spend many days shooting in the country of the Wamsara, without meeting aught but kindest treatment. Daitcho at least, if not the greater portion of the Jombeni range, is now almost open for missionary effort; but I hope many years will elapse before such effort is put forth. Although I have the greatest respect for those noble men who sacrifice their comfort, and in many cases their lives, for the propagation of the Gospel, yet I am not of that number who are thoroughly convinced that the missionary is the best agent for the introduction of civilization into a savage country. First, let the natives be thoroughly convinced of the European's superiority in strength and intellect; and teach them the advantages to be derived from honest trade with the European; then will the propagator of the Gospel find his seed falling upon much more fertile ground, and growing with less difficulty and to a greater height, than if he had scattered it with never so lavish a hand upon the sterile soil of purely savage natures.

At 6.30 of this day we set out for the coast. Four of the Daitcho villagers accompanied us, and said they were the vanguard of many of their brethren who wished to follow us to Ukambani to trade.

Before destroying all my trading-goods, I had divided the more valuable among my followers. My Somali, who considered it beneath their dignity to carry loads of any sort, foolishly entrusted seven of the parcels I had given them to the four Daitcho people who had accompanied us. When we reached camp at night, they were filled with chagrin and fury, upon finding that these natives had disappeared with their property. The Somali wished me to return at once to Daitcho, and lay the country waste with fire and sword; and were much grieved when I refused to comply with their desire.

On the second day out from Daitcho I met a party of fifty Wakamba, who helped us to cross the Ura River; in return for which I gave them a nice present. They reported that the deserters had stolen all the trading-goods I had left at Ukambani, and made off with most of the goats, but left the more feeble of these and all the donkeys in charge of Abdee Achmet, a Somali, whom they brutally ill used because he refused to join in the desertion.

The following day I was forced to make but a short march, and camp in the bed of a stream, because Mahomet Aman and George's tent-boy had disappeared. Their companions, upon being questioned, said that the two men had felt unwell, and had lain down under a tree soon after leaving camp in the morning. However, they had not thought it worth the while to notify

me of this fact; so I had marched for hours before becoming aware of the absence of these men. This trait of secrecy among the negroes of Africa — the firmly impressed characteristic of never volunteering information of any sort, no matter how important or interesting — greatly increases the difficulty experienced in dealing with them. Of course, as soon as I became aware of the absence of these two men, I halted the caravan and sent back for them. They did not reach camp until late that night, and came in looking the picture of woe. I do not think they were really ill, but the loss of their goods so filled their minds that they sought occasion to return to Daitcho and recover them.

That night many hyenas howled about our camp, and toward morning the air resounded with a curious cry, something like the bleating of a goat. I did not hear this until I was awakened by one of the Somali, who told me that the noise was cause by a "shaitan" (devil) of the most evil propensities, and that it boded no good for the caravan. I frankly told him to go to the devil, and not disturb me; whereupon he retired, and soon devoted all his energies and the power of his lungs to chanting the few verses of the Koran with which he was acquainted, in order to overcome the machinations of the Evil One. It was in vain that I assured him that the noises were caused by a bird of some kind, or a young monkey. He shook his head, said he knew better, and added that in all probability a few days hence not one of us would be found alive. I looked at my watch and saw that it was three o'clock; and as I intended

making a long march on the morrow, I told him that unless he checked his desire to pray, at least in such stentorian tones, he would receive prompt punishment. I found this threat effective; and, in fact, it may be stated as an axiom, that in Africa the fear of physical suffering will, in most natives, overcome the greatest superstitious dread.

An hour's march from our camp in the river-bed, and we reached a stream called Langalla. This, about the size of the Ura, flows from the most southern portion of the Jombeni range, and empties into the Tana River some distance below the ford. All loads and saddles had to be removed from the backs of the donkeys, and carried across the stream, which necessitated a delay of two and one-half hours. Two hours' further marching, and I reached the ford on the Tana, at that point at least three-eighths of a mile wide, and dotted with small rocky islands, between which, through five rock-strewn channels, flows the river. Many of the channels were broad and deep, and crossing them was difficult. I sent a man to the place where I had left the canoe, to see if by any chance the runaways had not destroyed it. He reported that the canoe was safe, high and dry on the far bank; but that the paddles, which we had made with such pains and care, had disappeared. Shortly after noon I was glad to meet forty Wakamba, who had just crossed the ford, who offered for a consideration to assist us in placing all our men and beasts on the island nearest the farther bank. They said that their people, of whom more than one-half had already crossed the Tana for the purpose of shooting,

trading, and raiding the country to the north, had constructed a bridge of light withes, sufficiently strong for them to cross, but utterly insufficient for laden porters or donkeys. With the assistance of these natives we found our beasts and burdens landed shortly before dark on the island nearest the farther bank. The crossing of the streams flowing through the different channels was a difficult matter. Ofttimes we were completely submerged, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we managed to get the donkeys and few cattle we had with us across. Four men took charge of each beast, two at its head and two at its tail. When they reached mid-stream, where the water was quite up to the men's chins, the force of the current drove the animal along, and it required almost superhuman efforts on the part of the men to prevent the animal, as well as themselves, from disappearing beneath the flood.

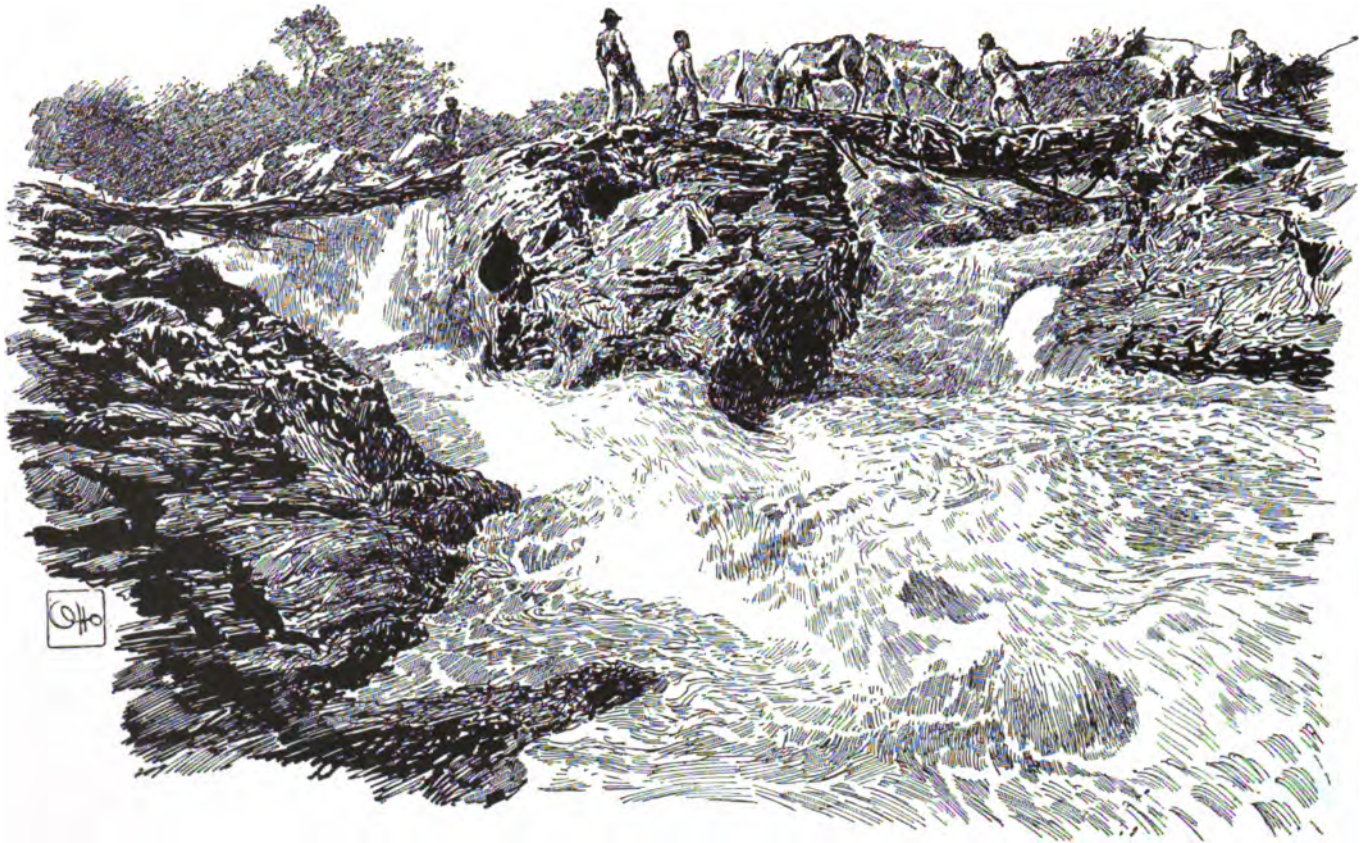
The next day I awoke at dawn, and went to look at the cataract, whose roar had lulled me to sleep during the night. Just above the end of the island upon which we were encamped, the river-bed fell some thirty feet, and over this ledge roared the Tana; below this it was forced by jagged rocks to divide its waters into three streams. Two of these, which are nearest the island, fall twenty feet, passing on both sides of a sheer mass of gray stone. There the water boiled and roared, and a blinding mist filled the air. At this point the stream was spanned by a few loosely tied withes and poles.

Such was the crossing-place. Nature never intended it to be thus used, I felt sure; and it seemed a satire

on her and her efforts, when foolish negroes triumphed over her by the use of a twig or two.

I swayed myself over the flimsy bridges and found a third stream, in which the water rushed swiftly; but it was shallow, and, as the Wakamba had placed a guide rope across it, we reached the further bank without difficulty. The second of the two streams was worse, and threw up more spray; so I decided not to cross it by the bridge, but to go over by means of the rocks, until I reached a spot near the first falls, where, the stream being wider and the current less swift, I thought I might swim the beasts across. The whole day was spent in engineering work, and by dark I had constructed two strong bridges across the chasms thirty and thirty-five feet wide respectively, and had placed a guide rope across the stream where it was necessary to swim the beasts. The construction of this bridge I found to be a matter of the greatest difficulty, unskilled as I was in engineering. We could not span the stream with a single log; so it was necessary first to run a log as far as possible over the stream, then to creep slowly and cautiously to the end of this log and seize another and slighter pole shoved toward one from the rear, which was bound to the end of the first log so strongly that it was able to support it. Numbers of small poles were added to this, until at length a man was able to cross. With this as a base, we managed to construct a bridge ten feet wide, and strong enough to bear the weight of our donkeys and cattle.

At 5.30 A.M. the following day the men were set to work carrying the loads across. The twenty donkeys



BRIDGE ACROSS THE TANA

carried forty loads between them; so my few men had their work cut out for them. The Somali worked splendidly. At 8.30 we began to take over the cattle; these gave us no trouble, seeming to have faith in us. The donkeys proved conservative of their characteristic obstinacy, and much effort had to be expended in inducing them to cross. One by one they were dragged on the structure, and, forced behind by four men and pulled in front by four others, we at length landed them upon the slippery rocks. They had to be dragged and pushed in the same manner, until they reached the last stream, and were finally landed on the bank of the river, reeking wet and seemingly stunned by the fact that they were now across what had appeared to their dull minds as an entirely impassable place. We reached the opposite bank at 3.30 in the afternoon, tired out by the exertions of the past two days.

We had scarcely encamped when the sound of rifle shots near by told us of the arrival of Hassan and the men we had left at Sayer. They had been gone twenty-two days from Daitcho. Of course, they had numberless excuses in explanation of their delay, but the truth was plain — they had taken it easy. When a day or two out from Sayer, they had met a party of Wamsara, who had come to them in the most friendly manner, and asked them the whereabouts of the Rendile, as they wished to raid them. Hassan told them, and then the leader of the Wamsara asked him if he thought their party sufficiently strong to make a successful attack upon the Rendile. Hassan said it depended upon the courage they possessed, as well as

their skill in battle. After further questioning on the part of the Wamsara chieftain, the raiders decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and concluded to return home to their country without attempting to increase their wealth by raiding a people who, from Hassan's account, appeared well able to take care of themselves.

Upon arriving at Daitcho, Hassan said that he found the entire surrounding country in a state of excitement, and that his appearance was greeted with shouts of fear and terror. After reaching the village of Bykender, where he was warmly welcomed, the cause of the excitement was disclosed. Several of the loads of brass and iron wire, which I was unable to carry, I had buried in the neighbourhood of my camp at Daitcho, and, in order to prevent the natives from stealing it, I had told them it was protected by a spell, which would have the most disastrous effect upon them, should they venture to dig up the things I had buried. With the wire I had also buried a few .577 cartridges. The natives had hardly waited until I was out of sight, ere greed overmastered their caution, and they dug up the wire, divided it among themselves, and carried it away to their villages — at the same time taking with them all the .577 ammunition.

The people of Daitcho were very fond of the brass shells of cartridges, which they converted into snuff-boxes, and when they saw these cartridges they at once appropriated them for the purpose aforesaid. But their rude tools and lack of skill proved inadequate for the extraction of the bullets from the shells. Finally some inventive genius suggested that they put

them in a fire, and for that purpose a large one was built, and they all gathered around it to watch the result of the experiment. Of course, the cartridges exploded, and, I regret to record, with unpleasant results to the Daitcho; three were killed, and five or six severely wounded. At once, those not so fortunate as to have possessed themselves of any of the wire or cartridges, reminded the wounded and the friends of the dead of what I had told them before I set out, and the minds of these credulous people forthwith accounted for the explosion by the terrible spell which I had pronounced over the goods upon burying them. During the following day all those who had stolen the goods and wire returned them to Bykender, with whom they left them to await my return, fearing to keep the smallest possible quantity.

21

CHAPTER XI

THE next day we left the Tana, and after a short march reached Mitio's village. Mitio was a great man in this part of Ukambani. At the time I arrived at this village he had gone with 600 warriors to fight the Rendile, in revenge for their slaughter of twenty of his men during the previous autumn. There I found my faithful Somali, Abdee Achmet, who had been left by George in charge of the donkeys. He had been deserted by his companions, and he had with him then twenty-five donkeys and forty-three goats. His account of the appearance and behaviour of the runaways was as follows.

He said that at first there came some sixty porters led by Mwalim Hamis, who was their leader on the day they deserted from Daitcho. These men fired repeated volleys, and then took all the food he had bought for me, — about 500 pounds. Two days later came the Beloochi and their party, who had been ferried across the Tana in our canoe, upon payment of all their trading-goods. Gwaharam said he had wished to return and help me; but Hamidi said he would shoot him if he attempted to cross the river. Hamidi stayed at the river until the Soudanese came, and then, four days after the porters arrived at Mitio's village, Hamidi and the Soudanese put in an appear-

ance. The Soudanese told their story about the chains; moreover, they said that their time was up.

Upon Hamidi's arrival at Mitio's village, he at once cut up the loads George had left there for me, and divided them among his men. Abdee Achmet and Gwaharam remonstrated with him, but Hamidi insisted upon taking them; whereupon Gwaharam said: "I will bear witness to your conduct at the coast." Then the men cut up all the ox-hides I had left for donkey saddles. When Abdee Achmet remonstrated, some of the men threatened to shoot him. He said the men seemed to throw aside all restraint, and to be governed by no particular impulse. Some were for going down the Tana to join the Arab, Suliman Kemenya, and, becoming his followers, to wage war against the English. Others, already timid at the behaviour of their companions, and doubtful whether they should receive any pay at the coast, wished to return to me at Daitcho; but the counsels of Hamidi and his ringleaders prevailed, and the whole party, after a stop of one day at Mitio's village, marched for Mombasa. Hamidi said that the reason they had left me was that their time was up, and that he was convinced he should get his pay either from General Matthews or the Sultan of Zanzibar.

At Mitio's village we remained one day purchasing food. All this portion of Ukambani is in a capital state of cultivation, two kinds of millet being staples; but there are also many plantations of Indian corn and pumpkins. Before we set out from this place two or three men came to me and offered their services as guides; which offer we foolishly accepted.

They led us in a roundabout way through a tangled mass of bush and over dried watercourses, and then deserted us. Their purpose in this was to prevent our passage through their plantations, as Zanzibari caravans in so doing usually robbed them.

WAKAMBA MEDICINE-MEN

Two days' march from this village we entered a beautiful rolling country, which was formerly thickly populated by natives, but was then deserted. Emigration was caused by the continued raids of the Masai.

The Wakamba at this place appear to be a fine, hardy race. They are not particularly well built, but seem capable of undergoing severest fatigue. Their weapons are bows and arrows. The manners of the Wakamba among themselves are almost polite, particularly in the courtesies which pass between the men and women. Among them the women seem to occupy a much higher position than in other tribes of East Africa. When a young man met a young woman, he invariably made a wide detour in passing, to avoid blocking her way.

On the road I met an old man, who related to me a strange story. He said that eight years before, 120 men started after ivory, and after reaching Lake Rudolph they continued their march for three months beyond it; when all at once they came in sight of a large lake with an island in its centre. On the island was a town composed of stone houses, such as those at the coast; and at sight of the Wakamba many canoes set out from the island to meet them.

The canoes were filled with people who wore garments made of a rough cloth used by the Galla, and wore long hair. They spoke the Swahili language, and at once asked for news of their brethren at the coast. There was plenty of ivory in the country, and the people were most friendly. They carried long guns. Near that village lived a tribe of Wakamba, with similar language and customs to the Wakamba in these parts.

My informant told me that these people were the remains of a large expedition, which many years before had set out from the coast, and had become so thinned

out by disease, that they did not consider themselves strong enough to return through the dangerous country lying between them and their homes. They had therefore settled down, hoping that at some time they would be able to reach their homes again by going with some caravan bound to the coast. Years rolled by, and no saviour came; so they married with women of the neighbouring tribes, and relinquished their idea of returning to the coast. The entire story was in all probability purest fiction, and it is related only for the purpose of conveying an impression of the vivid imaginations possessed by the natives of East Africa.

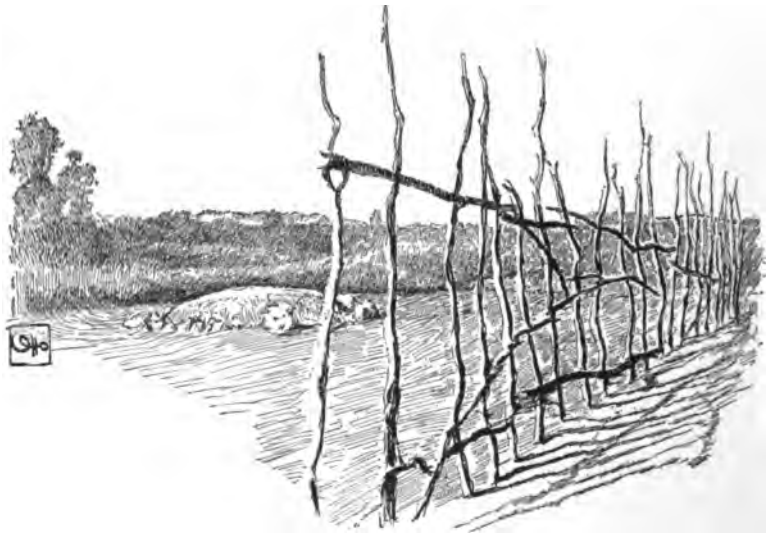
On the 20th of January we reached a group of villages called Kitinga. There the natives were different from those we had before met. They filed four of their front teeth to points, and from a belt they wore there was suspended a narrow cloth in front and behind. As the moon was full, we held market during the night, and bought a quantity of food at very low prices. The country between Tana and Kitinga was rolling, beautiful enough, and in a fair state of cultivation; but from that point the appearance of the country underwent a remarkable change. The surface was broken by a number of very steep, grass-covered mountains. In the multitude of valleys, villages were much more numerous, and what portion of the soil was not under cultivation was given up to the pasturage of cattle, sheep, and goats.

The natives of this portion of Ukambani were very cheerful in disposition; they sat in numbers in the shade, comfortably watching their flocks and herds. Occasionally the sound of a reed-pipe was heard, and

one might see a youth rendering rude music to a gathering of his fellows. The very atmosphere seemed impregnated with peace and friendship; and even the many drunkards to be found reeling about seemed cheery, and anxious to exchange greetings with the European. This peace-and-good-will attitude was not the result of missionary effort, as they had not been visited by the preacher of the Gospel, but of the repeated thrashings given these people by the British, who had a station not far away, called Iveti. There is no doubt that with Africans severity must come first, and then kindness. The place was a veritable Switzerland in miniature. One day's march from this we again reached the rolling country.

On the afternoon of January 22 we reached a village ruled by a chief named Mwyru. There was a flag flying, and we ascertained it to be a trading-post owned by a Scotchman named Dick, who lived at Mombasa. It formerly was under the management of Mr. Dick's brother; but he had died a short time before, and was then buried within the confines of the station. In charge of the station at the time of our visit was an English-speaking negro, named David, who had been educated at the mission at Zanzibar. I had last seen this man in the chain-gang at Witu, on the coast, where he had been placed on account of his continued thefts and general lawlessness. The view from this village was beautiful — a wide plain stretching on all sides, shut in far to the west by blue mountains and the Kikuyu hills. At sunrise and just before sunset both Kenya and Kilimanjiro were visible.

Here we saw a large party of traders from Giriama, a country not far from Mombasa. Formerly they feared to come to this place, but at this time they could trade in security. They said they were not afraid to go anywhere, provided European influence had rendered the natives peaceful. I was told that this place was a slave-trading centre, and that caravans which had been



DICK'S GRAVE AT MWYRU

trading at Kikuyu, and had acquired slaves, sold them here for goats and cattle. The Wakamba were the purchasers, and they employed them in work upon their plantations. The price of a good-looking Masai or Kikuyu girl was three goats. They also had a few Galla slaves. The inhabitants of Kikuyu are a most treacherous lot, and since the British East Africa Company established stations in the neighbourhood they have behaved in the most hostile manner. The day

after I arrived at Mwyru's, two Zanzibari turned up, covered with wounds. They said they were the sole survivors of a party of thirty traders, who had spent the preceding three months in the purchase of slaves and ivory from the Kikuyu. After setting out on their way home, and when two days' march from the confines of the Kikuyu territory, they were fallen upon at night, their property stolen, and all but themselves slain.

As soon as my arrival at Mwyru's village became known, several slaves ran to my camp, and craved my assistance for them to return to their people. Those who lived far away I could do nothing for, but two of them were Kikuyu women, and I knew that I could take them to the mission at Kibwezi, whence they could be forwarded to Kikuyu by one of the British trading caravans marching in that direction.

On January 24 we set out from Mwyru's. We had hardly left the village ere the air was filled with shouts, and a party of from 500 to 600 Wakamba appeared. They sent a party of their old men to us, for the purpose of insisting upon a return of the slaves. I asked the women if they wished to return; but they shuddered, and said "No." So I refused to give them up; whereupon the Wakamba gave vent to fierce shouts, placed their arrows in their bows, and the old men made a dash at the women as though to seize them. My caravan by this time had proceeded on its way, and was almost out of sight; but I had two men with me. We laid about us with the butts of our rifles, and soon had the old men flying back to their companions. Luckily not an arrow was discharged.

As we marched along, all the Wakamba we met appeared sullen, and the guides we had taken with us said that they would surely come at night and rescue the slaves. At the end of the day's march we camped in a small valley, and all night long our sleep was broken by continued shouting and bawling of war-songs. The natives of the neighbouring villages came to us hour by hour, each bringing a small present of milk, or perhaps a goat. This they did from fear that if we were attacked by the natives, and they had not previously made friendly overtures, we would wreak vengeance upon them. They said that all the inhabitants of the villages of Mwyru were encamped near us, and vowed to fall upon us and take back the slaves. However, the demonstration amounted to nothing but bluster.

We made an early start the following morning, and after a few hours' march reached a village presided over by a dwarf, named Mgundu. This little fellow was not more than three feet high, and spoke Swahili fluently. He said that he had been on several expeditions to the coast. He showed me his wives (women, if anything, above the average height) and his children, who were tall and well-developed specimens. He was a freak of nature. He was reputed to be a great warrior; but owing to his short stature it was necessary, when he went to battle, for his sons to carry a high stool for him, upon which he stood, and from which he could discharge his arrows above the tall grass. I wished to take his photograph, but he refused, saying I would be able to kill him by stabbing the picture with a knife. I thereupon

offered to become blood brothers with him, and assured him that our lives would then be as one; and that, as I was a much younger man, it meant that in all probability he would live to a great old age. This seemed to tickle him, and he allowed me to take several photographs of him. As soon as he saw the slaves, he became very angry, shook his baby fist, and threatened war; but as his threats met with laughter only, he went away much disgruntled.

MGUNDU

The next day we had a long march before us, so we started early. We marched until just before sundown, and then rested until moonrise, when we again set out, intending to march all night. At about two in the morning I came upon a camp of sleeping people, and seeing a European tent I went to it, and awoke its occupant, who proved to be a Mr. Neumann, bound upon an ivory-trading expedition to Daitcho. It was delightful to see him — the first European except the members of my caravan whom I had met since leaving the coast in September, 1892, and this was January, 1894. We sat up until eight o'clock the following morning, talking and chatting;

and with him I smoked, for the first time since leaving civilization, some excellent Havana cigars, and drank also a pint of dry champagne. At seven o'clock I had sent my caravan on its way, and Mr. Neumann had started his. At eight we were about to shake hands, and go our several directions, when two of the members of his caravan came hurrying back, saying that the natives had attacked them.

George and I, followed by the two boys, returned with Mr. Neumann, and ascertained the attack to have consisted in the discharge of a couple of arrows, which had fallen harmlessly far from Mr. Neumann's men. At first, I thought this might have been caused by the fact that I had taken the slaves; but upon inquiry I learned that it was because some of Mr. Neumann's men had on the previous day plundered the plantations of the Wakamba inhabiting the neighbourhood of his camp. The difficulty was soon smoothed over, and, wishing each other good luck, we shook hands and separated. During the following year I saw several letters from Mr. Neumann, which had been published in *The Field*, of London. From these it appeared that he had had excellent sport shooting, and, I am happy to say, had found the natives of the Jombeni range most friendly to him, although he was accompanied by but a small force.

On the afternoon of January 27 I reached the German mission station, Ikutha. It is usually occupied by two missionaries, but I found only one at home: the other had gone with a party of the British East Africa Company's men to free some

slaves. The mission station at Ikutha is pleasantly situated on the side of a hill which slopes down to a small stream called the Tiva River. It is surrounded by a well-kept garden; and there was, of course, the inevitable and neat grave, wherein reposed the last remains of some European.

I cannot say that during my short stay at Ikutha I was much impressed with the degree of interest taken in religion by the natives. The mission was supplied with a sweet-toned bell, and three times daily was it tolled. It sounded delightfully peaceful in my ears, but did not seem to have any effect upon the natives, for none came at its summons. The Wakamba people are so happy in their existence, so free from trouble of any type, that I fancy it is a most difficult matter to interest them with thoughts of a future life; but the missionaries at Ikutha are loyally performing their work, and if they do not succeed in caring for the souls of the natives, they at least do a good deal of good for their bodies with medicines. Daily the mission is surrounded by a number of sick and ailing, who are treated as well as the supplies of the mission permit.

At 2 P.M. January 30, we reached Kibwezi mission, and there found the missionaries, Mr. Watson and Dr. Charters. It was Dr. Charters who had operated on Lieutenant von Höhnel and started him on the road to recovery before sending him to the coast. The mission station at Kibwezi is the most beautiful of any I had seen in Africa. Through its grounds flows the Kibwezi River, the waters of which are ice-cold and clear as crystal. All the houses are built

in a substantial manner, and the gardens are laid out and tended most carefully. They are under the supervision of a lay missionary, a Scotchman. The mission was founded by the beneficence of Sir William McKinnon, and its purpose was a most practical one. The idea of its founder was that it should prove a means of educating the people as well as of converting them; and to this end men equipped to teach them industries of a practical nature had been sent out for its management. At the time I visited it, however, the natives had not as yet shown much interest in the efforts of their teachers; but I suppose the interest, though delayed, will come in time.

Dr. Charters was a most interesting man. He had spent six years on the Congo, and while there had taken Stanley and a part of the Relief Expedition as far as Yambuya, on the little mission steamer "Peace." He was the best equipped missionary I have ever seen, being a clergyman, a practical engineer, and a doctor of medicine.

Poor Dr. Charters! His end was a sad one. In September of the year I met him (1894) he, in company with a Scotchman named Colquhoun and a few men, went on a shooting-trip in the neighbourhood of the mission. They never returned. It is supposed that they were slain by a party of raiding Masai, for the exact manner of their death could never be ascertained.

If more missionaries like Dr. Charters could be sent to Africa, I feel convinced that the task of raising the standard of native life would be a much easier one. He was devoted to his work, and from

his long experience in Africa had learned (what it is impossible to teach missionaries fresh from home) that the native must first of all be taught to work a little harder than is absolutely necessary to support life; this fills the native with an interest in his future life on this earth. Then, and not until then, is he ripe for religious instruction.

At this mission station I left the two slaves I had freed at Ukambani — Dr. Charters offering to care for them, and send them home by the first caravan passing toward Kikuyu.

I was told that Hamidi had been employed in the construction of this mission some years before, but owing to his fondness for intrigue against the Europeans he had been sent away. I wished that I had known this before I engaged him; but alas! it is almost impossible in Africa to learn the character of one's men until acquired by painful experience.

From Kibwezi to Mombasa there stretches a capital road, fifteen feet wide and clear of all brush. It was a great treat to us to find a smooth road under our feet, and to be relieved from all anxiety as to water. Mile-posts were placed along the side of the road, and the whereabouts of water was ascertained from large painted sign-boards. The distance from Kibwezi mission to Mombasa is just 200 miles, and this we accomplished without undue effort in less than ten days. The march was uneventful. At a place called Voi, about half-way to the coast, we came to the camp of Mr. Wilson, who was employed in the road-making. He had under him a few Zanzibari, but most of the work was done by a force of over 200

Teita people. These Teita people had for years been a thorn in the side of travellers passing through their country. A missionary had been stationed among them five or six years, but he had been unable in any way to soften their hard and worthless natures.

RAMAZAN AND MGUNDU

When I passed through Teita on my former journey to Kilimanjiro, I met a party of ivory traders who had just been robbed by these people. They inhabit a range of mountains called Bura, and are perhaps 10,000 in number. They possess a few flocks

of sheep and goats, and live almost entirely by agriculture. In physique and habits they are very much akin to the Wakamba, though less daring. I have found it almost invariably to be the case in East Africa that those natives who inhabit the hilly country (possibly because in their homes they feel greater security from attack) seem to have in great degree lost the manliness and independence of character which go in great measure to redeem the disagreeable traits of the inhabitants of the plains.

The Teita people are very superstitious. One story which reached my ears concerning their religious beliefs is worthy of mention. Some years ago their country had been visited by a devastating drought, in consequence of which they were threatened with starvation. The wise men assembled, and for days discussed the probable cause of the drought and the means adapted to hastening its end. These people worship their ancestors, and one of the rites of this worship is carefully to heap the skulls of the deceased males of the tribe in piles near their villages. While casting about for the cause of the drought, one old man suggested that they count the skulls of their ancestors. This was done, and to their horror they found many were missing. To appease the wrath of these familiars, the Teita people decided to slay sheep and add their skulls to the piles of their ancestors. This was done, and immediately the flood-gates of the heavens opened, and the drought ceased.

The capital condition of the road from the mission to the coast is owing entirely to the efforts and intel-

ligence of Mr. Wilson. He had scant means at his disposal, but the force of his individual efforts added to these has changed what was in former years one of the most disagreeable and difficult marches in Africa, to a journey which can be accomplished with perfect ease by a woman. I found that he, too, excessively disliked to use negroes as porters, and as a means of obviating it had begun to use bullocks and donkeys as a means of transport. Although he had lost several by fly, nevertheless he had been successful enough to satisfy himself that it was not only possible, but also cheaper, to do without porters.

On Saturday, February 10, at noon, just thirty days from Daitcho, we arrived at Mombasa. Of the thirty days, five had been spent in resting upon the road; so that the distance (450 miles) had been accomplished in twenty-five days. To my surprise, upon reaching Mombasa, I found that the runaways had not been detained, but had been sent to Zanzibar at my expense by dhow. The authorities at Mombasa seemed somewhat chagrined at my surprise, and said they could have done nothing else. In this connection I will say that their behaviour was entirely without precedent. Hamidi and the deserters had reached Mombasa without letters of any sort from me; yet the authorities had seen fit to accept his statements, and treat him and the men not as deserters, but as people worthy of every consideration and assistance. I waited at Mombasa five days for a steamer, then left for Zanzibar.

Upon reaching Zanzibar, I found that no steps had been taken to arrest my men; but, on the con-

trary, they had been sent to my agent by General Sir Lloyd Matthews, who directed him to supply the men with food at my expense until the time I should arrive. I rented a comfortable Arab stone house just off the main street of the town, and therein established myself with such of my followers as had remained faithful to me.

I found that the American Consul, Mr. Jones, who had been in charge of the interests of the United States in 1892, had left Zanzibar, and that Mr. Allen was at that time acting Consul. Mr. Allen had been less than two years in Zanzibar, during which time he was in charge of the mercantile house of Arnold, Cheny & Co., of New York. Prior to his arrival there he had had no experience in diplomacy or consular matters; but throughout the time I remained in Zanzibar he showed himself thoroughly equipped for such work, and did all in his power to look after the interests of his Government, and to prevent my being treated with injustice.

A short time after reaching Zanzibar I paid a visit to General Sir Lloyd Matthews, who was Prime Minister to the Sultan's government. During my absence up-country Great Britain had declared a protectorate over the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba; and, as an easy mode of ruling these islands, had made use of the machinery of the native government, which was controlled and directed by means of General Matthews, the Sultan's Prime Minister, who in turn was controlled by the British Agent and Consul-General.

Unfortunately for me, Mr. Rennell Rodd, who had succeeded to the post of British Agent and Consul-

General upon the death of Sir Gerald Portal, had been forced to leave Zanzibar on account of illness, and at the time of my arrival in Zanzibar, affairs there were managed by General Matthews and the acting British Agent and Consul-General, a Mr. Cracknell, who for many years had been the judge of the British Consular Court. Had there been a regularly accredited agent in Zanzibar when I arrived, I feel certain that the difficulties I met with would not have occurred; but owing to the fact that affairs were in the hands of men who had been for many years inhabitants of the coast of East Africa, and as a natural result of long stays had become in large measure Arabized in character, I found that instead of pursuing the simple and direct road to justice, the treatment of my affairs was made subservient to purely local, and I may also say private, ends.

When I paid my visit to General Sir Lloyd Matthews, I was surprised to find that, without waiting until I had arrived and stated my case, that gentleman had come to the conclusion that my porters were justified in their desertion, and he had therefore taken it upon himself to order my agent to supply them with means of transport to Zanzibar, and with food after their arrival there. This action of General Matthews was another wholly without precedent.

The difficulties and dangers incident to the management of a caravan consisting of a large number of half-savage porters would be so great as to render exploration absolutely impossible, were it not for the fact that the traveller can feel assured that any ill behaviour or desertion on the part of his men will

meet with prompt punishment upon their return to the coast at Zanzibar. It is this knowledge alone which has prevented not only the desertion of entire caravans, but in many cases the massacre of the European in charge. Up to the time of the arrival of my deserters at the coast, runaways upon reaching Zanzibar had invariably been promptly imprisoned and held until the European should arrive and testify against them. As can readily be supposed, negroes who desert from a caravan have plenty of time on their way

COCOANUT-OIL MILL

to the coast to invent a plausible story explaining their desertion; but these stories, as the Europeans in Zanzibar well knew the character of the Zanzibari, were never credited until the arrival of the European with his side of the story.

Upon visiting General Matthews, and demanding the punishment of the men who had ruined my expedition, I was not offered assistance, or even asked to tell my story; but, on the other hand, was met with a demand on the part of the Government of Zanzibar for the full amount of the pay due these men

up to the time of their desertion. This I promptly refused.

Upon the arrival of the deserters they had been taken in charge by General Matthews, and brought into the presence of Mr. Allen, the acting United States Consul, who took down at full length their statements. These statements in many cases were conflicting, but their general trend was, that throughout the journey I had treated them with the grossest cruelty; that I had shot down numbers of them while upon the march, and that many (some said twenty, others said thirty) had died from excessive flogging. They also said that I had engaged them for a period of eighteen months, and that upon the expiration of this period, finding me still desirous of continuing my journey, they had, after long and fruitless endeavours to induce me to return to the coast, been forced to leave me and return to their homes in Zanzibar.

Upon arriving at Zanzibar, I had sent to our Consul those men who had remained faithful to me. He subjected them to a rigorous examination, and they one and all offered testimony which absolutely refuted in every particular the statements of the deserters brought to Mr. Allen by General Matthews. General Matthews was invited to be present upon this occasion, but refused.

The statement that I had engaged my porters for eighteen months was absolutely untrue, as was soon made manifest. Porters are engaged on different terms at Zanzibar. Those who are enlisted for the purpose of performing a fixed journey over a known road are engaged for a certain number of months; as, for ex-

ample, for caravans which are sent with mission supplies to posts in the interior or with Government supplies for Uganda. These men are aware, when they enlist, of the exact duration of their journey. For purposes of exploration, however, a force is not enlisted after that manner. The explorer can never tell how long it will take to accomplish the task which he has set for himself, and in enlisting men he cannot with honesty agree to lead them by fixed roads to certain places; as his purpose is to explore an unknown country, and he is ignorant of the route and the time necessary for its accomplishment. In engaging my men, the usual agreement had been drawn up by my agents, Smith, Mackenzie & Co., of Zanzibar. In this agreement there was not one word stipulating the length of time I intended to be gone. It contained simply a statement of the wages I intended to pay the different men, and the amount of money I had advanced each of them prior to departure from Zanzibar.

The deserters, upon being questioned by Mr. Allen, had been unable to mention a single man of the many whom they alleged I had killed by shooting or excessive flogging, with the exception of the one porter, who had been accidentally killed early in the journey by the Soudanese, Mahomet el Hussein; but they said, and on this point they all concurred, that all the alleged shooting and beating to death had occurred prior to our first arrival at Daitcho in March, 1893. The fact that this one man was killed, seemed, in the minds of the authorities at Zanzibar, to warrant the desertion of my entire caravan, although it was admit-

ted that this unfortunate man met his death more than a year before the desertion of the men, and that after this man's death, and before my men deserted, Hamidi had visited the coast, and had seen General Matthews, who had, with apparent willingness, authorized Hamidi to carry out my orders, and to return to me with a supply of stores and an increase in the personnel of my caravan. Hamidi, at the time of his visit to the coast, certainly could have made no mention of any brutality which I had exercised toward the men, else would General Matthews have made some mention of the charge to Mr. Allen, the acting United States Consul. But although it was before the departure of Hamidi for the coast that the porter had been shot, and that some eighteen or twenty of my men had died from dysentery, pulmonary complaints, and other ills incident to life in Africa, and none after the return of Hamidi, General Matthews did not make any complaint to Mr. Allen until after the arrival of the deserters at Zanzibar.

The total wages due my porters at the time of their desertion was in the neighbourhood of £1000. This sum, bearing in mind that my men had deserted me and ruined my expedition, and that I was guiltless of having given them any cause for desertion by my treatment of them, I refused emphatically to pay.

I, being an American citizen, the proper tribunal for the hearing of any complaint, charge, or claim against me on behalf of the Government of Zanzibar or other party, was the Consular Court of the United States; and General Matthews was notified that I was ready and willing to remain in Zanzibar a sufficient time to

enable him to bring suit in that court against me. This General Matthews refused to do, alleging that Mr. Allen, the acting Consul, being an American, would be biased in my favour; and said that, on the contrary, I should appear before a British tribunal, and submit my case to it. It struck me not only that this suggestion was childish, but that, should I act upon it, I should by so doing cast a slur upon the consular courts of my own country.

Through the United States Consul I continued to press my claims for the arrest and punishment of the deserters, but without avail, and the authorities of Zanzibar continued with all the vigour at their disposal to press the claim against me on behalf of the porters.

The native who had been killed while in my employ was the slave of an Arab at Zanzibar. Under Arabic law a slave represents so much money, being considered a chattel; and although I considered myself in no way responsible for the man's death, nevertheless, as he had been shot while in my service, and by a man in my employ, and as his master was poor, I turned over to him a sum of money supposed to represent the slave's value to him.

About a week after my arrival at Zanzibar I was prostrated by a severe attack of fever, and was taken to the French hospital to be nursed. This hospital is in the charge of nuns, and I feel that it is entirely owing to their kind and thoughtful nursing that I recovered at all. It may seem incredible to the medical profession, that upon my arrival at the French hospital my temperature was 106.5 Fahrenheit.

I remained in the hospital two weeks before I was able to return to my house. Upon my recovery, Captain Charles Campbell of H.M.S. "Philomel" kindly offered to take me for a six days' cruise on his vessel to recover my strength. Upon my return from the cruise, which did my health a deal of good, I found stationed in front of my house at Zanzibar two of the Zanzibar police force. Having dismissed them, I entered the house, and found George and my followers in a state of excitement and much relieved at my return.

It appeared that the day I embarked on the "Philomel" — in fact, less than an hour after I left the shore — about fifteen of the deserters from my caravan, armed with clubs, entered my house and attacked George. He was roughly handled, but made good his defence. He had been attacked while sitting at a desk writing, and during the struggle his endeavour was to reach a pistol hanging upon the wall. This he finally secured, whereupon his assailants fled. The object of this attack I never could learn, but I think it was undoubtedly actuated by a desire to seize the person of either George or myself. Such an attack upon an European, as far as I could learn, had not occurred in Zanzibar for more than twenty years; and it struck me as strangely coincident with the hostile attitude of the authorities at Zanzibar.

Through the United States Consul, complaint was made against these men, but few steps were taken for their arrest, and only a few of them, although all their names were handed in, and they were all well known to the authorities, were shut up in the

barracks of the Zanzibar troops. Even these few were released after a few days' confinement without further punishment.

My house was situated just off the main street of Zanzibar. The attack had been made upon it in broad noonday. The men, in order to reach my house, must have passed through the main street of Zanzibar bearing clubs in their hands. The main street was plentifully supplied with police, but they had made no effort to stop the progress of the negroes, though it is customary never to permit natives to walk thus armed through the streets of Zanzibar.

The Soudanese who deserted from me were taken into the service of the Sultan; Mohamadi, the headman who deserted from me at Seran, and who had stolen the ivory, was rewarded for this meritorious conduct by being placed in an office of trust in the Zanzibar jail. Lieutenant von Höhnel upon reaching Zanzibar had made a specific complaint against this man, but was unable to procure his punishment in any way.

I waited in Zanzibar several weeks, hoping that some means would be arrived at for the settlement of the difficulty, but no steps were taken by the authorities of Zanzibar to bring suit in the Consular Court. Knowing that if I should leave Zanzibar without making strenuous attempts to settle the matter, my course of action would be misrepresented, I offered to submit the question at issue to arbitration. This suggestion was agreed to by the authorities at Zanzibar. It was determined that I should appoint an arbitrator, that the government of Zanzibar should

appoint one, and that these two should decide upon a third member of the board; the decision of this commission to be final and binding upon both parties to the question at issue. Mr. Allen, the United States Consul, chose to represent me in the matter Mr. Seth A. Pratt, a gentleman of standing at Zanzibar, who had formerly been United States Consul at that port. The Government of Zanzibar entrusted its interests to a Mr. Wilson, at that time its legal adviser.

Mr. Pratt suggested eight men, from whom a third arbiter was to be chosen, the list embracing English, German, Italian, and French gentlemen. As the question at issue required the introduction of a large quantity of native testimony, Mr. Pratt, knowing from long experience the impossibility of getting a correct translation of answers through a native interpreter, had nominated men who understood and spoke the Swahili language, and had also counted length of residence in Zanzibar as important, and consequent acquaintance with the character of the people whose testimony was to be heard.

The representative of the Government flatly refused to consider any one of the eight gentlemen suggested by Mr. Pratt; but demanded and insisted that the third member of the board should be one of three whom he named, two of whom in the hearing of Mr. Pratt had expressed opinions hostile to my interests, and the third had just received a decoration at the hands of the Government of Zanzibar for services rendered them. Mr. Pratt laboured long and earnestly in order to bring about an agreement as to the third

member; but at length, finding his efforts balked by the obstinacy and discourtesy of the gentlemen representing the Government, he felt called upon to resign all connection with the matter; so my efforts to settle the thing by arbitration fell through.

Finding me unwilling to submit to threats and unwarranted demands for the payment of the entire sum (£1000) insisted upon by the Government of Zanzibar, a communication was received from General Sir Lloyd Matthews, to the effect that the Government would be satisfied with the payment of one-half that amount. Finally, shortly before my departure from Zanzibar, a request was received by Mr. Allen, to the effect that I pay to the Government of Zanzibar "some substantial sum."

Among the records of the United States Consulate at Zanzibar is to be found a letter written during the height of the incident by General Sir Lloyd Matthews to Mr. Allen, then acting Consul, in which General Matthews states over his own signature that it is his opinion that the desertion of the men was caused not by any cruelty or unjust act of mine, but by plotting and intriguing on the part of the Somali, who had accompanied my expedition, and who, having become tired of the journey, wished by this means to force a return.

The Zanzibari who had remained faithful to me throughout the journey refused to leave me, but continued to work for me during my stay in Zanzibar. Most faithful among these were Sururu, my tent-boy, and Mhahoma, the cook, a cousin of Hamidi. These men passed a most unpleasant time during my stay,

as they were the victims of insult and bullying on the part of the deserters. Upon one occasion, after I had paid a visit to the house of Mhahoma, this poor fellow was attacked and severely beaten by some of the deserters.

I paid several visits to Sururu's home, which was situated quite upon the outskirts of the town of Zanzibar. He had four or five acres of land under cultivation, where he grew bananas, oranges, and vegetables. He had two wives and three slaves. It had always been his ardent wish to own a town house as well as a country seat; so I gave myself the pleasure of purchasing him one in the native quarter of Zanzibar. The edifice was constructed of clay and wattles, whitewashed, and thatched with palm leaves. Sururu was delighted with it, and divided the establishment into two parts, saying, with glee, that he was then just like an Arab — he could live in town during the season, and when the hot weather set in, he could go out to his plantation. His one remaining ambition was to own a donkey, so that he could ride from his town house to his country seat in a dignified and becoming manner. I hope that by this time he has amassed sufficient wealth to gratify this desire.

The fever again returned, and both George and I became ill. As I found all of my efforts to obtain justice at the hands of the authorities of Zanzibar unavailing, I decided to return home; and so on April 3, 1894, I set out by the French M. M. Line for Aden. The few of my followers who had remained faithful to me, and who lived in Zanzibar, came to see me off, bringing with them presents of oranges and native mats.

The Soudanese and Somali joyfully turned their backs on Zanzibar.

In six days we reached Aden. We were due at this port in the early morning, and I expected to have at my disposal six or seven hours of daylight in which to pay off my faithful followers; but, unfortunately, we reached Aden at midnight, and the captain of the vessel told me he would sail, without fail, on the following morning at eight.

The town of Aden consists of two parts, the seaport and the main town, the latter lying about four miles in the interior. All places of business both at the seaport and the main town were closed long before we arrived, but that did not deter me from endeavouring to satisfy the just claims of my men. My agents at Aden were a Parsee firm, named Cowasjee Dinshaw; so immediately upon casting anchor I set out with the Somali and Soudanese for the house of my agents, which was situated near the shore. The town was wrapped in silence, and the sandy streets gave forth no sound beneath our footsteps. Had it not been for the knowledge that my personal supervision was necessary to guarantee the payment of my men, I should not have attempted to transact business at that hour of the night.

In front of the office of Cowasjee Dinshaw there stretched a wide veranda, and upon it there slept a motley band of Sepoy soldiers, half-naked Somali armed with clubs, and a large Ethiopian door-keeper. In a few words I told my men it rested with them whether they should get their pay or not; and their eyes gleamed with responsive intelligence. The sleep-

ers on the veranda, disturbed by our approach, refused to assist us in any manner to enter the house. Most of them were vagrants; but the Sepoy soldiers and the door-keeper said that they had been stationed there to prevent anybody entering the house and disturbing its inmates at night, and, therefore, that we should have to go away.

I gave a sign to my men, and they seized some bits of timber and a chair lying on the veranda.

VARIETY OF PORTERS' HABITATIONS

Armed with these they rushed at the door with loud shouts. It was strongly built, else it would have been burst in. At length a querulous voice was heard from inside, and footsteps, as of some one approaching. The door opened, and one of the members of the firm appeared, and in a frightened manner asked the cause of the trouble. As suavely as possible I introduced myself, and apologized for disturbing his slumbers; then I stated my wishes. He said that it was impossible to get any money at that time of night;

that all his cash was kept in a strongly built house in the main town; and that at night it would be unsafe to send for it, as the road was filled with marauders.

After a long talk I succeeded in getting an order on his bankers for the amount I wished; and then, hailing a couple of night-hawk cabs, the entire party of us set off for the town, which we reached at 3 A.M. I spent two hours in smoking and chatting with my men, and at 5 A.M. I took the liberty of awakening the American Consul, whom to my great joy I found to be Mr. Jones, formerly Consul at Zanzibar. He was kindness itself, and sent a couple of Sepoys with my order upon the bank, who soon returned bearing between them a great bag of rupees. I shall never forget the scene which closed my relations with these men, who had remained faithful to me throughout the trials of so many long months. They were paid off in one of the large rooms of our Consul's house. The bag of rupees had been emptied upon a rug in the centre of the apartment, and a little white mountain of silver, illumined by the rays of the rising sun, greeted the eyes of my followers.

Mr. Jones spoke Arabic as fluently as he did English, and that language was familiar to both the Soudanese and the Somali. The names of the men were called in turn; the number of months they had served was stated to them; the amount of advance money received by each was mentioned; and after each statement, Mr. Jones paused, until the man who was being paid endorsed it by a silent nod, or the word "Taib" (Good). When the account of wages due each man

was settled, he was told the sum he would receive in addition as a present. Throughout the transaction my watch was in my hand; for I knew that the French vessel was getting up steam, and that but a short time would elapse before she would leave Aden harbour, four miles away.

When at length all was completed, and I began to bid my men farewell, they one and all said, "Master, we will not leave you here. We will accompany you at least to the shore, and, if possible, go with you to the ship." To one who is familiar with the character of the Somali and the Soudanese this behaviour would appear almost incredible. It meant that they would leave the pile of silver — their hard-earned wages — in the hands of a man who was an utter stranger to them, for the sake of a sentiment; and that, contrary to their instinct (which in regard to money, at least, may be expressed by the words, "Safe bind; safe find"), they were willing to jeopardize the results of almost two years' labour for the sake of seeing the last of one who perhaps had treated them, as far as in his power lay, with the utmost justice and consideration, yet in the accomplishment of his purpose had led them through dark and toilsome paths, and caused them much keen suffering.

It was six o'clock when I bade farewell to my friend, Mr. Jones, and dashing downstairs leaped into a carriage waiting below. At this time Aden was astir, and there were several carry-alls in the streets. My men piled into them, and off we set; Mahomet Aman, Karscho, and Ramazan went with me. I found it really difficult to maintain my composure

throughout the rapid gallop to the seashore. They seized my hands, and kissed them, or stroked my knees, all the while repeating, "Don't forget us, master. Come again, and we will travel with you."

When at length we reached the dock, and I paused for a moment to bid a silent farewell, I found that George had in his possession a small bag of rupees — a coin useless to me away from the East. I hesitated a moment, thinking to whom to give it. Before my eyes rose the vision of Hussein Mahomet returning alone to my almost deserted camp at Daitcho, having left, at the peril of his life, his deserting companions. The memory of his dumb gratitude at my treatment of him upon that occasion, and of his excellent behaviour throughout all the times of trial and difficulty which had preceded the desertion of my men, surged in my mind, and I pressed the little gift into his hands. He took it in a lethargic manner; and then realizing that he had been singled out above all the men, burst once more into the fervent Mohammedan prayer, which throughout the journey had been his only means of expressing feeling: "El Hamdililahi bismillahi irrachman irrachim" (Praise be to God, the All-Righteous, the All-Merciful). To these words and to a chorus of cries from the others, wishing me God-speed upon my journey, I set out in a row-boat to join my steamer, which I reached just as she got her anchors up and was almost under way.

A few days more, and George and I had reached Cairo, where we remained three weeks, regaining our strength and recovering from continued attacks of fever. From there we sailed to Trieste, where I was

greeted upon my arrival by my friend Lieutenant von Höhnel, then thoroughly recovered from the effects of his wound, and, as can well be imagined, eager to hear the story of the events which had occurred since his departure. We reached Trieste on the first of May, 1894, — just six weeks less than two years from the time we set out from Europe.

FINIS

APPENDIX

WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER, *Esquire*,
NEW YORK CITY.

Dear Sir: — I am very glad to know of the prospect of the immediate publication of the narrative of your expedition to the Tana River region, and regret exceedingly that it is not possible to furnish at the present time a detailed list of the collections obtained by you, since there are many new and exceedingly interesting forms of animal life among them. It is possible, however, to present a preliminary report. The National Museum is greatly indebted to you and to your companion Lieutenant von Höhnel for this valuable collection, which must of necessity occupy a considerable time in its study, but which is sure to yield very important results to biological science. I hope that you will convey to Lieutenant von Höhnel the warmest thanks of the Smithsonian Institution for his generosity in consenting that his collection should accompany yours to the National Museum. It is prized exceedingly here and will be preserved always with the utmost care, and we hope that within a few months a goodly amount of literature will have been published in regard to the joint collection received from yourself and from him.

The mammals have been studied carefully by Mr. True, who has published a paper in the Proceedings of the National Museum, Volume XVI., pages 601 to 603 ("Notes on a Small Collection of Mammals from the Tana River, East Africa, with Descriptions of New Species"), enumerating four species of small mammals, of which two are new, namely: a small dormouse, which has been described under the name of *Eliomys parvus*, and a mouse somewhat resembling the ordinary house mouse, which has been called *Mus tana*. In addition the collection contained a specimen of a new antelope, which has been named *Cervicapra Chanleri*, in your honour, in one of the publications of the Tring Museum. The specimen has been finely mounted, and is a most welcome addition to our series of African antelopes. The species is a

very beautiful one, differing from the more southern form in its delicate gray colour.

The reptiles are still under investigation by Doctor Leonhard Stejneger, who has already published in the Proceedings of the National Museum, Volume XVI., pages 711 to 741, quite a number of new species ("On Some Collections of Reptiles and Batrachians from East Africa and the Adjacent Islands, Recently Received from Dr. W. L. Abbott and Mr. William Chanler, with Descriptions of New Species"). He enumerates thirty species, of which five are new, among them the *Mabuya Chanleri* and the *Simocephalus Chanleri*, thus named as a memorial of your expedition. There is also another species, *Eremias Höhneli*, named after Lieutenant von Höhnel. Another collection subsequently received will soon be reported upon, and the following preliminary list has been furnished by Doctor Stejneger: —

REPTILES — 1, *Hemidactylus mabuya;* 2, *Chamæleo roperi;* 3, *Chamæleo* sp.; 4, *Rhampholeon Kersteni.*

SNAKES — 5, *Typhlops unitæniatus;* 6, *Causus rhombeatus;* 7, *Echis* sp.

TOADS AND FROGS — 8, *Bufo regularis;* 9, *Phrynomantis bifasciata;* 10, *Hyperolius* sp.; 11, *Rana* sp.

The collection of insects contained many interesting forms, but coming as it does from a country so little known, there has been unexpected delay in its identification, especially since two or three persons to whom material has been intrusted for study have recently died. The Lepidoptera first received, those from the Tana River region, East Africa, were submitted to Chancellor W. J. Holland, of the University of Pennsylvania, and a report upon this collection is now in press ("List of the Lepidoptera Collected in the Tana River Region, East Africa, by Mr. William Astor Chanler and Lieutenant von Höhnel," Proceedings of the United States National Museum, Paper No. 1063, Volume XVIII., pages 259 to 264). This includes thirty-three species, of which two are new. These are *Iphthima Chanleri* and *Charaxes Chanleri.* Others are possibly though not certainly new. Another and much larger collection more recently received, from the Jombeni range, is now in the hands of Chancellor Holland.

Several species of Neuroptera were received; among these was an interesting species of ant-lion, identified by Mr. Linell as *Palpares tristis* Hagen; also a considerable number of Odonata, which have been described by Mr. Philip Calvert, of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia ("Notes on the Odonata"). This includes seven species.

The collection of Orthoptera was sent to Professor Lawrence Bruner, at the State University, Lincoln, Nebraska. Professor Bruner has not yet completed his study of the collection, but is satisfied that there are many new and interesting forms included in it.

The collection of beetles is very large and contains numerous new forms. This collection has been in the hands of Mr. Linell, Aid in the Department of Insects, who has a paper based upon it in press ("List of Coleoptera collected by Mr. William Astor Chanler and Lieutenant von Höhnel on the River Tana between the Coast and Hameye during the Expedition of 1893, and on Jombeni Range, Northeast of Mount Kenya, in 1894, with Descriptions of New Genera and Species"). He informs me that among the one hundred and ninety-one species represented there are four new genera and thirty-four new species. The collection is very full, and represents in an excellent manner the conspicuous forms of beetle fauna of the region.

The collection of Hemiptera and Hymenoptera is not so large as some of the others, but Mr. Ashmead, to whom they were sent, is satisfied that they will prove very interesting. He has not yet, however, determined how many new forms there are among them.

The Spiders and Scorpions were sent to the late Doctor George Marx. The elaboration of this collection was interrupted by his death, and opportunity has not since been found to place them in the hands of another specialist. Many of the forms, however, are large and striking, especially the scorpions. I regret that it is not possible, at this time, to say how many new forms were found.

Of the Diptera, there are eleven species, including two specimens of a Tsetse fly, *Glossina longipalpis*, a species which replaces in East Equatorial Africa the well-known *Glossina morsitans* of the South.

I have now mentioned, I believe, all the groups of animals that were represented in your collections. In closing I beg to assure you again of our great gratification in receiving these valuable series of specimens at the Museum.

Yours very sincerely,

G. BROWN GOODE,
Assistant Secretary, Smithsonian Institution,
in charge National Museum.

INDEX

Abdee Achmet, his account of the runaways, 482.
Abdullah Ben Hamed, governor of Lamoo, 15; governor, visits camp at Mkonumbi, 33.
Abdurachman and Gwaharam, two Beloochi, 438.
Achmet Dualla, 26, 290, 331; deserted by Mohamadi and six men, 332.
Aden, Somali engaged at, 7.
Aden, 511.
African, characteristics of sick African, 152.
African traveller, impossible to be an expert in all branches of science, 272.
African tribes prefer war to trade, 325.
Allen, Mr., 508, 509.
Antelope and zebra, herds of, 113.
Antelope, new species, "Cervicapra Chanleri," 431; small herds, 124.
Ants, red, called by natives "boiling water," 63.
Apes, attracted by camp-fire, 128.

Baboons and the dogs, 392.
Balook Bashi (Mahomet el Hussein), 46; shoots a deserter, 58; reduced to the ranks, 61.
Balooki Bashi, chief of Soudanese, 21.
Baobab tree, girth forty-eight feet, 109.
Baraka, tent-boy, 9; his experience in caravan work, 10; marches with Chanler, 164; tent-boy, drowned in the Tana, 434.
Barfalatta, 12.
Beasts of burden, difficulty of procuring, 230.
Beasts of burden in East Africa, 147.
Benayo village, 67.
Berkenedji or Samburu tribe, 281.
Bird, honey bird, 277.
Birds, singing birds on the Guaso Nyiro River, 124.
Blood brothers with the white man, 159.
Blood-brotherhood, 185, 186; manner of performing the ceremony, 187; ceremony performed with the Rendile, 305.
Blood-brotherhood with the Daitcho, 219.
Boat, a canvas Berthon, 63.
"Boma," a zeriba, held by warriors as an outpost, 198.
Borana tribe, enemies of the Rendile, 318.
Borana, distance from Kome, 319.
Bridge over the Guaso Nyiro, 117.
Bridges, constructing, across the Tana, 474.
British East African Company, 7, 12, 15, 69.
Buffalo, 141.
Bugoi, village of the Wanderobbo, 355.
Bykender, married to a Rendile woman, 223; tells the story of his Rendile wife, 223; a rich native of Daitcho tribe, 223; visits camp, 405.
Bykender, 225, 457, 467.

Camels, death of, 65; the Rendile tribe supposed to possess 80,000, 313.
Camp at Hameye, a paradise, 70.
Camp, building at Daitcho, 234.

Campbell, Captain, takes Chanler for cruise in H.M.S. "Philomel," 506.
Caravan, personnel of, 5.
Caravan, trading in charge of two natives of Beloochistan at Daitcho, 237.
Carroll, Royal Phelps, 9.
Cataract on the Tana River, 475.
Cattle bitten by flies, 204.
Chabba, Mount, a high gneiss hill, 147; herd of rhinoceros, 148.
Chanler, object of journey, 1; personnel of caravan, 5; goes to Zanzibar, 7; obtains permission of Sultan of Zanzibar to engage porters, 7; secures one hundred and thirty porters, 8; engages Sururu and Baraka as body servants, 9; arrives at Mkonumbi, 12; goes to Kau on the Tana, 16; engages boatmen for river column, 16; his method of dealing with complaints of Soudanese, 23; leads expedition with six Soudanese, 36; in bed with fever, 47; speaks to porters about desertion, 58; crosses the River Tana in canvas Berthon boat, 63; visit to chief of Galla tribe, 68; journey to the north in search of Lake Lorian, 73; uses a Winchester with express sight, 77; letter to *London Field* on results achieved with Winchester and Mannlicher, 79; expedition from Hameye, 81; shooting hippopotamuses, 86; shoots a rhinoceros, 92; adventure with a rhinoceros, 96; views the surrounding country, 97; with Lieutenant Höhnel, ascends the mountain, 98; an attack of fever, 99; attack of fever near Mount Kenya, 103; carried in a hammock, 105; trouble with the Soudanese about food, 107; health restored, 107; shoots grantii from a chair, 111; Christmas Day a day of rest, 117; discovery of falls in the Guaso Nyiro River named Chanler Falls, 119; on the plateau of Marisi Alugwa Zombo, 127; adventure with a rhinoceros, 132; shoots the rhinoceros that tossed Sururu, 134; attack of fever, 137; adventure with buffaloes, 141; adventure with a lion, 143; in the country of the Wamsara tribe, 152; head covering worn, 155; surveys the Wamsara country, 160; message to the Wamsara, 172; palaver with the Embe, 180; on watch expecting to be attacked by the Embe, 196; talk with Motio, 197; prostrated by sickness at Hameye, 205; blood-brotherhood with the Daitcho, 219; interview with Bykender's wife, a Rendile, 224; journey to the Embe country, 238; goes through the ceremony of muma with the Embe, 260; twenty-sixth birthday at Ngombe crater, 269; searching for gold in the Guaso Nyiro, 273; as a great medicine-man, 282; night march in search of Rendile, 289; the Rendile visit camp, 294; interview with the Rendile chiefs, 297; interview with a Rendile chief, 310; tempted to attack the Rendile, 329; march from Seran to Daitcho, 334; camp on the Guaso Nyiro, 334; at Daitcho, covering a distance of seventy-five miles in three days and a half, 334; men in the camp at Daitcho excited by the tales told of the Rendile, 336; starts to rejoin Lieutenant von Höhnel at Lolokwi, 339; cautions his men to use water sparingly, 340; two of his men mad with thirst, 340; his adventure with a serpent, 342; camp at Ngombe crater, 343; sends Karscho and all the men to bottom of crater for water, 344; adventure with a lion, 345; arrives at Guaso Nyiro, 348; prostrated with fever at Lolokwi, 349; carried in a hammock to Sayer, 350; Wanderobbo act as guides in the hunt for elephants, 358; elephant hunting with the Wanderobbo, 362; adventure elephant hunting, 363; dangerous work elephant hunting, 366, 367; elephant hunting, 370; return to Sayer, 377; on the Subugo, 378; his adventure with rhinoceros, 379; his

sorrow for the injuries sustained by Lieutenant von Höhnel, 383; march to Daitcho, 384; rhinoceros shooting, 386; the water-buck and the dogs, 390; planning for the future, 400; hunting hippopotamuses, 409; on a visit to the Embe, 417; news of Hamidi's arrival from the coast with eighty men, 417; drilling the new men, 423; expectation of starting north doomed to disappointment, 424; health failing, 424; talk with Zanzibari from Njemps, 425; the new men cause trouble, 432; new men wish to return to the coast, 433; assists the Daitcho to repel hostile natives, 434; sends letter to George, 437; word from George, 438; natives ask him to stop the raid of locusts, 440; negro with sun-umbrella to stop locusts, 441; treat him with reverence and awe for putting to flight the locusts, 442; Hamidi returns with letter from George, 442; bad news, porters revolt, 448; confronts the mutineers, 448; the Somali and Soudanese come to his assistance, 449; porters desert in a body, 450; interview with Gwaharam, 452; sends letter to Hamidi, 453; interview with Hamidi, 455; Hamidi promises to bring back deserters, 457; the Soudanese desert, 457; the Soudanese Hussein Mahomet returns, 459; sixteen men all told in the zeriba, 461; his belief that Hamidi had been acting under orders received during his visit to the coast, 466; distributes food among the Daitcho, 467; distributes goods among the traders at Daitcho, 467; destroys ammunition, 468; burns goods for trading, 468; force of eighteen men all told, 470; departure from Daitcho, 470; the country of the Daitcho opened to Europeans, 471; march to the coast, 472; meets the Wakamba, 472; arrives at the Langalla, 474; crossing the Tana, 474; constructing bridges across the Tana, 476; meets Hassan and men from Sayer, 479; arrives at Mitio's village 482; group of villages called Kitinga, 486; slaves crave assistance to return to their people, 489; rescues two Kikuyu women from slavery, 489; Wakamba insist upon the return of slaves, 489; drives off the Wakamba, 489; meets Mr. Neumann, 491; at the German mission station, Ikutha, 492; at the Kibwezi mission station, 493; from the Kibwezi station to Mombasa, 495; arrives at Mombasa, 498; thirty days' journey from Daitcho to Mombasa, 498; at Zanzibar, 498; visit to Sir Lloyd Matthews, 499; the government of Zanzibar demands full amount of pay due deserters, 501; deserters' false statement to Mr. Allen and Sir Lloyd Matthews refuted, 502; examination of deserters, 503; refuses to pay deserters, 504; presses his claims for arrest and punishment of deserters, 505; sick with fever at Zanzibar, 505; authorities at Zanzibar press the claim of porters, 505; pays for slave accidentally shot, 505; deserters attack Chanler's house at Zanzibar, 506; difficulties submitted to arbitration, 507; visit to Sururu's home, Zanzibar, 510; homeward bound, 510; Aden, 511; at Cairo, 515.

Chanler Falls, 119.

Chapmani and burcheli as food, 141.

Charters, Dr., the missionary who operated on Lieutenant von Höhnel, 493; clergyman, engineer, and doctor of medicine, 494; his death, 494.

Christmas Day in Africa, 113; at Daitcho, 463.

Cowasjee Dinshaw, of Aden, 511.

Cracknell, Mr., acting British Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar, 500.

Crocodile kills Felix, the fox-terrier, 410.

Daitcho tribe, 191; fermented honey, 220; their manner of tilling the soil, 220; on the eastern slope of the

Jombeni range, 213; their plantations and cattle, 219; marriage customs, 221; men kept employed, 335; camp in charge of George in good condition, 335; capture of robbers, 338; native dance, 410; children dance, 414; full-dress dance, 414; dancing a serious business, 414; tribe and the locusts, 440; to Mombasa 450 miles, 470; the zeriba at, 470; the country of, opened to Europeans and missionaries, 471; disastrous results of digging up cartridges left by Chanler, 480.

Dance, native, by Daitcho tribe, 410.

David, English-speaking negro, at Dick's trading-post, 487.

Denhardt, Gustave, first to ascend the Tana River, 3, 16; at Lamoo, 15.

Deserters, 46–48, 56, 65, 205; the most serious difficulty, impossible to overcome, 209; sent to Zanzibar by Sir Lloyd Matthews, 500; their false statements to Mr. Allen and Sir Lloyd Matthews refuted, 502.

Dick, trading-post owned by, 487.

Dogs, fox-terrier and native, 206; Felix, the fox-terrier, and the hippopotamuses, 211; Felix, the fox-terrier, and the elephants, 363; and water-buck, 390; Felix and two other fox-terriers attack a rhinoceros, 382; afraid of a lion, 392; Felix, the fox-terrier, seizes the ear of a rhinoceros, 391; only useful in the early morning or late afternoon on account of heat, 391; and the baboons, 392; Felix, the fox-terrier, killed by a crocodile, 410.

Donkeys, die of fly-bites, 123; death of, 288.

Donyo Loldeikau, mountain range, 149.

Donytuli Mono Vomari, a mighty wizard, 248.

"Dthombon" robbers, 289.

Dukuli, 49.

Dundas, 4.

Elephant hunters in the camp at Tuni, 53.

Elephants, herd of twenty-two, 131; traps used by the Wanderobbo to capture them, 350; in search of, with the Wanderobbo, 360; hunting, 366, 367, 369; heart of, a delicacy, 368.

Embe tribe, near Mount Kenya, 105; their knowledge of agriculture, 105; country of, 179; assist the expedition on the march, 182; anoint their skins with castor oil, 188; religious sanctity for anything of extraordinary size, 188; natives chew bark of "Miraa," 189; their physique, 190; attack expedition, 200; visit of leaders to camp at Daitcho, 228; native women traders, 239; their market-places, 239; bracing air 5000 feet above the sea-level, 241; native story, 242; old men subsist entirely on meat diet, 242; their government, 242; questions of moment discussed exclusively by old men, 245; the population, 245; home and foreign policy, 246; raids of the warriors, 246; marriage customs, 247; superstition of, 247; advice of Donytuli Mono Vomari, a wizard, 248; married men, 248; men divided into two classes, warriors and old men, 248; their religion, 249; local deities wise men, 250; circumcision, 251; courtship, 251; young girls and boys naked, 252; articles manufactured, 253; manner of burying the dead, 253; dancing their sole amusement, 253; dig pits as traps for elephants and rhinoceros, 254; iron, tools, and arms, 254; their bows and arrows, 254; women weave bags, 254; natives engaged in clearing forests, 255; proprietors of land, 255; their language, 255; as soon as a man becomes powerful or rich he is poisoned, 257; poisons used, 257; their equality, 257; the poisoner, 257; how they measure time, 258; their manner of trading, 259.

Emin Pasha, 209.

Expedition, to explore region lying between Tana and Juba Rivers.

CHAPTER I. — Expedition of Count Teleki and Lieutenant von Höhnel, 3;

route decided upon, 3; to ascend the River Tana, 4; personnel of caravan, 5; beasts of burden for transportation of goods, 5; purchase of stores in London and Vienna, 6; seven Somali engaged for care of beasts of burden, 6; twelve Soudanese soldiers engaged, 6; intelligence of porters, 6; difficulties in finding porters at Zanzibar, 7; engaged Somali at Aden, 7; engaged Soudanese at Massowah, 7; kindness of Italian authorities at Massowah, 7; engagement of one hundred and thirty porters, 8; wages paid to porters, 8; headman of porters, 9; town life not suited to natives, 10; first camp at Mkonumbi, 11; at Mkonumbi, 12; assistance of Teide and Denhardt, 16; engagement of boatmen and canoes for river column, 16; Sadi, captain of the fleet, 17; camp at Mkonumbi, 18; uniform and firearms of men, 21; Soudanese armed with Mannlicher repeating rifles, 21; the Soudanese, 21; uniform of Soudanese, 21; Somali men most useful, 26; arrival of Lieutenant von Höhnel with camels at Kismayu, 26; Jama Yusef warns the chiefs at Kismayu against expedition, 27; instructing natives in use of rifle, 27; shooting at target, 28; a day's work in camp at Mkonumbi, 28; danger of small-pox, 29; preparations for departure from Mkonumbi, 30; visit of Arab governor to camp, 33; porters carry eighty pounds, 33; retrievers and fox-terrier, 34; drilling men loading and unloading camels and donkeys, 34; caravan breaks camp at Mkonumbi, 35; joy of native porters at departure for interior, 35; farewell visit of governor of Lamoo, 35; order of marching, 36; reach camping-place, 36; trouble with pack animals, 36; at Merifano, 38; arrival at the Tana, 39.

CHAPTER II. — Expedition, trading with the Pokomo, 40; load of ammunition missing, 41; march from Marefano to Kinekombe, 41; appearance of the country, 42; caravan as seen on the march, 42; guides poorly informed, 43; encampment on banks of Tana, 43; opposite the village of Kinekombe, 44; in camp at Kinekombe, 45; deserters, 46; crosses the Tana, 47; at Massa, 48; men raid a plantation, 49; punishment of men and stolen property restored, 49; march to Dukuli, 49; suffers from heat, 49; guides desert, 50; cutting road through tangled undergrowth, 50; search for water, 50; death of dogs, 51; camp at Tuni, 52; difficulties in purchasing food, 52; loss of nine men and two valuable loads by desertion, 57; departure from Tuni, 57; deserters to be shot, 58; deserter shot by Balook Bashi, 58; cuts a way through the bush to the river, 62; attempt to cut a road to Malkakofira, 63; finds a storehouse with 3000 ears of Indian corn, 64; attempt to force a way along the river, 64; harassed by thick undergrowth, 65; leave behind the impenetrable bush, 66; finding of the canoes with provisions, 67; march to Tulu Kuleso, 67; visit of Galla chief, 68; endeavour to get information concerning the Rendile, 69; ferried over the stream, 70; canoes returned to the coast, 70.

CHAPTER III.— Expedition, changed appearance of the country, 82; native zeriba deserted, 82; first sight of the Kenya, 83; Soudanese make bad shikaris, 84; hilly country, 84; arrive at the Mackenzie River, 85; follow the Mackenzie River, 91; view of range of mountains, 92; beautiful aspect of the country, 95; caravan charged by rhinoceros, 96; survey of the surrounding country, mountains and forests, 97; build a zeriba, 98; natives at work, 100; native men and women chopping down

trees, 100; two men held as hostages, 101; capture two natives of the Kikuyu tribe, 101; Kikuyu warriors threaten expedition, 102; four warriors captured as hostages, 102; friendship among the tribes near Mount Kenya sealed by the slaughter of a sheep, 103; preparation for attack, 104; march continued, 110; 3500 feet above the sea-level, 110; journey continued downhill, 112; camp at Ngombe, 112; short of water, 114.

CHAPTER IV. — Expedition, Christmas Day on the Guaso Nyiro, 117; native bridge over the Guaso Nyiro, 117; along the banks of the river, 118; discovery of falls on the Guaso Nyiro River, 119; named Chanler Falls, 119; encampment below the falls, 119; travelling over jagged lava blocks, 122; mosquitoes troublesome, 123; effects of a mosquito bite, 123; night-scare in camp, 127; on the plateau of Marisi Alugwa Zombo, 127; crossed the Guaso Nyiro, 128; in sight of what appears to be a large sheet of water, 128; apes attracted by camp-fire, 128; charge of a rhinoceros, 130; through forest of acacias, 131; elephant trails, 131; discontent of men, 134; stricken with fever, 137; no Lake Lorian, nothing but a vast swamp, 138; camp in the swamp, 138; tormented by mosquitoes in the swamp, 139; abode of pestilence and death, 139; food nearly exhausted, 139; recovery of health, 140; death of Soudanese and porter, 140; nine days marching back to Christmas camp, 140; left at Christmas camping-place on the Guaso Nyiro, 145; start for the Jombeni Mountains, 146; examine the rifles of men, 148; view of Mount Kenya, 149; search for water in the neighbourhood of Chabba, 150; arrives at the river, 151; in the country of the Wamsara, 151; interview with the Wamsara, 152; armed warrior of the Wamsara, 152; build zeriba, 152; expectation of food supply from the Wamsara, 153.

CHAPTER V. — Expedition, the negro in cold weather, 154; the Wamsara visit camp, 156; the Wamsara suspicious, 158; Wamsara refuse to bring food, 159; warriors of the Wamsara again visit camp, 160; preparations to leave the Wamsara, 162; short of ammunition, 163; start for Hameye, 164; suffer from hunger, 164; order of marching, 164; American flag carried at the head of caravan, 165; one of the Wamsara tribe made prisoner, 166; an exciting moment, 167; Wamsara refuse to trade, 167; seize a few head of cattle from the Wamsara, 168; fight with the Wamsara, 168; Wamsara defeated, 168, 171; release of prisoner, 172; dangerous road through the Wamsara territory, 173; natives follow the line of march, 173; attacked by the Wamsara in the ravines, 174; the Wamsara wish no more war, 175; treachery of the Wamsara, 175; continuous sharp fighting, 176; wounds inflicted on the men, 177; goats slaughtered and milk served to men, 178; last of the ammunition served out, 178; greeted by the Embe with signs of peace, 179; a palaver with the Embe, 180; road downhill to the Mackenzie River, 181; the Embe warriors threaten to attack, 182; camp in the country of Embe, 183; native Embe bring honey to camp, 184; the Embe wish to make blood-brothers of, 184; interview with some elders of the Embe, 185; another palaver with the Embe, 186; the Embe cleans the road over which the caravan passed, 186; ceremony of blood-brotherhood with the Embe, 187; treachery of the Embe during the night, 192; old men visit the camp, 193; superstition, 194; fear of night attack, 196; start in a thick mist, 197; difficulties on the march, 199; in sight of the "boma" (camp of warriors),

200; attacked by the Embe, 200; defeat of the Embe, 201; emerge from the bush, 201; march to Hameye continued, 201; arrive at Hameye, 202; George's "good news," 202.

CHAPTER VI. — Expedition, camp at Hameye, 203; presents to the men who went to Lorian, 204; George makes a food station, 205; ten desertions, 205; reducing the stores, 206; departure from Hameye, 207; discontent among the men, 207; searching for deserters, 209; at the food station established by George, 210; camped near the Tana, 210; along the banks of the Ura, 212; shooting giraffes, 213; meets Zanzibari caravan at Daitcho, 216; the Daitcho bring food to camp, 218; blood-brotherhood with the Daitcho, 219; purchase of donkeys from the Daitcho, 222; death of the donkeys, 225; eclipse of the sun and the Daitcho, 226; ruse to make the natives believe that Chanler possessed occult power, 227; natives frightened at the ruse, 228; visit of leaders of the Embe, 228; chief men of the Embe held as hostages, 229; efforts to procure beasts of burden, 230; rainy season in camp, 232; camp on fire, 233; rebuilding the camp, 234; hostages released, 234; join George in Embe country, 238; visit of the Daitcho hostages, 240; visit of thirty old men, 241; visit of Liria, Embe chief, 260; ceremony of muma with the Embe, 260; George arrives with thirty-seven donkeys, 260; return to Daitcho, 262; Beloochi visit camp, 263; Hamidi despatched to coast, 263; preparations for journey to the Rendile, 264.

CHAPTER VII. — Expedition, two days' journey from Daitcho, 266; search for water, 267; spring shaded by acacia trees, 269; photographs taken, 271; fords the Guaso Nyiro, 273; a deserted village of the Wanderobbo, 275; at Lolokwi, 277; in sight of Mount Gerguess, 280; obtains information about the Rendile from Wanderobbo, 280; return of Wanderobbo men from hunting, 281; Wanderobbo offers to act as guide to Seran, 282; on the march to the Rendile, 283; water supply on the march, 284; arrive at Kamanga, no water, 285; night march, 285; arrive at Lokoli, 286; questioning the guide, 286; arrive at Seran, 287; Wanderobbo guide urges them to turn back, 287; Mayolo's ignorance of the country, 288; tracks of "dthombon" robbers, 290; men fear the Rendile, 291; first sight of the Rendile, 292; first interview with the Rendile, 293; Chanler and four men alone with the Rendile, 295; the chief of the Rendile visit camp, 296; the Rendile ask for present, 298; Lieutenant von Höhnel joins Chanler, 299; must perform the ceremony of blood-brotherhood before trading with the Rendile, 304; smallness of gifts from the Rendile, 304; ceremony of blood-brotherhood with the Rendile, 305; build a zeriba, 306; Lokomogul brings an old camel to trade, 306; difficulty of trading with the Rendile, 307; the Rendile refuse to trade with expedition, 308; fruitless endeavour to trade with the Rendile, 308; an expected attack, 309; a native Rendile tells of the customs of his tribe, 314; Lokomogul asks why they travelled without wives, 322; Mayolo advises them to leave the Rendile, 323; temptations to raid the Rendile, 324; unable to procure sufficient animals for porterage of goods, 326; decide to go to the country of the Turcana, 326.

CHAPTER VIII. — Expedition, at Seran, 327; departure of the Rendile, 330; send for donkey saddles left at Lolokwi, 331; to return to Daitcho, 333; pushes on to Sayer, 350; camp at Sayer, 252; wasting time to satisfy the hunger of the Wanderobbo, 355.

CHAPTER IX. — Expedition, men

start a prairie fire, 383; to take Lieutenant von Höhnel back to Daitcho, 383; rhinoceros charge them during the march to Daitcho, 385; porters demoralized by rhinoceros charges, 388; camp scared at night by rhinoceros, 389; country seemed to abound with rhinoceroses and lions, 389; lions near the camp, 389; camped near the Mackenzie River, 393; arrive at Daitcho, 395; plans for future journeys, 400; farewell to Lieutenant von Höhnel, 404; camp visited by hyenas, 409; rifle practice at Daitcho, 410; men brought to the camp by Hamidi unfit for work, 418; Hamidi's men bring false news from the coast, 419; purchase of donkeys by George, 424; making saddles for donkeys, 426; rainy season at Daitcho, 427; anxious time at Daitcho, 428; five men of the party sent to Ukambani desert, 431; new men complain of Somali and Soudanese, 431; the new men return to the coast, 433; men sent to assist George to cross the Tana, 436; natives ask for medicine to stop plague of locusts, 439.

CHAPTER X. — Expedition, porters revolt and desert, 448; Somali and Soudanese protect Chanler, 449; Mwalim Hamis leader of mutineers, 450; gate of the camp, 451; Gwaharam and Beloochi in camp, 453; letter to Hamidi, 453; list of men left with Chanler, 454; Hamidi denies all knowledge of mutiny, 455; Zanzibari traders refuse to take charge of goods, 461; completely broken up, 461; Gilo asks forgiveness, 463; Christmas dinner, 463; distributing the trading-goods, 467; departure for the coast, 470; Daitcho will welcome Europeans, 471; set out for the coast, 472; cataract on the Tana, 475; bridges across the Tana, 476.

CHAPTER XI. — Expedition, at Mitio's village, 482; Abdee Achmet with the donkeys, 482; Hamidi arrives, 483; Wakamba and their women, 485; at Kitinga, 486; an African Switzerland, 487; at Dick's trading-post, 487; the dwarf Mgundu, 490; meet Mr. Neumann, 491; German mission station, 492; meet W. Watson and Dr. Charters' missionaries, 493; slaves left at the Kibwezi mission, 495; the Teita people, 497; at Mombasa, 498; at Zanzibar, 499; case of deserters before the American Consul, 505; Mr. Seth A. Pratt represents Mr. Chanler, 508; George at Zanzibar, 510; for home, 511.

Field, London, letter concerning firearms, 79.

Fight with the Wamsara, 168.

Fish in the Guaso Nyiro River unfit for food, 123; from the River Guaso Nyiro filled with small worms, 123.

Flags carried at head of Zanzibari caravans, 215.

Fleas, camp at Daitcho infested with, 337.

Flowers on the banks of Guaso Nyiro River, 124.

Forest on the slope of Mount Kenya, 100.

Fumo Omari, raids Arab plantations and native villages, 12; Sultan of Witu, 11.

Galla, 61; legend of the sacred book, 37; village and tribe, 37.

Galla and Pokomo tribes, 62; mountains located on map by Dr. Peters invisible, 62; chief visits camp at Tulu, 67; tribe threaten violence, 67.

Game, elephants, 82; zebra, oryx beisa, walleri, and rhinoceros, 82; plentiful on the Mackenzie River, 92; marabout storks, 95; East African antelope excellent food, 96; rhinoceros shot by Lieutenant von Höhnel, 110.

George Galvin, servant to Chanler, 2, 10, 51, 57, 58, 66; left at Hameye, 73; as a sportsman, 77; carries a

Mannlicher, 78; in charge of camp at Hameye, 202, 203; reports runaways, 208; working at the loads, 208; skill in arranging loads, 210; goes to the Embe country, 228; purchasing donkeys of the Embe, 229; builds zeriba in Embe country, 240; keeps his camp well supplied with meat, 335; sleeps outside the palisade, 337; hyena captures his dog, 337; his shooting expeditions, 396; his comical adventure with a baby rhinoceros, 397; shoots a male lion, 398; starts for Kibwezi with Lieutenant von Höhnel, 400; letter from, telling of purchase of donkeys, 424; on an island in midstream, 436; unable to cross the Tana, 436; starts to join Chanler via Hameye, 443; arrives at Daitcho, 444; the story of his sufferings, and attempts to cross the Tana, 444; arrives at Zanzibar, 506; attacked by porters in Zanzibar, 506.

Gerguess, Mount, 280.

Germans at Witu, 11.

Gilo, the Galla interpreter, asks forgiveness, 463.

Giraffes, 129.

Grantii, 129.

Guaso Nyiro River, its source on the western slopes of Mount Kenya, 107, 115; not emptied into the Tana, 115; bridge over, 118; fall of sixty feet named Chanler Falls, 118; its swift current, 118; lava dust on one side, mica on the other, 118; course ever changing, 122; fish unfit for food, 123; mosquitoes troublesome, 123; and Lorian Swamp, 140.

Guides, desertion of, 50.

Gwaharam and Abdurachman, Beloochi in charge of caravan, 237, 452.

Hameye Station, description of, 69.

Hameye, limit of navigation of the Tana, 69; shortest route from the Wamsara to, 162; improvement of zeriba, 203.

Hamidi, headman of porters, 9; headman of porters, addresses the men about desertion, 208; after deserters, 209; many weeks overdue from the coast, 399; returns from the coast with porters unfit for work, 418; communicates with George across the Tana, 438; builds a canoe, 443; probable leader of deserters, 451; denies all knowledge about desertions, 455; returns to the camp at Daitcho, 455; at one time employed in the construction of Kibwezi mission, 495.

Hammock made with the midribs of a palm, 401.

Hassan Burgan, 55.

Hassan Masai, interpreter, 297; sent to Sayer, 463; the interpreter, his adventure with an elephant, 365; and men return from Sayer, 479.

Head covering for the tropics, 155.

Headman of porters, 9.

Herella, a Soudanese, 25.

Hippopotamus, 85; eaten by all members of caravan except the Somali, 89; furious antics to reach deep water, 132.

Hogs, wart, 287.

Höhnel, Lieutenant von, 1, 3; engages Soudanese and Somali for expedition, 7; arrives at Lamoo, 10; goes to Kismayu for camels, 11; arrives with camels, oxen, etc., at Kismayu, 27; his medicine chest, 29; in charge of the rear guard, 36; sore feet, 46; at Tuni, 51; leaves Tuni with river column, 57; gets an observation, 64; visit to Galla chief, 68; power of Mannlicher rifle, 79; starts on an expedition with Chanler, 81; endeavours to induce natives to bring a sheep and make friends, 103; shooting antelope with Mannlicher rifle, 107; shoots male rhinoceros, 110; climbs hill to take bearings, 111; Christmas Day working on his map, 117; injured his knee, 119; Somali tells him of the Rendile, 121; on the Marisi Alugwa Zombo, 127; stricken with fever, 137; shoots rhinoceros at distance of eighty

yards, 145; in the Wamsara country, 160; as a medicine-man, 161; on the knoll in Wamsara country, 165; checks the rush of native Wamsara on the rear guard, 176; sharp fighting, 177; and the Embe, 194; attack of fever, 218; joins George, 238; kills a rhinoceros, 270; shoots an elephant, 274; surrounded by a party of Wakamba tribe, 284; and the Rendile, 328; at Lengaya, 331; at Lolokwi, 333; procures guides from the Wanderobbo, 349; kills two elephants, 350; his dangerous adventure with an elephant, 369; discovers the source of the Sayer River, 377; true story of his encounter with an elephant, 377; nearly killed by a rhinoceros, 380; dangerously wounded, 382; his sufferings on the march to Daitcho, 395; his departure for Kibwezi missionary station, 400; reports from George that he is improving, 446; at Trieste, 516.

Honey, fermented, 220.

Horse and trappings of the Rendile, 311.

Hunting game for hungry men, 119; an exciting experience with rhinoceros, 120; female antelope, 124; shot a koodoo, 124; shot female oryx beisa, 124; large game plentiful, 131; buffaloes, 141; killed zebra at distances varying from 600 to 800 paces, 142; lion, 143; hippopotamus and Felix the dog, 211; shooting giraffes, 213; shooting rhinoceros with Mannlicher, 266; herd of zebra, 270; oryx beisa, 270; rhinoceros, 270; elephant shot by Lieutenant von Höhnel, 274; giraffes, 287; rhinoceros, 287; shooting wart hogs, 287; shooting zebra, 327; rhinoceros charges the caravan, 349; elephant, with the Wanderobbo, 362; elephants, 366, 367, 369, 370, 371, 372; rhinoceros, 379; water-buck and the dogs, 390; George's shooting expeditions, 396; water-buck, 406; hippopotamuses in the Tana, 408.

Hussein Mahomet, a Soudanese, 25, 459; tells the story of the desertion of the Soudanese, 459; discloses Hamidi's treachery, 462; tells how the desertion was planned, 464; receives present from Chanler, 515.

Hyena and rhinoceros hide, 130.

Hyena captures George's dog, 337; near the camp at night, 409; howling about the camp, 473.

Ikutha, German mission station, 492.

Janjy tribe, praying at the Ngombe crater, 348.

Jombeni, the highest peak of the mountain range, 106; Mountains, 146; mountain range, 201; eastern slope, 213.

Jones, Mr., American Consul at Zanzibar, 7; acting American Consul at Zanzibar, 499; American Consul at Aden, formerly of Zanzibar, 513.

Jongeni, 16.

Juba River, 4.

Juma Moussa, a Soudanese, 23.

Kamanga, 285.

Karscho, Somali, 26, 121, 164, 289, 290; wounded by a rhinoceros, 97; and rhinoceros, 110; gun-bearer, 143; at Ngombe crater, 344; trip to Sayer, 405; returns from food station at Sayer, 423.

Kenya, Mount, 3, 83, 149; the northern side, 151.

Kibwezi mission, 493; Dr. Charters, the missionary in charge, 494.

Kikuyu tribe, hostages as guides, 102; warriors, 102.

Kinakombe, eighty miles up the Tana, 30.

Kismayu, 11; natives alarmed, 27.

Kitinga, a group of villages, 486; friendliness of natives, 486.

Kome, 313, 314.

Kora, an extinct crater, 105, 109.

Koran, carried in Zanzibar expedition, 215.

Kula, chief of Kinekombe, 45.

Lamoo, mouth of the Tana, 6; the inhabitants of, 15; customs of natives, 15; purchase of cattle, 33.
Langalla, flows from the Jombeni range and empties into the Tana River, 474.
Leikipia plateau, almost deserted, 376; perfect pasturage for cattle, 378.
Lendovie, 286.
Lengaya, 331.
Lesegetetti, chief medicine-man of the Rendile, 314.
Lion, adventure with a, 143; Chanler's adventure with, at Ngombe crater, 345.
Lions, 389, 393.
Liria visits Chanler's camp, 417.
Locusts, dense as a cloud, 439.
Lokoli, 286.
Lokomogul, of the Rendile tribe, 305; brings an old camel to trade, 306; chief of Rendile, 296.
Lolokwi, Mount, the appearance of, 277; expedition at, 277; send to, for donkey saddles, 331.
Lomoro, a Rendile chief, 296; tribe of the Rendile, 307; chief of Rendile, 310; presents Chanler with a dog, 338.
Lorian, Lake, 107; search for, 121; a myth, a vast swamp, 138.
Lorian Swamp, the end and limit of the Guaso Nyiro River, 140.
Loroghi range, 361, 378.
Lyserege, a Rendile chief, 297.

Mackenzie River, 73, 85, 201.
Mahomet el Hussein, chief of Soudanese, 22; his incessant importuning, 22.
Malkakofira Galla village, 61, 63, 67.
Manda, Isla of, 15.
Mannlicher i eating rifle, 77.
Marching, fr Seran to Daitcho, seventy-five miles in three days and a half, 335; Marisi Alugwa Zombo, plateau on the River Guaso Nyiro, 124, 127.
Masai language spoken by Wanderobbo, 282; settled among the Wanderobbo, 374; tribe before their dispersal, 376.
Massa, expedition arrives at, 48.
Massowah, engaged Soudanese, 7.
Matthews, General, mountain range, 83.
Matthews, Sir Lloyd, 7, 499, 509; his action with regard to the deserters, 500.
Mayolo, Wanderobbo guide, 286; his ignorance of the country, 288; unable to march at night, 289; advises that the expedition leave the Rendile, 323; at Lengaya, 331; his experience after leaving Lieutenant von Höhnel, 392.
Measure, mode of measuring cloth in Africa, 307.
Meat, cut into strips and dried in the sun, 287.
Medicine-man, natives' faith in, 218.
Merifano, 38.
Mgundu, the dwarf, 490.
Mhahoma, the cook, 509.
"Miraa," natives of Embe chew leaves and shoots of, 189.
Mission, German, at Ikutha, 493.
Mission station at Ikutha, 493; at Kibwezi, 493.
Missionaries, their influence with natives, 493.
Mkonumbi, first camp at, 11; surrounding country, 17; camp at, 18.
Mohamadi, second headman of porters, 9; punished for raiding, 51; headman of porters, 150; and six men desert, 332.
Mohammedans refuse to eat elephant meat, 275.
Mohamet Aman, Somali, 26; takes canoes to Kinakombe, 30; with river column, 44.
Motio, native guide, 105, 146, 151, 152, 155, 164, 173, 197, 212, 228, 405; his appearance and history, 106, 110, 113, 118; his opinion of Lake Lorian, 121; suspected of treachery, 162; his gallant conduct during the fight, 179; his explanation of the blood-brotherhood, 192; his last visit, 443.
Mountains seen from the Mackenzie River, 92.

Mountain slopes 3500 feet above the sea level, 110.
Mountains, peaks of the General Matthews range, 354.
Mwalim, Hamis, headman of porters, 464; headman of deserters, 450.
Mwyru, chief, 487; slave-trading centre, 488.

Native customs, blood-brotherhood, 186.
Negro in cold weather, 154.
Neumann, Mr., on an ivory-trading expedition, 491.
Ngombe, a crater, 112, 268, 341, 343.
Night march, from Kamanga, 285; in the desert, 289.

Oryx beisa, 129.
Osman Digna, 25.
Ostrich, 129.

Patta, Island of, 15.
Peters, Dr., 3.
Photography, cameras carried on the expedition, 270.
Poisons, 257.
Pokomo, native tribe on the Tana, 16; a kindly race, 38; bring presents to camp, 40; their knowledge of agriculture, 44; at Massa, 48; and the Galla, 61; meeting expedition on the march to Hameye, 202.
Portal, Sir Gerald, 7.
Porters, wages paid to, 8; burden borne by each, eighty pounds, 33; carry burdens on their heads, 33; afraid to go for water owing to hippopotamuses, 85; have little protection from the weather, 85; carry dried meat on the march, 90; effects of meat diet, 90; death of, 131; sick from dysentery, 150; their dread of the Somali, 212; men excited with Munchausen tales of the Rendile, 336; killed by a rhinoceros, 387; demoralized by rhinoceros charges, 388; and the lions, 394; old men prefer slavery to freedom, 403; prefer the Arab to European for master, 404.
Pratt, Mr. Seth A., 508.
Pumwani, 12, 16; and Jongeni, their raids, 17.

Rain, rainy season on the banks of the Tana, 52; changes the appearance of camp at Hameye, 81; sickness in camp during the rainy season, 232; rainy season at Daitcho, 427; the Tana not fordable at any point during rainy season, 443.
Ramazan, interpreter to expedition, 22; chief of Soudanese, 457.
Rendile tribe, 4; exact habitat of tribe unknown, 4; their wealth, 4; wanderings of, 4; tribe, 107; to be found near Lorian, 121, 280; woman, married to Bykender, 223; gathering of armed natives, 292; their appearance, 294; their craving for tobacco, 295; chiefs visit camp, 296; never heard of Europeans, 297; never travel at night, 298; their ornaments, 299; warriors paint their faces, 299; war dance, 300; recovery of camels taken by the dthombon, 300; their language, 303; mutilated in an extraordinary manner, 303; "we are the great Rendile tribe," 304; warriors visit Chanler's camp, 306; loathe any colour but white, 308; mounted upon a horse, 311; women of, and their costume, 312; tribe, number about 20,000, 313; supposed to possess in round numbers 80,000 camels, 313; their huts and wanderings 313; express contempt for the rifles used by the Somali, 314; their belief in a God, 315; are circumcised and navels cut away, 315; polygamy in vogue, 315; their funeral ceremony, 316; primogeniture, 316; adultery, 317; murder, 317; theft, 317; the older men act as judges, 317; their food, 317; their shields and spears, 318; a chief presides over each village, 318; strings of beads around a man's neck indicate the number of men he has slain in battle, 318; as to the origin of the

Rendile, 319; their familiarity with Masai tongue explained, 320; their idea of a deity, 320; their government, 321; position of their medicine-men, 321; their most powerful village presided over by Lokomogul, 321; unable to penetrate the mystery surrounding them, 323; warriors visit Chanler's camp at Seran, 328; astonished at the power of a rifle bullet, 330; spread false reports, 418; reception of Zanzibari caravan, 426.
Rhinoceros, 129, 151; herd of, 148; Lieutenant von Höhnel nearly killed by, 380; charge the caravan, 385; and the dogs, 391.
Rifles used to slay game, 77; which rifles best for general use, 78; letter to *London Field* concerning, 79; shooting large game, 80; used in shooting hippopotamuses, 86; carried by men in an unsatisfactory condition, 148.
Rivers having their sources at Mount Kenya, 115.
Road from Voi to the coast, 497.
Rudolph, Lake, 1.

Sabaki River, 115.
Sadi, captain of the fleet, 17.
Saleh's Hill, 83.
Samburu, 306; forced into semi-serfdom to the Rendile, 316.
Samburu tribe, 281.
Sayer, camp at, 352; River, its source, 377.
Scenery, view from camp in the mountains, 111.
Scientific travellers and sportsmen, 76.
Seran, 327; oasis in the desert, 287.
Seyd Ali, Sultan of Zanzibar, 7; news of his death, 401.
Shooting, walleri antelope, 70; water-buck and antelope, 76; use of rifle in provisioning caravan, 76; for food, 77; Soudanese noisy enthusiasm at the sight of game, 84; water-buck, 84; hippopotamus, 85; rhinoceros, 92, 96; antelope with Mannlicher, 107; rhinoceros, shot by Lieutenant von Höhnel, 110; herd of oryx beisa, 111; herd of grantii, 111; male oryx, 114.
Sissini, 51.
Siu, Island of, 15.
Skin of oryx beisa used by Somali for shields, 111.
Slavery in East Africa, 404.
Slaves purchased by Arabs leased out to European travellers, 5.
Slave-trading centre at Mwyru's, 488.
Snake, Chanler's adventure with, 342.
Somali, 212; wanderings of Somali tribes, 4; engaged for the care of beasts of burden, 6; good knowledge of shooting, 28; attack elephant-hunters, 54; and Soudanese, jealousy between the two races, 74; certain beasts unlawful for them to eat, 89; their custom to spend the night in prayer on the eve of a dangerous enterprise, 164; good fighting men, 178; enemies of the Rendile, 303; robbed by the natives of Daitcho, 472; their superstitious fear of strange noises, 473; and Soudanese, discharged at Aden, 511.
Soudanese as soldiers, 21; excellent shots, 28; dissatisfaction of, 46; attempt to assert their independence, 74; violent discussion over the relative merits of rhinoceros and hippopotamus, 92; refuse to eat meat, 108; threaten to starve themselves unless they have grain diet, 108; good fighting men, 178; desert the expedition, 457; deserters taken into the service of the Sultan of Zanzibar, 507.
Stairs, Captain, 9.
Stanley, 5.
Stephanie, Lake, 1.
Subaki, 47.
Subugo (forest), 378.
Suliman Kemenya, an ardent revolutionist, 420.
Sulphate of magnesium, ground white with, 115.
Superstition of natives, 194.
Sururu, his character, 9; tent-boy, 9, 509; wounded by a rhinoceros, 133.

Swimmers, the Wathaka tribe good swimmers, 445.

Tana River, 3, 4; used as a means of transportation of goods into the interior, 16; forests along the banks, 18; reports of the natives starving, 30; building camp, 52; tribes on its shores, 61; flows through narrow valleys and rocky hills, 82; its source Mount Kenya, 115; hunting hippopotamuses, 408; swollen by rain, 427, 436; not fordable at any point, 443; a cataract, 475.
Teide, German at Lamoo, 15.
Teita tribe, 496.
Teita superstitious, 497.
Teleki, Count, 1, 3.
Tobacco as used by the Wamsara, 161.
Traders encamped at Daitcho complain of natives, 457.
Trading-post owned by a Scotchman named Dick, 487.
Trail, mountain, 112.
Trees, palm, and acacias, 122; the baobab, 100; group of poplars, 131; dhum palms, 287; the Morio, etc., 378.
Tulu Kuleso, 67.
Tuni, 51; departure from, 57.
Turcana, expedition starts for, 327.

Uganda, 7.
Ukambani, 483.
Ura River, 212.

Vanderdecken, Baron, 3.
Villiers, Captain, expedition, 203.

Wadi Farhan, his death, 438.
Wakamba tribe, 284; trading and hunting for ivory, 406; how they travel, 406; excellent shots with bow and arrow, 408; good material in them for soldiers, 408; acts as guide, 469; strange story told by an old man, 485; courtesies to women, 485.
Wamsara tribe, 146; natives pasturing cattle, 151; huts of, 151; armed warriors, 152; efforts to trade with them, 154; cloaks of untanned goatskin, 157; manner of dressing the hair, 157; their weapons, 157; blood-brotherhood, 159; beautiful aspect of the country, 160; manner of burying the dead, 160; their manner of using tobacco, 161; war dance, 162; attack the expedition, 168; again attack the expedition, 174; their physique, 190.
Wanderobbo tribe, 145; acts as guide to the country of the Rendile, 264; old man and seven old women brought to camp, 276; and the honey bird, 277; live in a state of chronic starvation, 278; their mode of life, 279; gives information about the Rendile, 280; fine appearance of the men, 281; guides quarrel over hog meat, 287; their method of trapping elephants, 350; saved from starvation, 350; beg for medicine to kill game, 352; offer to sell ivory for meat, 352; their manner of trading, 353; honesty in trading, 353; beg Chanler to kill elephants before leaving them, 354; village at Bugoi, 355; breaking up of dried bones for food, 356; offer to guide expedition whence they would find elephants, 357; headman of village "Leguinan," 357; their joy at the killing of an elephant, 365; eat all parts of the elephant except the skull, 368; again offer to guide Chanler to find elephants, 369; live upon elephant meat, 372; no fixed abode, 372; a low type of natives, 373; prefer starvation to cultivation of the soil, 373; three types, 373; their mode of living, 374; their number about five hundred, 376; hunters and their donkeys, 393.
Wanyanwezi tribe as porters, 56.
Wasania tribe on the Tana, 61.
Water, carrying water in the desert, 108.
Waterless march, 340.

Water-buck and the dogs, 390.
Wathaka tribe, extraordinary swimmers, 445.
Weapons carried by the warriors of Wamsara, 156.
Werndl carbine, carried by porters, 21.
Winchester rifle, 77; as a sporting gun, 111.
Wilson, Mr., 508; road-making at Voi, 495.
Witu transferred by the Germans to the British, 11.
Women, native women of tribe of Kikuyu, 101; trade in products of soil carried on by women of the Embe, 239.
Worship, native, 188.
Zanzibar, enlistment of porters, 7; government of, 509.
Zanzibari, porters used in East Africa, 5; caravan, its composition, 214; caravan, a white flag carried at head, 215; caravans, rifles carried by men, 217; not fit for work in desert country, 284; discuss the probabilities of freeing the Sultanate of Zanzibar from British influence, 402; visit to the Rendile, 426; traders refuse to take charge of goods, 469; who remained faithful to Chanler, 509.
Zebra, 129, 147; small herds, 124; as beasts of burden, 147.
Zeriba, deserted zeriba, 55, 130.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

BLENNERHASSETT and SLEEMAN. — Adventures in Mashonaland, by Two Hospital Nurses. ROSE BLENNERHASSETT and LUCY SLEEMAN. With Map. New and cheaper edition. 8vo. $1.25.

"The book is written in direct, unconventional language. It will, we are convinced, be widely read and widely enjoyed." —*London Times.*

"Their book is emphatically a book to be read; not only for its own sake, for the entertainment which it affords, and for its pleasant and unpretending merit, but also because it is one which makes one think more highly of human nature as a whole. To speak well of themselves was evidently the very last thing in the authors' minds, who, indeed, studiously avoid any reference to their feelings; nevertheless, it is a book that should make Englishmen proud of their fellow-countrywomen." — *Spectator.*

BOWER. — Diary of a Journey across Tibet. By CAPT. HAMILTON BOWER, 17th Bengal Cavalry. With many Illustrations. 8vo. Cloth. $3.75.

"A valuable book — which will be found extremely interesting." — *S. F. Chronicle.*

CARPENTER. — From Adams Peak to Elephanta: Sketches in Ceylon and India. By EDWARD CARPENTER. With Illustrations. 8vo. $3.50.

COLE. — The Gypsy Road. A Journey from Krakow to Coblentz. By GRENVILLE A. J. COLE, M.R.I.A., F.G.S. With Illustrations by Edmund H. New. 12mo. $1.75.

FIELDE. — A Corner of Cathay. Studies from Life among the Chinese. By ADELE M. FIELDE, author of "A Dictionary of the Swatow Dialect," "Pagoda Shadows," "Chinese Nights' Entertainment," etc. Illustrated by artists in the celebrated school of Go Leng, at Swatow, China. Small 4to. Cloth. $3.00.

"Graphic and intimate sketches of Chinese life and manners, by an American lady well acquainted with the country, its people, and their language; very attractively illustrated in colors from original sketches by artists of the celebrated school of Go Leng at Swatow." — *London Times.*

"With charming illustrations by native artists. . . . Contains some very interesting facts about the life of the Chinese." — *Westminster Gazette.*

"Her new volume, in addition to an engaging exterior, shows many proofs of literary art as well as of abundant material and a wise selection." — *N. Y. Nation.*

MACMILLAN & CO.,
66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

JACKSON. — The Great Frozen Land. Narrative of a Winter Journey across the Tundras and a Sojourn among the Samoyads. By GEORGE F. JACKSON, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and Leader of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition. With Illustrations and Maps. Edited from his Journals by ARTHUR MONTEFIORE. 8vo. $4.50.

KIPLING (J. L.). — **Beast and Man in India.** A Popular Sketch of Indian Animals in their Relations with the People. By JOHN LOCKWOOD KIPLING, C.I.E. With numerous Illustrations by the Author. 8vo. $6.00.

LANDOR. — Corea, or Cho-sen, the Land of the Morning Calm. By A. HENRY SAVAGE-LANDOR, author of "Alone with the Hairy Ainu." With numerous text and full-page Illustrations from drawings made by the author, and Portrait. 8vo. Cloth. $4.50.

"About the Coreans as they are we obtain a great deal of information in this volume, and are thereby enabled to comprehend the conditions of the problem which the civilized Japanese have undertaken to solve in the Asiatic peninsula." — *New York Sun.*

MILLAIS. — A Breath from the Veldt. By JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS, F.Z.S., etc., author of "Game Birds and Shooting-Sketches." With 150 Illustrations by the Author, and frontispiece by Sir J. E. Millais, R.A. Imperial 4to. Buckram. $25.00, *net.*

"The splendid quarto in which his admirable descriptions and drawings have been published is justly named. It is a veritable 'Breath from the Veldt' that comes to the reader from the pages of this volume. There is not a trace of dulness. His spirited conversation holds the attention from the beginning to end." — *N. Y. Tribune.*

McFALL. — With the Zhob Field Force. 1890. By CAPT. CRAWFORD MCFALL, K.O.Y.L.I. With ninety Illustrations from drawings by the author, and Colored Plates. 8vo. Cloth. $4.50.

"This royally made volume is one that will have a special value for readers interested in the latest knowledge and details of all matters relating to the boundary of British India, the country and people adjoining it. Rich in minute accounts of the country and the tribes, which leaves nothing to be desired as to accuracy, fulness, and variety of geographical and ethnographical information." — *N. Y. Independent.*

PIKE. — The Barren Ground of North Canada. By WARBURTON PIKE. With Map. 8vo. Cloth. $2.00.

YOE. — The Burman: His Life and Notions. By SHWAY YOE, Subject of the Great Queen. 8vo. Cloth. $3.75.

MACMILLAN & CO.,
66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

AFR.EAST C 36
Through jungle and desert; travels
Teezer Library AWB3582
3 2044 043 167 675

This book is not to be
taken from the Library

2/9/81